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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

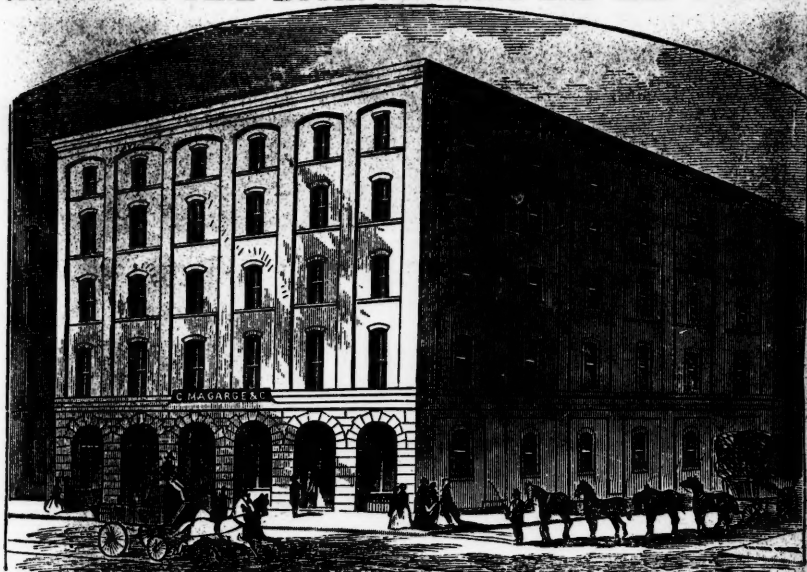
JULY, 1875.

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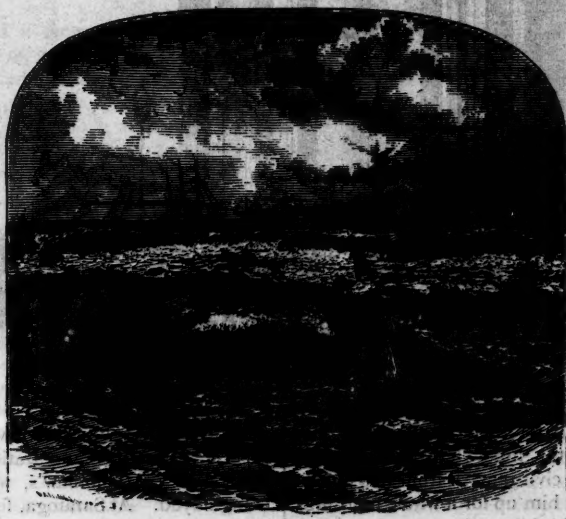
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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE
OF
POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JULY, 1875.

"MAY" IN JUNE.



SURF-BATHING.

"A H," said once the *caissier* of the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, "if all my clients were Americans!" This fervent wish was uttered when Mr. Merri-mac of Marblehead had just paid his month's bill for lodgment of self, wife and five tall girls without grumbling at the charges for service, for bougies, carriages, fires and detriment to furniture which decorated and gave incident to

that impressive document. It probably never entered into the imagination of this worthy major-domo that there are actually hotels in the world where the guests are substantially all Americans. His fancy would have reeled back from the delicious picture. But at one of our crowded summer-haunts, such as Saratoga, every bill is paid by cheerful American payers in whom is no guile, and the

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crowd of idealized patrons at any one house is multiplied by the dozens of hosteleries composing the resort. The American hotel-guest indeed is the sanctified and purified ideal of what a client should be in the landlord's view. He has none of the European traveler's vices. He does not tyrannize over and nag at the waiters nor jangle the bells as a summons to the proprietor for supposed derelictions, like an Englishman; he does not sputter and sprawl and gormandize, and afterward haggle over the bill, like the big French vicomte; he

does not bargain for a cheaper room among the garrets; and befoul his nest with cigar-ends and kirsch-bottles, like the German baron; he does not wail over the quality of his wine, or destroy the riding-horse he has hired with goading, or send a dozen waiters to collect the materials for his salad, and then some night fold up his discontent and insolently steal away, like the Italian. In contrast to these various insubordinate and undutiful types the American tourist is a chastened saint. He expects his accommodation to be little or nothing,



PORCH OF THE STOCKTON HOUSE.

and the bill for that little long. He is grateful if the hotel-clerk will look at him, and a civil remark from this potentate will set him up for a whole morning. He ties on his bib at dinner, and watches with delight the distant waiters talking gossip with each other, meanwhile amusing himself with rattling his knife and fork, as good as gold. When he needs a pitcher of water in his chamber, he peals for hours on his bell, then genially puts his head into the corridor, appealing to some domestic, who chills him by saying that this is not his flo', sah, and perhaps in the end saunters easily into the dining-room, to replenish his ewer himself from the water-cooler. These particulars, however, do not show the

American hotel-guest in his very loftiest aspect. His true canonization comes, like Saint Bartholomew's, when he is being flayed. At Saratoga, for instance, in those streets of crazy cardboard, laced-edged palaces, there are mornings when the whole population is caught exhibiting some of the highest qualities of saintship. There is an hegira: the belle of the place has left over night or the celebrated millionaire family is summoned to a funeral, and "good form" demands that everybody who is anybody must stay not on the order of his going, but go at once. On such days the matin hotel-clerk is besieged with offers of money. He resembles then at once some popular priest in a Roman con-



CAPE MAY, FROM THE OCEAN.

fessional and a croupier at San Carlo raking in the night's profits. The crowd ask no questions, make no calculations: they only want to pay. They entreat, they implore, they shove and push each other, they employ little ruses to get ahead of their neighbors, in order that they may strip themselves of their substance and lay the contents of their purses on the altar of the establishment. The liquidation is made without question or complaint. Extras are charged at tremendous rates; carriage, portorage, leverage, average and beverage are computed at strangely-dilated sums; the guest, having arrived at twilight of Saturday and leaving early on Monday, is charged, in the clerk's magnificent arithmetic, for three days; there has been an unaccountable failure of provisions, the commonest dishes at table have been lacking or uneatable, and the guest, besides, has perhaps been of a migratory turn and has supported himself on clams at little restaurants; yet he never dreams of cheapening. Everybody pays royally, cheerily, and with gratification. It is pretty to hear Mr. Dawkins pluming himself to Mr. Hawkins on the enormous magnitude of his bill, and boasting of the discomforts and sufferings of his sojourn. Let not asceticism boast that the saints are all its own: here is a city of mundane martyrs, the victims of worldliness rejoicing in their torments.

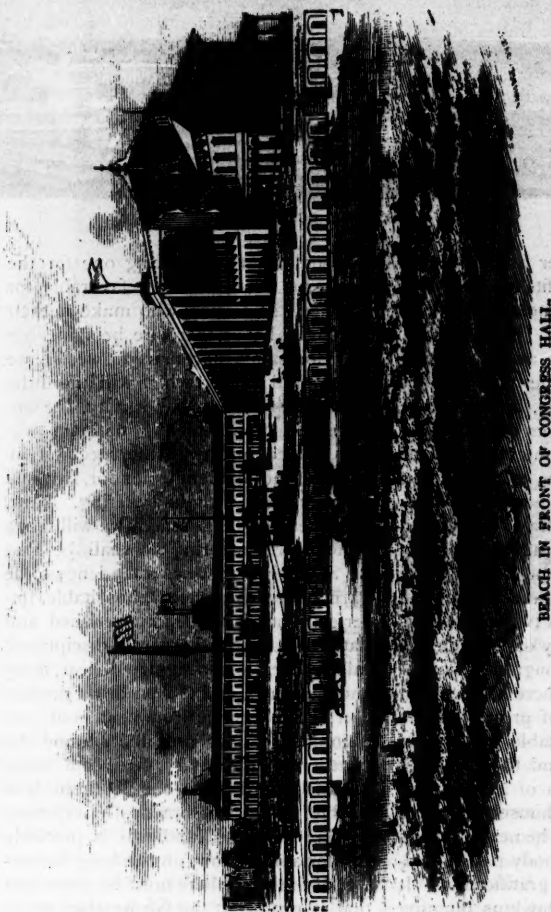
This picture, if it has any truth in it,

is a somewhat unflattering one for the American hotel, however favorable for the meek sojourners who make it their Thebaid. Let us, therefore, being neither stuff for saints nor martyrs, see if we cannot find a resort which will afford the cheerfulness, the social variety, the entertaining crowd of the national watering-place, and even the spectacle of fashion and opulent splendor, without extortion and without suffering. Now, in prosecuting this search we will test a principle. The principle shall be that the Southern coast has a tendency to be warm, attractive, cheery, hospitable, imperfectly provisioned, impoverished and slatterly; the Northern, well-disciplined, calculating, closely-regulated, dear, flinty and skinflinty, and that in direct proportion to the distance from centres of provision. We have repeatedly found the Northern landlord dry, civil, cool, capable and extortionate—the Southern, hospitable, genial, but practically impotent. Neither of these landlords is precisely comfortable. Now, on the long barometer of the coast there must be some spot that is exactly at the fair-weather point, equidistant from wintiness and from sultriness. If we proceed on the strictest principle of geographical measurement, we find that the great centre of alimention is in the garden region of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, and that the chosen resort, equally accessible to the great social emporiums of Phila-

delphia and Baltimore, ought to be about where the map-maker prints the name "Cape May."

Stout Cornelis Mey, who first explored the bay of the Delaware, and defended the channel with a fort, and manned the fort with his callous, sole-leather-breech-

Holland captain set up his "Fort Nassau," and grouped about his clean and tidy villagers in the likeness of the Dutch dorp at home. He has slept sound enough since then in the memory of an ungrateful continent: let us fancy him sleeping in reality.



BEACH IN FRONT OF CONGRESS HALL.

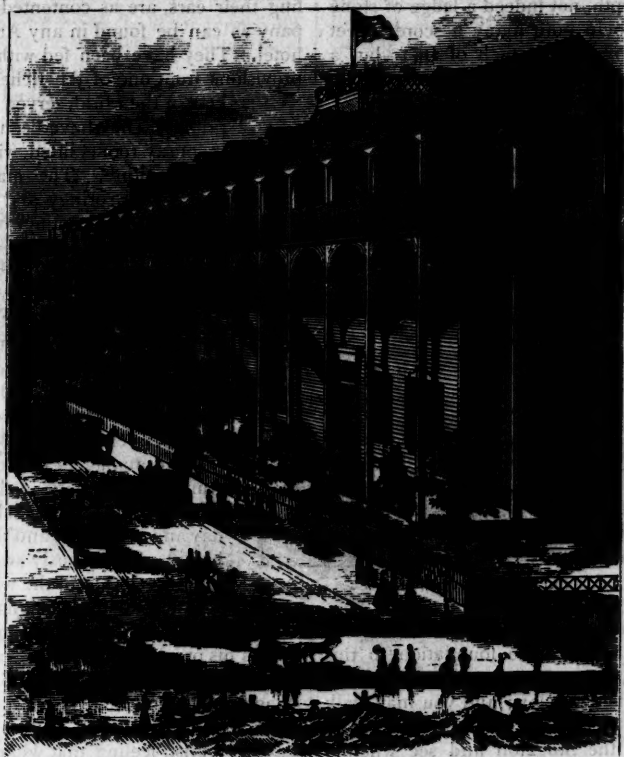
If Cornelis Mey is to be waked by any discord in the world, it ought to be by the sleep-dispelling gong imported by us—worse luck!—from China. The frightful cymbals are clashing on this bright summer day from dozens of hotels: he has heard them in far Cathay, scaring away with such a din the imaginary dragon from the sun. The spirit of Captain Mey erects itself into a sitting posture, based upon its bulbous leather breeches, and rubs its Leyden spectacles at the strange sight before it. Instead of the loneliness of an unexplored bay, broken only by the tub-like boats of the Dutch or the birch-bark gondolas of a few adventurous savages, the navigator beholds a populous and flashing city laid out upon the ocean, whose waters are cut by yachts and steamboats. The city

is glittering and many-windowed, like a line of palaces. Honest Mey has seen, when he has stolen in among the merchant-craft of the Giudecca, the structures of Venice in her splendor as they spread like beaded bubbles along the sea: to his dazzled eye the vision is like Ven-

ed sailors, and left his name to sleep in the Lethæan ooze of Cape May, may be conceived as lying asleep, like Rip among the Catskills, upon that extremity of the enormous Jersean peninsula of which he was the godfather. Two hundred and fifty-two years have passed since the fat

ice. "It is a silly dream," says the practical ghost: "even allowing for the lapse of time and the hundred-years' Dutch slumbers which Washington Irving is going to invent, the thing is impossible.

I know this coast: I sally down from my fort every week when the sailing is good. It is a coast of simple pewter-sand and quicksand. My dame shall scour her porringer into a church-chalice before



THE OCEAN HOUSE.

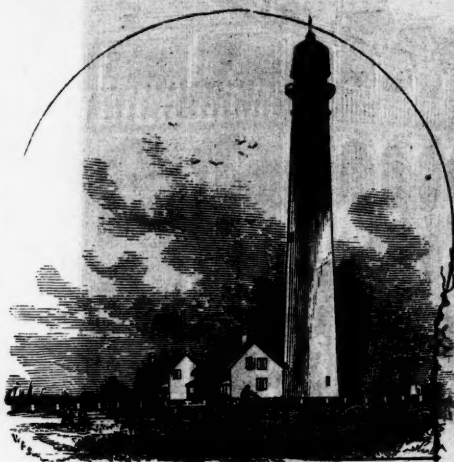
they shall build cities on these beaches." And, much discomfited, the spirit turns to sleep again.

Cape May City, as viewed from the ocean, is really imposing, and is, we believe, the most elaborate and finished city that has ever been built where there is no rock or coherent foundation, and where the loose sand of the sea-shore stretches up to the line of houses. At least, we have never seen, and know not where to point out, a town of so much architectural pretension laid out loose, as it were, on the sands. To say, however, that the ponderous edifices everywhere

around are strewn merely on the sand, like beached boats, would of course not be literally correct. When preparations were made, some seven years ago, to plant the foundations of the largest of these structures—the Stockton House—some careful diggings were undertaken which thoroughly exposed the nature of the substrata. The geological results are to be seen in glass tubes in the hall of the Stockton, indicating the successive strata to a vastly greater depth than is reached in laying the foundations of a house. The situation, being to the eastward of the older buildings, was distrust-

ed by many builders: it was low and boggy, with a landscape of salt marshes into which it seemed that any weighty building would sink as a stone sinks into snow. Digging revealed, however, at a small depth, not indeed a ledge of stone—you would bore many a score of feet without reaching much of that—but a deep bed of firm, tenacious clay—a solid

close of June, when the four hundred guest-chambers are emptied into the court and piazzas, their waistcoats well filled from a generous table, and the music of Dodsworth's band gently tickling their ears, are as contented a company as can be found in any American hotel. They have been fed with choice provisions from one of the richest mar-



CAPE MAY LIGHTHOUSE.

foundation of Nature's eternal, unbaked brick. Sinking the foundation to this stratum, the vast hotel was imbedded on the unyielding clay; and you may walk through any of the four hundred chambers of the Stockton and see whether the plastering has cracked or there are any other indications of settling.

It is the rattle and clash from the Stockton which we imagine to have principally evoked the stolid Dutch spirit of the explorer from its long rest. The Stockton is a triumphant and glorious type of the native American caravanserai, with its discomforts diminished as nearly to zero as possible, and its undeniable conveniences gathered into one powerful combination. It is not in this beautiful *palazzo* that the American tourist will learn to be discontented or to quarrel with his accommodations.

The company at the Stockton, as represented on some "heavy day" at the

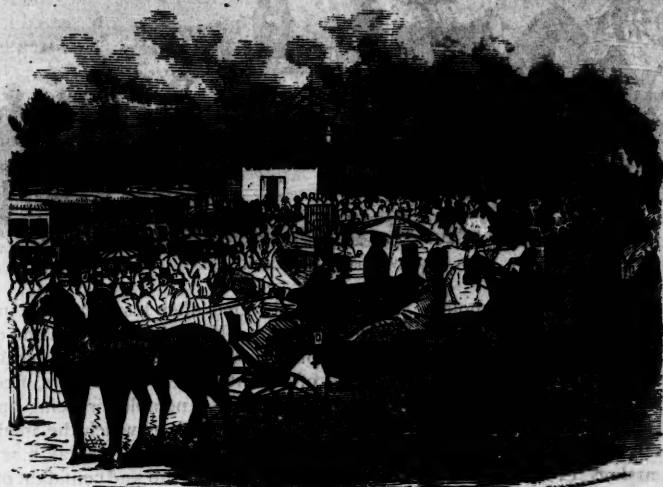
markets in the world, served in their prime. They have been lodged in pretty rooms fitted with walnut furniture. The mattresses have been springy and devoid of lumps. The dining-room is a rich flower-garden, where crystal and silver perennially bloom on beds of soft rich tablecloth: warm relays of delicate food, appreciated by pursy, unctuous gourmands, succeed each other day and evening. The balls are gay and crowded, the society is good. Generals and bankers and railroad-managers, the "elect" of American life, have jostled each other in the monstrous saloons all day and every day, and the floors have been studiously swept with the best clothes of the wives and daughters of these magnates. So,

when pay-day comes, and the tourist resumes his progress toward the successive royal stations of Long Branch, Saratoga, Niagara, Newport and the White Mountains, he is a contented and cheerfully-paying tourist, feeling that whatever extortions are in store for him farther North, Cape May has given him the equivalent of his money. It is a forced and factitious ideal of comfort, perhaps. Cornelis Mey, in his dreams of improvement, may think of nothing better than curds-and- whey served by a lymphatic maid in wooden shoes, or than Rhenish wine drunk tête-à-tête with a similar maid out of deep Venice glasses, as you see in the pictures of Jan Steen and Van der Helst. But increasing civilization brings its responsibilities, and the nineteenth century demands Dutch cleanliness, Venice glass and Roman luxury, all at once.

A marine city sets its best front toward the ocean; so our imaginary vision of

the resuscitated godfather of Cape May had best be taken from seaward. The problem of the builder in such a location is to make everything face toward the water. Visitors are firmly persuaded that all rooms can be made to face the beach, and the architect who could build

in the fashion of a honeycomb, with every cell opening directly upon the sea-view, would be the man for the guests' approval and the landlord's money. Accordingly, every window is cut, every balcony is opened, every cornice and carving is moulded, every cupola lifted,



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

every flagstaff raised, in the direction of the water: you would think the fishes, and not the biped inhabitants of solid earth, were to be the critics and judges of all this carpentry and effect. One of our engravings gives this view: it is the view the sea sees. On the right of the picture you are struck with an immense pile of building, stretching out two gigantic wings toward the shore, in whose embrace is sketched a delicate little summer-house. This is the Stockton, improved with the addition of the contemplated extension, which the artist assuredly never beheld save with the eye of faith: even without this lateral increment, however, Stockton is an architectural Titan. Except the giddy palace-fronts of Saratoga, which strike the eye with all the amazement and incredulity of a scene-painter's hollow screens, we do not know where a more imposing pleasure-structure can be found. It is American

to the core—sumptuous, boastful, daring, soaring, expansive: it is "home" multiplied by the hundred—a city rather than an inn. When we think that such a 'Palace of the Cæsars' is meant for a twelve weeks' occupation merely, and that for the greater part of the year it nods in costly uselessness, a burden and an expense, our mind is staggered at the thought of so much solid preparation and so much waste. This giant is alive for a short summer merely, after which the life retires from its vast bones, and it frowns upon the waste, as idle as a temple at Pæstum.

Well, this vast building is seven years old, as we said: it is firmly based upon a thick bed of solid clay, as we said. The tall balconies which form a cage around it have pillars no less than fifty-four feet high, extending from the eaves to the ground. Its sides are two hundred and fifty feet long. Its plan em-



DRIVE ON THE BEACH.

braces three sides of a hollow square, enclosing a garden. Its situation, on the easterly side of the town, is somewhat low and boggy, or was when the hotel was first laid out, but improvement has remedied that evil. It accommodates fifteen hundred lodgers at once, and, we believe, assures every individual of the fifteen hundred that his room "has a fine view of the ocean." To afford the guests of this hotel a grateful drinking-water, completely divested of brackish impurity, extraordinary pains were taken. An artesian well was sunk, and the borer did not stop at any cheap success: the test-tubes in the hall, to which we have alluded, show the extraordinary variety of sandy and clayey strata through which the drill pursued its progress. At various depths veins of water were struck, more or less satisfactory, but not until the eightieth foot was reached did they find that excellent, soft and limpid water with which the guests of the house now refresh themselves.

Such is the easternmost and right-hand house in the picture. Next is seen the Columbia House, just in the middle of the view, whose frontage is intersected by the mast of the little sailing-vessel represented by the artist: Mr. Bolton, who keeps this favorite old hostelry, is known to interior Pennsylvanians through the

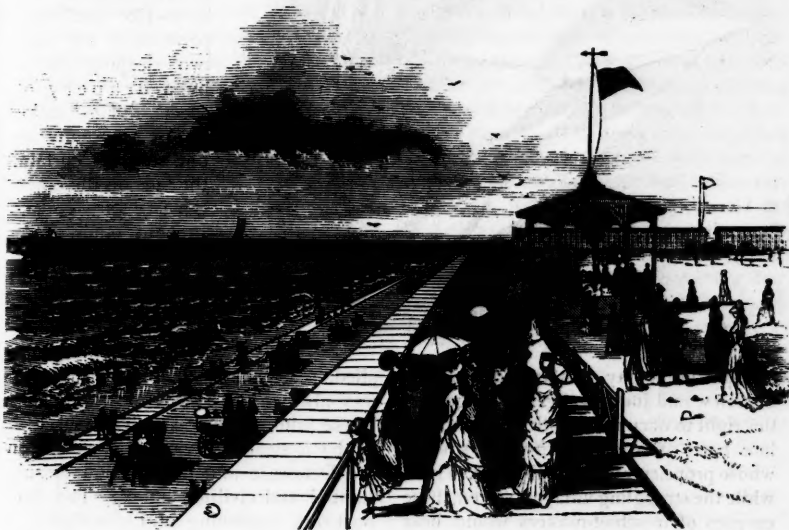
hotel called after his own name in Harrisburg. Next to the left, at the corner of the street, comes the cubical bulk of the Atlantic, a serviceable, free-and-hearty house, notable for being open all the year round, of which the intelligent young proprietor, Mr. McMakin, is made the personal friend and confidant of most of his guests. To the left of the Atlantic is seen the long façade of Congress Hall, a house able to entertain two thousand guests. Quite at the edge of the picture, and the last large structure represented this side the lighthouse, is the Sea-Breeze Hotel, the great wholesale dépôt of the excursion-parties. Such is the chain of first-class houses fronting immediately on the sea, to which must be added the Ocean House and United States Hotel, not clearly made out in the picture, with the West End Hotel and a cloud of respectable select establishments merging insensibly into boarding-houses. Over the clustered city is seen the white flash of Delaware Bay.

Such a number of important hostelries in a row speaks highly for the prosperity of Cape May; and the visitor who takes the height of the season may be sure that he will find himself at no dull place of refuge. The homesick sailor, wearing round the Jersey point and coming close to the shore on a fine evening, as

he passes first Henlopen light and then Cape May light on his northward course, has this dazzling glimpse of sociability and human comradeship to greet him ere he bears eastwardly to avoid the land under the increasing hazard of the dark: what he sees is the flashing lines of festal lights from a continuous row of monstrous four-floored buildings, seeming to touch each other, from the Sea-Breeze all the way to the Stockton, the nightly saturnalia of the first named, with crash of drum and blare of horns, reaching even out to sea across the roar of the surf; the immense lateral extent of Congress Hall and the Stockton House defined with threads of light like the lamps of St. Peter's on Easter evening; the glow of suffused illumination from a whole busy city extending over these more definite points of brilliancy in a way wholly surprising for a lonely, exposed cape in the sea; then, dominating the entire group, the dilating and shrinking splendor of the lighthouse, a beacon of the first order, whose monstrous lantern intelligently flares up and darkens through the minutes of the night.

Cape Island City—this is, we believe, the official name—is an old settlement

and a permanent centre of business. In winter it is a little, frugal, close-girded burg of fifteen hundred souls, who go to church and pay their taxes, and support a couple of papers, and read the news about the legislature at Trenton, just like any other limited community in a somewhat lonely retirement: it is not till June that they awaken to a sense of the capabilities of existence, and begin to plan for utilizing the summer stranger according to their several professions. Cape May is one of those amphibious settlements, growing from little to more, that never seem to have had a beginning. It is known to have been a recognized sea-bathing resort as far back as the war of 1812, from contemporary records of the cuttings-up of officers from the hostile fleet moored in the bay, who visited the place and partook of its amusements, to the damage of susceptible hearts lodged in the short-waisted gowns of that period. Strange old sloops and batteaux used in those times to move slowly down the Delaware, bearing eager Philadelphians on pleasure bent. Other sojourners would drive miserably down in their dearborns, dragged by tired nags through the interminable sandy road from Camden. On



PROMENADE ON THE BEACH.

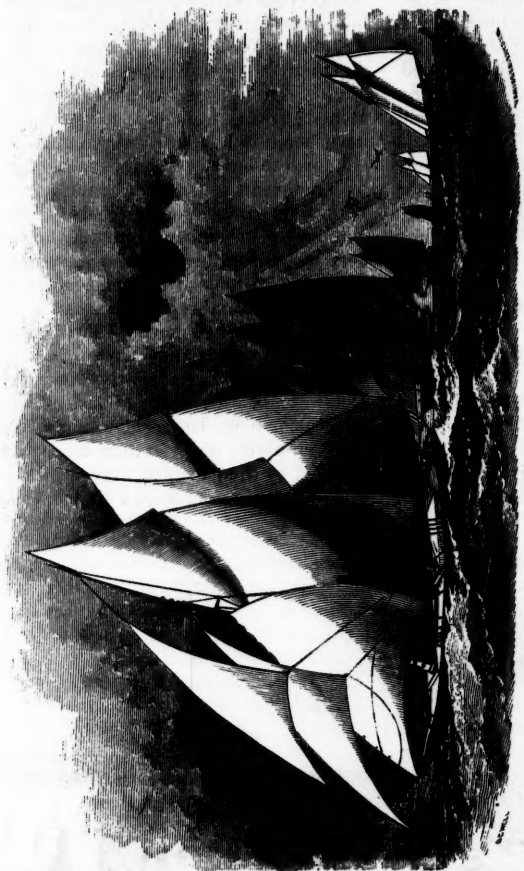
the adoption of steam for navigation, a modest steamboat was conducted by Mr. Wilmon Whilldin, and cut its way down the long Delaware in what was deemed a fleet and stylish manner, greatly improving the prosperity of the place. The customs of those earlier times were very primitive and democratic. Large excur-

ing in old suits of clothes brought in their carpet-sacks, and gathering the conditions of a fine appetite. The major-domo of Atlantic Hall, one Mackenzie, would send out to see what neighbor had a sheep to sell: the animal found, all the visitors of the male sex would turn to and help him dress it. Meantime,

parties of foragers would go out among the farmers around, ravaging the neighborhood for Indian corn. When the mutton was cooked and the corn boiled, an appetite would have accumulated sufficient to make these viands seem like the ambrosia of Olympus. Those were fine, heartsome times, and when our predecessors at Cape May went down for a lark, they meant it and they had it. At night, when dead-tired after the fiddling and the contra-dances, the barn-like hall was partitioned off into two sleeping-rooms by a drapery of sheets. The maids slept tranquilly on one side the curtain, the lads on the other. Successive days brought other sports—fishing in the clumsy boats, rides in hay-wagons over the deep white roads, the endless variety being sup-

sion-parties of gay girls and festive gentlemen would journey together, engaging the right to occupy Atlantic Hall, a desolate barn of a place, fifty feet square, whose proprietor was Mr. Hughes. Then, while the straggling villagers stared, these cargoes of mischief-makers would bear down upon the ocean, ducking and splash-

plied, after all, by the bathing, which was always the same and ever new. These primitive bivouacs were succeeded by a steady service of steamers on the Delaware and the erection of substantial and civilized hotels. The long boat-ride, beginning at Philadelphia in the early morning, and turning out the



YACHT-RACE.

sun-scorched passengers at the landing on the bay about sunset, to be rattled along in wild rustic stages to the hotels, was a torture of twenty years ago remembered freshly by many a frequenter of Cape May. A grand hotel edifice, the Mount Vernon, was put up in 1856, but soon burned down. The railroad was built in 1863, and has now merged into the possession of the world-compelling Pennsylvania Central: it delivers its passengers from Philadelphia in about three hours. There is now no trouble, no fatigue, no vexation about luggage, but the languid summer traveler glides almost unconsciously from Market street wharf directly to the door of the hotel he may have chosen.

But why, after all, do the experienced among tourists choose Cape May? What is the attraction which draws such hordes of the knowing ones to the utmost extremity of the flat, barren plain of New Jersey? Apart from accessibility, the reasons are the regular excellence of the bathing and the marvelous configuration of the beach. The latter is a broad natural street, as regular as a ball-room floor, packed and beaten by the waves into a marble-like solidity: its slope being so gentle, it becomes at low water a very broad road, along whose perfect surface you may drive for miles, from the lighthouse at the point to Poverty Beach, then return and do it all over again on a macadam freshly smoothed by the rollers since you passed over it before. Napoleon and the ancient Latins were capital road-builders, but they never laid out anything so beautiful as this wide and glossy Appian Way, over which when you drive you are in fact driving upon a polished table of the closest, most minute and most regularly laid Roman mosaic. The breakers advance, driving their long steely blades under the carriage-wheels, and then stream seaward again, leaving your road a mirror, in which the broken colors of the sunset or the passing storm are reflected. To ride on good horses along this beach with a fair and skillful equestrian, while the crescent moon hangs glassed at your feet, to be broken by every fall of

the moon-shaped hoof, and the pouring waves murmur eternally of constancy and sorrow at your side, and the way grows lonelier and lonelier toward the utter desolation of Poverty Beach,—is an experience not easily matched. The sand is unsurpassable, as we have said, and for the romantic and the poetical it still exists as a stupendous roadway; but in our artificial civilization there is always found good reason for replacing the masterpieces of Nature with the contrivances of art. Although a hard beach is in its way inviting to the horse, and is excellent for an equestrian saunter, yet it is not good for rapid driving or for crowds. Its dampness and peculiar consistency exert an influence of suction that is somewhat tiring to the hoof; and, in fine, the penalty of increasing prosperity is that a human work must supersede the divine one. For this reason the proprietors have put up the costly artificial boulevard which now extends along the shore, just above high-water, for a mile or more in front of the most elegant part of the town. It is the Chiaja of Cape May—the rendezvous of costly equipages and staring dandies and well-groomed hackneys. It is what an Englishman would call the Ladies' Mile. For exercise on this roadway, Allison Naylor, the livery-stable keeper from Washington, will furnish the most dashing teams at the shortest notice, with fine horses and liveried drivers if required. By his aid the jeweler's clerk, coming down with his year's savings, is enabled for a few days to cut as great a swell as the real aristocrat, and by a judicious expenditure and an exertion of that perfect manner which always makes an American jeweler seem a prince in disguise, may have his day with the proudest, and possibly fascinate an heiress before the season is over.

The society of Cape May is based essentially upon the society of Philadelphia and of Baltimore. Before the civil war it was the loadstone collecting the finest sweepings from the bluest-blooded families of literally the whole South. Those prosperities have succumbed now, except in the case of Baltimore, which still retains its wealth and prestige, and Wash-

ington, whose composite population continues to furnish a large accession every summer to the spot. The visits of military organizations (such as the Fifth Maryland Regiment, which sturdily camped out a thousand strong on the flats near the gasworks) are looked to as affording the brightest hopes of fun and flirting. Among the bands which have made night vocal and regulated the dancing have been the Annapolis Naval School Band, whose good musical training and decorous behavior have attracted the kindest notice. The musicians employed by the hotels are always the best procurable, under leaders of acknowledged merit. Dodsworth's, as we mentioned, plays at the Stockton House; an orchestra of over a dozen pieces, under Simon and Mark Hassler, is among the attractions of Congress Hall; Bastert's band enlivens the Columbia House; and there is a torrent of music, only too well intentioned, inspiring the perpetual dances at the Excursion House.

The bath here is of Nature's best. The slope of the beach is so gentle and so perfectly regular to an indefinite distance out under water that it turns up the breakers in long even curls with the precision almost of machinery. After a plunge here, Newport and Atlantic City seem tame and millpond-like, while Long Branch is too savagely precipitous and comfortless to enter into competition. From this circumstance, Cape May is a bathing-place where people *bathe*. The habit is a regular one with the frequenters of all the houses, and the fashionable virgins who come with thoughts but of lily-white and rouge-vinegar are caught by the wholesome infection and adopt Nature's cosmetics instead. Coming to puff, they remain to bathe. The gentlemen assist them at the bath, in the wholesome American fashion, in toilettes that admit of plenty of dandyism, as those of the ladies do of coquetry.

The sport here is very good. Woodcock in summer, curlew and red-head and

black-head duck, plover, sea-pigeon and Canada goose, may be shot abundantly in the surrounding country. For fishing, a boat may be hired at Schelling's Landing, with every chance of good luck at bluefish, called here snapping mackerel, and reaching a weight sometimes of seventeen pounds: a party of five caught eighty lately on one bright day, trolling for them with a line, a big hook and a bait of a glittering spoon as the boat dashed fast through the water. The "Cape May goody," a delicious salt-water fish the size of a perch; the "spot," with its gill marked apparently with a wafer; the blackfish; the thrumming-noised drumfish, inhabitant of the surf, and other local prizes, are captured in quantities at the Cape.

Two topics are of too recent a nature for consideration in this article. One is the lately-projected town of Sea Grove, a mile or two west of Cape May City, where the invalid may recuperate, or the strong enjoy the many opportunities at command for recreation from the fatigues and trials of business. The ground is so situated that sojourners there will enjoy sea or bay breeze from whatever quarter the wind blows, unless it comes from the north-east, a quarter whence the wind seldom, if ever, prevails at that portion of our coast. There is a hotel at Sea Grove, and a large rustic pavilion for religious and other meetings.

The other topic is this summer's yachting, got up in imitation of the exciting one to Five Fathom Bank on the 5th of July, 1871, when the *Sappho*, owned by William P. Douglas, won the Benson cup and citizens' prize—Commodore Osgood, owner of the next boat, the *Columbia*, gracefully withdrawing his protest on account of the *Sappho's* having shifted her ballast without notice forty-eight hours before. The race of 1875, an affair big with all the coming importance of the Centennial, will not lessen the éclat of Cape May for this season.

THREE MEETINGS.

BY IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

Passa que'i colli, e vieni allegramente,
Non ti curar di tanta compagnia;
Vieni, pensando a me segretamente,
Ch'io t'accompagna per tutta la via.

OF all the hunting-grounds in the neighborhood of my country-house, the one I visited most frequently was the wooded plain which surrounded the village of Glinnoë in the centre of Russia. Near this village the best game of our province can be found. After having beaten all the bushes and strolled about all the neighboring fields, I generally plunged into a marsh, and thence returned to my kind host, the starosta (mayor) of Glinnoë, at whose house I was in the habit of stopping.

There are not more than two versts of marsh in Glinnoë: the road leads continuously over low land, and only half way there is a small hill to mount. On the summit is an estate consisting of a garden and a single uninhabited manor. I nearly always happened to pass by this house when the brilliancy of the setting sun was at its height, and I remember that this dwelling, with its shutters hermetically closed, looked to me like an old blind man who had come to warm himself there in the sun. The poor man is seated by the roadside. It is already a long time since his sunlight has been changed into eternal darkness, but he feels its warmth nevertheless on his withered face and wrinkled cheeks. This house appeared to have been uninhabited for many years. One wing alone, opening on the courtyard, was the home of a decrepit old man, an emancipated serf, whose tall figure was bent by age, and whose expressive face had attracted my attention. He was generally seated on a bench by the only window of his dwelling, and, buried in sad thought, looked into the distance. As soon as he saw me he rose feebly and saluted me with that slow gravity peculiar to old servants who belonged to the generation not of our

fathers, but of our great-grandfathers. This old man's name was Loukianitch (son of Lucas.) I talked with him sometimes, but he was very sparing of his words. I learned only that the house belonged to the granddaughter of his former master. This lady was a widow, and had a younger sister: they both lived in a foreign city, and never visited their estate. As for him, he wished at last to see the end of his career. "For," said he, "it becomes very tiresome and sad to chew for ever—to go on chewing your bread, especially when you have chewed it so long." I lingered once very late in the fields at one of the most favorable times for hunting. The last glimmer of light had disappeared, the full moon shone brightly, night had already settled (as they say) in the sky, when I approached the manor. I had to pass along the garden: a profound silence reigned everywhere. I crossed a wide path, glided cautiously among the dusty nettles, and leaned against a low paling. Before me stretched a quiet little garden, all moist and fragrant, fully lighted and, as it were, drowsy under the silvery rays of the moon. It was laid out in the style of the last century, and formed a single square. Straight paths met in the centre, and terminated in a round bed all covered with asters buried in thick grass. High lindens surrounded the garden with an even edge: this edge was only broken in one spot by an opening of ten or twelve feet, that revealed half of a low house and two windows, where I was very much astonished to see a light. Small apple trees rose at intervals on the smooth ground. Between the slim branches you could see the quiet light of the moon shed over the sleeping azure of the sky. A faint unequal shadow lay on the whitened grass at the foot of each apple tree. The lindens, a confused mass of green on one side of the garden, were bathed in

a pale motionless flood of light: on the other side they were black and opaque. A strange, stifled murmur rose at intervals from the bushy foliage. It seemed as if the shrubs wanted to call the passers-by and draw them under their shade. The whole sky was sprinkled with stars, which appeared to look attentively at the distant earth: thin little clouds passed now and then before the moon for a moment, and changed its tranquil brightness into a translucent vapor. Everything was sleepy: the mild, balmy air was stirred by no breeze, but it trembled at times like a sheet of water ruffled by the falling of a branch. You felt that some change had taken place. I leaned against the paling. A red poppy held up before me its straight stalk in the thick grass: a great drop of night-dew shone with a dusky glimmer in the heart of the full-blown flower. Everything was drowsy, everything was heavy with sleep around me, everything seemed to aspire toward heaven, to dilate, to stand motionless and to wait.

What, then, was that warm, sleepless night awaiting? It was awaiting a sound, a living voice, but everything was still. The nightingale had long since ceased its song. The sudden buzz of an insect flying through the air; the slight splashing of a little fish in the pond behind the lindens; the feeble piping of a bird moving in its sleep; a weak, confused cry, so far off in the fields that the ear could not detect whether it was the call of a human voice or the whine of an animal; at intervals a hasty, abrupt foot-step sounding on the path,—all these slight noises, all these murmurs, only deepened the silence.

My heart was seized with an indescribable emotion, which resembled either the expectation or the recollection of happiness. I dared not stir. I looked mechanically at the two faintly-lighted windows, when suddenly a strain of music resounded in the house and rolled forth like a wave, repeated by a sonorous echo. I shuddered involuntarily. After this strain a woman's voice was heard. I listened eagerly. What was my surprise! Two years before I had heard

in Italy, at Sorrento, this same air, this same voice. Yes, yes—

Vieni, pensando a me segretamente.

It was indeed the same: I recognized the music.

This is how I had come to hear it the first time. I was returning home after a long walk by the seaside, and walked rapidly up the street. Night had fallen—a magnificent southern night, not calm and sadly pensive, like the nights in Russia, but radiant, voluptuous and beautiful as a happy woman in the flower of her years. The moon shed a glorious light. Great scintillant stars were sprinkled over the dark blue sky: black shadows contrasted sharply with the yellow light which flooded the earth. The stone walls of the gardens rose on either side of the street, the orange trees overtopped them with their bending branches; sometimes you could barely distinguish the golden globes of heavy fruit covered by the crowding leaves, sometimes you could see them pompously displayed in the full rays of the moon; white flowers glimmered softly on a great many trees. The air was impregnated with pungent odors, a little too heavy, and yet of inexpressible sweetness. I walked on—and I must confess that, being accustomed already to all this splendor, I only thought of reaching home as quickly as possible—when suddenly a woman's voice rang forth from one of the little summer-houses built against the wall of the enclosure along which I was passing. This woman was singing a romance that I did not know, but in her voice there was something so attractive, and in such harmony with the passionate and joyous expectation expressed by the words of the song, that I stopped involuntarily and raised my head. The summer-house had two windows, but the blinds were lowered, and only through the narrow cracks feebly shone a pale light.

After having repeated twice, "Vieni, vieni," the voice grew faint. I heard a slight vibration of musical strings, as if a guitar had fallen on the floor: there was the rustling of a dress and the floor creaked a little. The blinds opened

noisily on their hinges. I drew back a step. A tall woman, all in white, leaned her exquisite head out of the window; then holding out her hand toward me, she said, "Sei tu?" I did not know what to say, but at the same moment the unknown lady drew herself back, uttering a faint cry, the blind was again shut and the light vanished.

The face of the woman who had appeared so suddenly seemed to me of matchless beauty. She passed too quickly before my eyes for me to examine separately every feature, but the general impression remained strong and deep in my mind. I felt then that I should never forget that face. The moon illumined the side of the summer-house and the window where I saw her. How magnificently her dark eyes shone in that lustre! How thick were the unfastened locks of the black hair which fell on her rounded shoulders! What chaste voluptuousness there was in the soft curving lines of her form. What a caress in that hurried and yet sonorous whisper addressed to me! I fell back into the shadow of the opposite wall, and remained there with my eyes raised toward the summer-house in the silliest expectation and perplexity.

I listened with unremitting attention. Now and then I heard a light breathing behind the half-lighted window, sometimes a rustling and a stifled laugh. At last, footsteps approached from the distance: a man of about my height appeared at the end of the street. He walked quickly toward a little door placed near this summer-house that I had not noticed, knocked twice without looking round, singing in a low voice "Ecco ridente." The little door was opened, and he stealthily crossed the threshold. I shrugged my shoulders, and with my hat pulled over my eyes I went home in a very dissatisfied mood.

On the morrow I spent two hours at the hottest time of the day walking up and down the street of the summer-house, but without any result. That evening I left Sorrento without having even paid a visit to Tasso's house. My surprise, therefore, may be imagined at

hearing that same voice, that same song, in the midst of the steppes in one of the most uncultivated parts of Russia. This time, as before, it was night: now, as then, the voice rose suddenly from a small, lighted, unknown room—now, as then, I was alone. My heart beat loudly. Is it not a dream? thought I. Once more resounded the last "Vieni." Is the window going to open? Will a woman appear? The window opens, a woman appears.

I recognized her immediately, in spite of the distance of thirty feet that separated us, in spite of the thin cloud which passed over the moon. It was she—my unknown of Sorrento. But she did not open to me her bare arms; she held them gently crossed: leaning silent and motionless on the window-sill, she looked into the garden. She was draped as before in a full white dress. She appeared to me a little stouter than at Sorrento. Everything about her breathed the calm and confidence of love, the triumph of beauty which reposes in happiness. She remained a long while motionless; then she looked back into the room, and starting suddenly she cried out three times, in a sonorous vibrating voice, "Addio!" These beautiful sounds echoed in the distance very far off: they vibrated a long time, and gradually were lost under the lindens of the garden, in the fields around me, and everywhere. For a few moments everything that surrounded me was pervaded by that female voice, everything quivered in response, and seemed impregnated with those tones. She shut the window, and in an instant the house again became dark.

As soon as I recovered myself—which I confess required some time—I walked rapidly along the garden-wall. I approached the shut door and began to look over the enclosure. Nothing unusual was going on in the courtyard, but a carriage was in one corner under a penthouse: the front of the carriage was covered with a dry mud which was whitened like chalk in the moonbeams. The shutters of the house were closed as usual. I have forgotten to say that more than a week had elapsed since my last

visit to Glinnoë. I walked for more than half an hour along the enclosure, and ended by attracting the attention of an old watch-dog, which, without barking, began with odd irony to fix upon me his half-shut eyes. I understood his hint, and retired. I had hardly gone half a verst when I heard behind me the tramp of a horse: a few minutes later a rider passed at full trot. He turned toward me with a quick movement, but the brim of his cap, pulled over his eyes, only allowed me to see a shapely moustache and an aquiline nose. He disappeared immediately in the forest. "Here he is, then," thought I; and my heart began to throb in a strange way. It seemed to me that I had recognized him. His face really recalled to me that of the man I had seen enter by the little garden-gate at Sorrento. Half an hour afterward I was at the house of my acquaintance at Glinnoë, and having wakened him, I questioned him at once about the new inhabitants of the neighboring house. He answered reluctantly that the owners had just arrived.

"What owners?" I asked impatiently.

"Everybody knows them—the ladies," answered he in a drawling voice.

"What ladies?"

"Everybody knows—the ladies of the manor."

"Russians?"

"And who else?—of course Russians."

"Are they not foreigners?"

"I beg your pardon: what did you say?"

"Have they been here long?"

"Everybody knows it is not long."

"Are they going to stay?"

"Nobody knows."

"Are they rich?"

"Ah! as for that, we know nothing about it. They may possibly be rich."

"Did not a gentleman come with them?"

"A gentleman?"

"Yes."

The starosta sighed. "Ah! a lord!" said he yawning. "No, no, sir—I think not: nobody knows," he continued.

"What neighbors are living here?"

"Neighbors of all kinds."

"Of all kinds? What are their names?"

"Whose?—the owners' or the neighbors'?"

"The owners'."

The starosta sighed again. "Their names?" murmured he: "God knows their names. The eldest is, I think, Anna Fedorovna, but the other—no, I don't know."

"What is their family name, at least?"

"Gracious! I don't know."

"Are they young?"

"The youngest might be over forty?"

"You are doting!"

The starosta was silent.

Knowing by experience that when a Russian begins to answer in a certain manner there is no way of getting anything reasonable out of him, seeing also that my host had only just gone to bed, and that he nodded slightly at each answer, dilating his lids in childish astonishment and opening with effort his lips fastened together by the honey of the first sleep, I waved my hand, and refusing supper I went into the coach-house.

I had a great deal of trouble in getting to sleep. "Who is she?" I asked myself constantly. "Is she a Russian? If she be a Russian, why does she speak Italian? The starosta affirms she is no longer young, but he is doting. And who is that man? Decidedly, it is impossible to understand anything about it. But what a singular coincidence! Is it possible twice in succession? I must positively know who she is and why she is here." Disturbed by these confused thoughts, I fell asleep late, and my rest was troubled by strange dreams. I thought I was wandering in a desert in the intense heat of noon. Suddenly I saw a large dark spot run over the yellow burning sand which lay stretched out before me, and raising my head I perceived her, my beauty, carried off in the clouds. She was all dressed in white; her long wings were white; she called me. I wanted to follow her, but she floated off lightly and quickly, and I could not rise above the earth. I vainly extended my hands. "Addio!" she said to me as she flew off. "Why have you not wings? Addio!"

And, behold! this *addio* echoed on all sides: each grain of sand repeated it and called out to me *Addio*! That *i* vibrated in me like a sharp piercing trill. I sought her with my eyes, but she was already nothing but a little cloud sailing slowly toward the sun, that shed upon her its long golden rays. Soon the rays encircled her, and she dissolved, while, as for me, I screamed with all my might like a madman, "It is not the sun! it is not the sun! it is an Italian spider! Who has given it a passport for Russia? I will denounce her: I saw her stealing oranges in a garden."

In another dream I seemed to be crossing in great haste a steep narrow path: I know not what unhopèd-for happiness awaited me. Suddenly an enormous rock rose before me. I looked right and left for a passage, and found none. At the same moment I heard a voice behind the rock—

Passa que'i colli.

This voice attracted me: it repeated again its appeal. I struggled painfully: I sought at least the smallest outlet. Alas! everywhere there was a perpendicular granite wall. "*Passa que'i colli*" the melancholy voice repeated. In despair I thrust my breast against the black stone, and in my impotence I scratched it with my nails. A dark passage immediately opened. I was just going to plunge into it. "Fool!" somebody cried to me, "you cannot pass." I looked: Loukianitch was before me: he threatened me and made signs with his arms. I searched my pockets: I wanted to win him over. My pockets were empty. "Loukianitch," I said to him, "let me pass and I will reward you later." "You are mistaken, signor," answered Loukianitch; and his face assumed a singular expression: "I am not a serf. Recognize in me Don Quixote de la Mancha, the well-known knight-errant. All my life I have been seeking my Dulcinea, but I have not been able to find her: I will not permit you to find yours."

"*Passa que'i colli*!" repeated another sobbing voice. "Make room, signor," I cried with fury, about to throw myself upon him, but the knight's long lance

pierced me just in the heart, and I fell mortally wounded. I was lying on my back, and could not make a single movement, when she came in with a lamp in her hand. She lifted it gracefully above her head, looked all around her in the darkness, and, approaching cautiously, leaned over me. "This, then, is he, the lunatic!" she said with a contemptuous laugh. "This is the man who wants to know who I am!"

The burning oil of her lamp fell exactly on the wound of my heart. "Psyche!" I screamed in affright, and I awoke.

I spent all night in these strange dreams. The next day I rose before dawn. Having dressed myself quickly, I took my gun and went toward the manor. My impatience was so great that the dawn was hardly whitening in the sky when I arrived. The larks were singing around me, the crows were gabbling among the birches, but in the house everything still slept; even the dog was snoring behind the enclosure. In that state of anxious expectation which borders upon anger I began to pace the dewy grass and to look fixedly at the little low house which enclosed in its walls this enigmatic creature. Suddenly the little door creaked slightly: it opened, and Loukianitch appeared on the threshold. His long face looked to me surlier than usual: he seemed astonished to see me, and wanted to shut the door immediately.

"Dear friend, dear friend!" I called to him eagerly.

"What do you want at this early hour?" he answered in a sullen voice.

"Tell me, I beg of you: they say your mistress has arrived."

Loukianitch was silent for a moment. "She has come," he said.

"Alone?"

"With her sister."

"Did they not have some visitors yesterday?"

"No;" and he drew the door in upon him.

"Wait a moment. Do me the favor—"

Loukianitch began to cough and shiver with the cold. "What do you want of me, then?" said he.

"Tell me, I beg of you, how old your mistress is."

Loukianitch looked at me with a defiant air: "How old my mistress is? I don't know at all: she may be over forty."

"Over forty! And her sister?"

"About forty!"

"Really! Is she pretty?"

"Who? the sister?"

"Yes, the sister."

Loukianitch smiled: "I don't know what other people would say: in my opinion she is ugly."

"What?"

"She has not a fine carriage, and she is rather thin."

"Truly! And nobody else has arrived here?"

"No one. Who else is there to come?"

"But that is not possible. I—"

"Hey, sir, it seems that there is no such thing as finishing with you," answered the old man peevishly. "What cold weather! I bid you good-morning."

"Wait, wait: here is something for you;" and I held out to him a coin which I had prepared in advance, but the door shut violently and knocked my hand: the coin fell and rolled to my feet.

"Old rascal!" I thought. "Don Quixote de la Mancha, you appear to have orders to keep silent, but you will not deceive me."

I decided to clear up this mystery, whatever it might be. For a little while I did not know what to resolve upon. At last I decided to ask in the village to whom the manor belonged, and who had really arrived there, intending afterward to go back to it and not to leave it before I had solved this mystery. My unknown must go out at last, I said, and I would see her in the daylight, near by, like a living woman, and not like a phantom. The village was situated at a verst's distance, and I went there immediately at a rapid pace. A strange excitement stirring within me gave me courage: the invigorating freshness of morning revived me after the agitation of the night.

In the village two peasants who were

coming home from the fields told me all they could. The manor, as well as the village I had first entered, bore the name of Michaëlovskoe; they belonged to the widow of a major, Anna Fedorovna Chlikof; she had an unmarried sister whose name was Pélagic Fedorovna Badaef. They were both old and rich; they hardly ever lived in the house, for they were nearly always traveling; they had only two servants with them, and a cook. Anna Fedorovna Chlikof had returned the day before from Moscow with her sister only. This last statement surprised me very much. I could not suppose that these peasants had received orders to be silent concerning my unknown. But it was just as impossible for me to admit that Anna Fedorovna Chlikof, a widow forty-five years old, and that exquisite woman who had appeared before my eyes yesterday, were one and the same person. From the description that had been given to me, Pélagic Badaef also was not conspicuous for her beauty, and then the mere thought that the woman I had seen at Sorrento could be named Pélagic, or even Badaef, made me shrug my shoulders and laugh wickedly. And yet I saw her yesterday in that house—saw her with my own eyes, I said to myself. Irritated, furious, but more inflexible than ever in my resolution, I wished to return immediately to the dwelling.

I looked at my watch: it was not yet six o'clock. I resolved to wait, certain that every one was still asleep, and that I should only uselessly excite suspicion by wandering around the house at that early hour: moreover, I saw bushes spread out before me, and behind these bushes an aspen wood. I ought here to justify myself, and declare that this feverish agitation had not extinguished in me the noble passion of the chase. I may possibly fall in, thought I, with a flock of grouse that will help me to while away the time. I went into the underwood. Truth forces me to say that I walked carelessly and without any regard for the laws and customs of the chase. I did not always follow my dog with my eyes: I did not beat the thick bushes in the hope that a red-combed grouse would

rise noisily from them. I consulted my watch incessantly, which certainly was not of the slightest avail: my watch said at last nine o'clock. "It is time," I cried aloud; and I was already retracing my steps to go toward the manor when a magnificent grouse skimmed over the bushy grass, flapping his wings quite near me. I fired at the beautiful bird and wounded him under the wing. He did not fall immediately: on the contrary, he rose, turned toward the wood, and plunging close to the earth tried to rise above the first aspens which edged the wood, but soon he grew weak and fell reeling into the thicket. To neglect such a godsend would be really unpardonable: I darted quickly forward on the track of the wounded bird, and entered the grove. In a few minutes I heard a plaintive clucking, followed by a noise of wings: it was the unfortunate grouse struggling under the paws of my dog. I picked it up and put it into my game-pouch, then raising my head I looked around me, and remained riveted to the spot.

The wood in which I stood was very thick: at a little distance wound a narrow path, and on this path, riding side by side, advanced my unknown and the man who had passed me the day before. I recognized him by his moustache. They were walking their horses in silence and held each other's hand. The horses' long necks waved with a graceful rocking motion. Having recovered from my first fright—I can give no other name to the feeling which suddenly possessed me—I observed her. How beautiful she was! That radiant apparition met me as if by enchantment in the midst of the emerald foliage. Soft shadows and tender lights glided over her long gray gown, over her delicate, slightly stooping neck, over her pale rosy face, over her glossy black hair floating from under her little low hat. But how can I describe the expression of complete impassioned beatitude, almost amounting to ecstasy, revealed upon her features? Her head appeared to bend under some sweet burden. Voluptuous, fiery lights flashed from her dark eyes, half covered

by long lashes. They were never at rest, those happy eyes, and above them arched her fine eyebrows. A vague, childlike smile, the smile of profound joy, played about her lips. It seemed as if excess of happiness wearied her and made her somewhat languid, as a flower when it opens sometimes weighs down its stalk. Her two hands fell listlessly, one on the hand of the man who accompanied her, the other on the neck of her horse.

I had time to see her, but I saw him too. He was a handsome, well-built man, whose face had nothing Russian in it. He looked at her boldly and gayly, and his admiration of her was not unmixed with a certain pride. He appeared to me also very well satisfied with himself, and not sufficiently touched, not sufficiently humbled. Indeed, what man deserved such devotion? What soul, even the most beautiful, would have the right to give so much happiness to another soul? It must be confessed I was jealous.

They both, however, advanced to where I was standing: my dog darted suddenly forward on the road and began to bark. My unknown started, turned round quickly, and perceiving me struck the neck of her horse sharply with her whip. The animal neighed, reared, stretched out at the same time both his fore feet, and sprang forward at a gallop. The man spurred his horse immediately, and as I was leaving the wood a short while after I saw them both cantering through the fields in the golden distance, rocking in their saddles. They were riding off in another direction than that of Michaëlovskoë. I followed them with my eyes. They disappeared very soon behind the hill after having been clearly outlined on the edge of the horizon. I waited: then I turned round slowly toward the forest and seated myself on the roadside, with my eyes shut and my forehead supported by my hands.

I have remarked that after having met unknown people it is only necessary to close the eyes thus for their features to be at once portrayed in the mind. Every one can verify the truth of this observa-

tion. The better you know a person's face the harder it is to picture it to yourself, and the vaguer remains the impression: you remember it, but you do not see it. No one can ever make his own face appear in this way. The smallest details of the features are familiar, but you cannot imagine the whole. I sat down then and covered my eyes. Immediately I saw my unknown, her companion, the horses and all. The smiling face of the young man especially was represented in a very exact manner. I began to contemplate it: it darkened, and was finally lost in a reddish distance; and her face also vanished, and would not reappear. I rose. "Well," I said to myself, "it remains for me to know their names." To try to find out their names, what impertinent, useless curiosity! But I will swear that it was not curiosity that consumed me: it really seemed impossible that I should not end by discovering who they were, since Fate had so strangely and so obstinately associated me with them. However, I felt no longer within me the first impatience of uncertainty. This uncertainty had changed into a vague, sad feeling at which I flushed a little: I was decidedly jealous.

I no longer hastened to return to the manor. I must confess that I was ashamed to pry into the secrets of others. Moreover, the appearance of the loving couple in broad day and in the sunlight, although in such a strange and unexpected manner, had cooled me, so to speak, without quieting me. I no longer found anything unnatural or marvelous in this event—anything that resembled an improbable dream.

I began to hunt again more attentively than before, but the true spirit was not there. I started a covey that detained me an hour and a half. The young grouse kept me waiting a long while before answering my whistle. To be sure, I did not whistle in a sufficiently *objective* manner. The sun was already very high above the horizon—my watch said twelve o'clock—when I started for the manor. I did not walk fast. At length the little low house appeared on

the summit of the hill: my heart began to beat once more. I approached: I remarked with secret pleasure that Loukianitch was motionless as before on his bench in front of the little wing of the manor: the door was shut, and the blinds also.

"Good-morning, old man," I cried to him from afar: "you have come out to warm yourself in the sun."

Loukianitch turned his ugly thin face toward me and silently raised his cap.

"Good-morning, old man—good-morning. What!" said I, surprised to see my new coin on the ground, "did you not pick that up?"

"I saw it very well," he said, "but that money does not belong to me: that is the reason why I did not pick it up."

"What a queer fellow you are!" I answered, not without a little embarrassment, and picking up the coin I offered it to him again: "Take it, take it! it will do for tea."

"Thank you," Loukianitch answered, smiling calmly. "I am not in want of it: I can live without that."

"Take it, and I am ready to give you more with pleasure," I continued, somewhat embarrassed.

"And what for? Please don't trouble yourself. I am very grateful for your attention, but as for me, I have enough bread, and perhaps I shall have too much: that depends on circumstances." And he rose and stretched his hand toward the little door.

"Wait, my friend," I said to him, almost in despair. "How close-mouthed you are to-day. Tell me, at least, if your mistress has risen yet or not."

"She has risen."

"And is she at home?"

"No."

"Has she gone visiting?"

"No, she went to Moscow."

"What! to Moscow? But she was here this morning."

"Yes."

"And she slept here?"

"Yes."

"And it is not long since she left?"

"It is not long."

"How long is it, my friend?"

"About an hour ago she decided to return to Moscow."

"To Moscow!" And I looked at Loukianitch with stupefaction. I confess I did not expect that. Loukianitch looked at me also: a smile contracted the dry lips of the cunning old man and brightened a little his gloomy eyes.

"And she left with her sister?" I asked at last.

"With her sister."

"Then there is nobody in the house now?"

"No one."

I thought Loukianitch was deceiving me. It was not for nothing that he smiled so maliciously.

"Listen, Loukianitch," I said to him. "Do you want to do me a favor?"

"What do you want of me?" he replied slowly. It was evident that my questions began to weary him.

"You say that there is no one in the house: perhaps you could show it to me. I would be very grateful for it."

"You want to see the rooms?"

"Yes."

Loukianitch was silent. "Willingly," said he at last. "Come."

He crossed the threshold of the little door, bending his head: I walked after him. We passed through a little courtyard and mounted a tottering flight of wooden steps. The old man pushed the door: it had no lock, but a knotted cord was slipped through a hole. We entered the house. Five or six low-ceiled rooms, nothing more, and, so far as I could see by the faint light which came through the cracks of the blinds, the furniture was very plain and very old. In one of these rooms (just the one that looked out on the garden) there was a miserable little piano. I opened the warped lid and sounded the keys. A shrill, harsh sound came forth, and languidly faded away as if complaining of my boldness. Nothing denoted that this house had just been inhabited: it even smelt mouldy and as if it had been kept closed. Here and there lay a piece of paper, showing by its whiteness that it had not been there long. I picked up one piece: it was undoubtedly from a

letter. A woman's hand had traced with a firm pen these words, "To be silent." I made out on another scrap the word "happiness." A bunch of half-faded flowers was soaking in a glass placed on a round table near the window: a rumpled green ribbon was alongside of it. I carried off the ribbon. Loukianitch opened a door which was built in a tapestried partition.

"Here," he said, holding out his hand—"here is the bed-room, beyond is the maid's room, and that is all."

We returned through the corridor. "What room is that?" I asked him, pointing to a large door carefully padlocked.

"That one?" the old man answered with surly voice. "That is nothing."

"And yet—"

"Well, it is the lumber-room." And he went into the hall.

"The lumber-room? Can it not be visited?"

"What pleasure would you take in it, sir?" answered Loukianitch with an air of vexation. "What do you want to see there? Boxes and old china? It is a lumber-room, and nothing more."

"Show it to me, I beg of you, friend," I said, although blushing internally at my indiscreet obstinacy. "You see, I shall want on my estate just such a house—" I was ashamed: I could not succeed in finishing my sentence. Loukianitch leaned his gray head on his breast and looked up at me furtively in a singular way. "Show it to me," I repeated to him.

"Well, come, come," answered he at last. He took the key and opened the door impatiently. I glanced all around the place. There was nothing, in fact, very extraordinary. The walls were hung with old portraits with dark, almost black faces and wicked eyes. On the floor lay all kinds of rubbish.

"Well, have you seen it?" Loukianitch asked me soon.

"Yes, thank you," I answered hurriedly.

He shut the door. I crossed the hall and passed into the yard: Loukianitch said to me dryly, "Good-morning," and left me.

"But what lady did you have to visit you yesterday?" I cried to him, seeing him go away. "I met her in the wood this morning."

I had hoped to embarrass him by this sudden question, and draw out of him an unguarded answer. But the old man sneered and disappeared.

I went back to Glinnoë. I was as ill at ease as a child who has just had a severe scolding.

"No," I said to myself at last. "Decidedly, I am not destined to clear up this mystery. Let us talk about it no longer: I will not think of it any more."

A week passed by. I tried to drive away the recollection of the unknown, of her companion and of my meetings with them; but this recollection pursued me constantly, and harassed me with all the importunate persistency of a fly during an afternoon nap. Loukianitch also returned constantly to my memory with his mysterious looks, his speeches full of reticence and his cold, melancholy smile. The house even, when I recalled it, seemed to contemplate me maliciously through its half-closed shutters, as if it laughed at me and said, "After all, you will know nothing."

In short, I lost patience, and one day I went to Glinnoë. I ought to confess that I felt again a rather lively excitement on approaching the mysterious habitation. Nothing was changed about the exterior of the house. The same shut windows, the same dismal and neglected air; only, instead of Loukianitch, there was a lad about twenty years old who was seated on the bench before the little wing. He wore a long caftan made of nankeen, and a red shirt. He was sleeping with his head in the palm of his hand. Sometimes his head was seized with an oscillating movement, then he raised it with a start.

"Good-morning, brother," I said to him in a loud voice. He rose quickly and turned toward me his large astonished eyes. "Good-morning, brother," I repeated. "Where is the old man?"

"What old man?" the boy asked slowly.

"Loukianitch."

"Loukianitch!" He looked askance.

"You want Loukianitch?"

"Yes: is he not at home?"

"No," the boy stammered: "he— How shall I tell you?"

"Is he ill?"

"No."

"Well, then, what?"

"He is no longer there."

"What?"

"A misfortune has happened to him."

"Is he dead?" I asked with a look of consternation.

"He has hung himself," said the young man in a low voice.

"Hung himself!" I cried with terror.

We looked at each other without speaking.

"Was it a long time ago?" I asked at last.

"To-day is the fifth day: he was buried yesterday."

"And why did he hang himself?"

"God knows! He was a free man and he received wages: he did not know what want was. The ladies treated him like one of their relations. Ah! what good ladies ours are! May God give them health! It is impossible to imagine what drove him to death. It would seem as though the devil had tempted him."

"How did he go about it?"

"What do you mean? He took a rope and hung himself."

"And before that you had remarked nothing extraordinary about him?"

"How shall I say? Nothing very extraordinary. He was always a suspicious, weary man: he moaned incessantly. 'I am tired,' he used to say. It is true also that his years weighed upon him. Lately he has been still more melancholy. He came to see us sometimes in the village, for I am his nephew. 'Well, friend Vasi,' said he, 'come and spend a night with me.'—'Why, dear uncle?'—'Because I am afraid: I am tired of being alone.' And I went with him. He used to go into the yard and look fixedly at the house, toss his head and sigh. The day before his misfortune he came again to invite me. I went with him. We entered his room together: he

seated himself on his little bench, then rose to go out. I waited, but not seeing him come back, I went in the yard and began to call, 'Uncle! dear uncle!' He did not answer. 'Where could he have gone?' I asked myself: 'perhaps into the house.' I went into the house. Night was falling: I passed before the lumber-room, and I heard something scraping like a razor over a beard. I pushed the door: it opened, and what did I see? I saw him crouching in the window. 'What are you about there, dear uncle?' I asked him. He turned round and began to cry. His eyes were haggard: they sparkled like cat's eyes. 'What do you want? Don't you see I am shaving?' and his voice was hoarse. My hair stood on end: I was struck with terror. Perhaps the evil spirits surrounded him already. 'In that darkness?' I answered, and my knees began to tremble under me. 'Well,' said he, 'go away.' I went, and he left the lumber-room, shutting the door carefully. Then we returned to the wing: my fright immediately left me. 'What were you going to do in the lumber-room, dear uncle?' I asked him. He was seized with a chill. 'Hush!' said he, 'hush!' and he lay down on the stove. 'Good!' I thought; 'I had better not speak to him. Perhaps he does not feel quite well to-day.' Thereupon I lay down also on the stove. A light was burning in one corner. I was in bed then, and, you see, I began to doze. Suddenly I heard the door creak feebly and open, somewhat like that. My uncle was in bed, and had his back turned to the door, and you may remember that he was always a little hard of hearing; but then he immediately got up: 'Who calls me? who looks for me?' and he went out into the courtyard bareheaded. 'What is the matter?' I asked myself, and, wretch that I am! I went to sleep again. I awoke the next morning: Loukianitch was not there. I went out of my room. I began to call: he was nowhere. 'Did you not see my old uncle go out?' I asked the watchman. 'No,' he answered, 'I have not seen him.' We were both struck with terror. 'Come, Fedorovitch,' I said, 'let us see if he is not in the

house.' 'Let us go, Vassili Timofeitch,' he replied, and he was just as white as clay. We entered the house: I passed before the lumber-room—an open padlock was hanging from the ring. I pushed the door, but it was locked from the inside. Fedorovitch ran immediately round to look in at the window. 'Vassili Timofeitch,' he cried to me, 'the feet hanging, the feet—' I went to the window. Those feet were Loukianitch's. He had hung himself thus in the middle of the room. The magistrate was immediately sent for; he was detached from the rope; it had twelve knots."

"And what did the magistrate do?" I inquired.

"Yes, what did he do? Nothing. Every one tried to think what motive he could have had. Motive? he had none. It was decided then that he was not in his sound mind. Lately he had suffered a great deal with his head."

I passed about half an hour more talking with the young man, and at last left him in great agitation. I confess that I could no longer look at that dilapidated house without a superstitious terror. I left the country about a month afterward, and I gradually forgot both the meetings and the frights.

Three years had passed. I spent a great part of this time in St. Petersburg or in France, and if I did go to my country home, I had not been once either in Glinnoë or Michaëlovskoë. I had seen nowhere either my unknown or her companion. At the end of the third year I happened to meet, at an evening party in Moscow, Madame Chlikof and her sister, Pélagie Badaef—that same Pélagie I had always absurdly fancied to be an imaginary person. These two ladies were no longer young; nevertheless, they possessed what is called an agreeable exterior. Their conversation was bright and gay: they had traveled a great deal, and traveled profitably, but decidedly there was nothing in common between them and my unknown. I was presented to them. I began to talk to Madame Chlikof, whilst her sister was carrying on a discussion with a foreign geologist. I told her that I had the

pleasure of being one of her neighbors in the district of X—.

"Ah! I have a little property there, near Glinnoë."

"Certainly," I replied: "I know your Michaëlovskoë. Do you ever go there?" "Rarely."

"Were you not there three years ago?"

"Hold! It seems to me I was there. Yes, certainly I was there."

"With your sister or alone?"

She looked at me: "With my sister. We passed a week there. We were there on business. However, we saw no one."

"It seems to me there are very few neighbors."

"Very few."

"Tell me, it was indeed in your house that a misfortune happened once?—Loulkianitch?"

Madame Chlikof's eyes filled with tears. "You knew him?" she asked with animation. "What a misfortune!—he was such a worthy good old man—and without any reason."

"Yes, yes," I repeated, "what a misfortune!"

Madame Chlikof's sister approached us. It would seem that the learned remarks of the geologist on the formation of the shores of the Volga had something to do with this retreat.

"Pélagie, this gentleman knew Loulkianitch."

"Really? Poor old man!"

"At that time I hunted very often around Michaëlovskoë. Three years ago, when you were there—"

"I?" said Pélagie with some surprise.

"Why, yes, certainly," replied her sister. "Do you not remember?" And she cast a rapid glance upon her.

"Ah! yes, yes—certainly," Pélagie answered immediately.

"Eh! eh!" I thought, "it appears you were not at Michaëlovskoë, little dove."

"Will you not sing something for us, Pélagie Fedorovna?" suddenly said a tall young man with dull eyes and a little tuft of fair hair.

"I really don't know anything," answered Mademoiselle Badaef.

"Do you sing?" I cried eagerly, and hurriedly rose from my seat. "For Heaven's sake—ah, for Heaven's sake—sing something for us!"

"And what shall I sing?"

"Do you not know," I said trying in every way to maintain my easy, unembarrassed manner, "an Italian romance? It begins this way: 'Passa que'i colli.'"

"I know it," answered Mademoiselle Pélagie simply: "you want me to sing it for you? Willingly."

She seated herself at the piano. I fixed my eyes on Madame Chlikof as Hamlet did on his father-in-law. I thought I perceived her shudder slightly at the first note. She remained, however, quietly seated until the end. Mademoiselle Badaef did not sing badly. When the song was finished she was asked to sing more, but the two sisters made some sign to each other, and retired a few minutes later. When they had left the room I heard the word "Impertinent!" murmured around me. I deserved it, I thought. I did not see them again.

Another year passed. I had settled at St. Petersburg. Winter came: masquerade-balls began. One evening, at about eleven o'clock, I was leaving the house of one of my friends. I was in such a gloomy humor that I resolved to go to the masked ball of the assembly of nobles. I wandered a long while before the columns and mirrors, looking like a meek fatalist—an expression which I think can be seen on such occasions upon the faces of the worthiest people, God alone knows why. I wandered thus a long while, trying to find diversion in the pleasantries of the squeaking dominoes with suspicious laces and faded gloves. I gave my attention for a long time to the blare of the trumpets and the scraping of the fiddles. At last, having bored myself sufficiently, and having got a dreadful headache, I was on the point of leaving. But I stayed. I had just seen a woman in a black domino leaning against a column. I saw her, I stopped, then approached her. It was she! How had I recognized her? By the careless look she cast on me between the long openings of her mask, by the marvelous shape of her

shoulders and hands, by the womanly majesty of her whole person; or else was it still a mysterious voice which made itself suddenly heard within me? I cannot say, but in short I recognized her. I passed and repassed several times before her, with my heart all in a tremor. She remained motionless: there was such unutterable sadness in her attitude that in looking at her I recalled involuntarily these two verses of a Spanish song:

Soy un cuadro de tristeza
Arrimado á la pared!
I am a picture with a sad subject,
Leaning against the wall.

I approached the column against which she leaned, and I whispered very low in her ear, "Passa que'i colli." She shuddered from head to foot and turned rapidly toward me. My eyes met hers so closely that I was able to see her terror dilate the pupils. She looked at me with hesitation and held out her hand feebly to me.

"May 6, 184-, at Sorrento, ten o'clock at night, in the Strada della Croce," I said to her slowly, without taking my eyes off her; "then in Russia in the government of —, in the village of Michaëlovskoë, July 22, 184-."

I had said all that in French. She drew back a few steps, eyed me from head to foot, and muttered, "Come!"

She immediately left the hall: I followed her.

We advanced in silence. I have not the strength to express what I felt in walking by her side. A magnificent vision that had suddenly become a reality, the statue of Galatea changed into a living woman and descending from her pedestal before the eyes of the stupefied Pygmalion! I could hardly breathe. She stopped at last in a remote parlor, and seated herself on a little divan near the window. I took a seat by her side. She turned her head slowly round and looked at me suspiciously. "Do you come from him?" she asked.

Her voice was uncertain and feeble.

Her question somewhat troubled me. "No, not from him," I answered hesitatingly.

"Do you know him?"

"I do know him," I replied.

She looked at me incredulously—was about to say something and lowered her eyes.

"You expected him at Sorrento," I continued; "you saw him at Michaëlovskoë; you had a ride on horseback with him. You see that I know—that I know everything."

"It seems to me I know your face," she said.

"No, you have never seen me."

"Then what do you want of me?"

"You see that I know," I repeated. I understood very well that I must profit by that excellent beginning, and although my sentence, "I know everything—you see that I know," became ridiculous, my agitation was so great, this unexpected meeting troubled me to such an extent, I was so reckless, that I decidedly could find nothing better to say, all the more that I did not know anything else. I felt that I was becoming stupid, and that if I had appeared at first a mysterious creature and well informed on all subjects, I was very rapidly transformed into a kind of conceited fool. But what was to be done?

"Yes, I know everything," I repeated yet again.

She looked at me, rose suddenly and tried to go away, but this would have been too cruel.

I seized her hand. "For God's sake," I said to her, "sit down: listen to me."

She reflected and sat down.

"I told you just now," I continued warmly, "that I knew everything. That is not true: I know nothing, absolutely nothing. I neither know who you are nor who he is, and if I surprised you by what I said a moment ago near the column, attribute it only to chance, to a strange, inexplicable accident which like a mania urged me twice, and nearly in the same way, toward you—made me an involuntary spectator of what you perhaps would have wished to keep secret." Then I related everything without evasion, and without concealing the least thing—my meetings with her at Sorrento, then in Russia, my useless questions in Michaëlovskoë, and even

my conversation at Moscow with Madame Chlikof and her sister. "Now you know everything," I added, finishing my story. "I do not want to tell you what a powerful impression you have produced on me. To see you and not to be bewitched is impossible. On the other hand, I have no need to describe to you what the impression was. Remember in what a situation I saw you twice. Believe me, I am not a man to give myself up to vain hopes, but imagine the inexpressible agitation that took possession of me to-day, and pardon me—pardon the awkward artifice to which I had recourse to attract your attention, were it only for one moment."

She listened to this confused explanation without raising her head. "What do you want, then, of me?" she said at last.

"I? I want nothing. I am already happy enough. I have too great a respect for the secrets of others—"

"Yet, it would seem— However," she continued, "I do not want to reproach you. Any one else in your place would have acted in the same way; and besides, chance has really thrown us so persistently together that that gives you some claim to my candor. Listen. I am not one of those misunderstood, unhappy women who go to masked balls to confide their sorrows to the first man who comes along, and who seek a sympathetic heart. I have no need of sympathy: my own heart is dead, and I only come here to bury it for ever." She raised her handkerchief to her lips. "I hope," she added with some effort, "that you will not mistake my words for some vulgar masquerade outburst of confidence. You must understand that I have no mind for such things."

There was in fact something terrible in her voice, in spite of the insinuating sweetness of her tone.

"I am a Russian," she said in her own language (she had until then expressed herself in French), "although I have lived little in Russia. It is useless for you to know my name. Anna Fedorovna is one of my old friends: I really

went to Michaëlovskoë under her sister's name. Then I could not see him openly; reports began to circulate; obstacles still existed; he was not free. Those obstacles have disappeared, but the one whose name should be mine, the one with whom you saw me, rejected me."

She made a sign with her hand and was silent. "Truly, do you not know him?" she began: "did you never meet him?" "Never."

"He has passed nearly all this time abroad: however, he is now here. There is my whole history," she continued: "you see that there is nothing mysterious, nothing surprising in it."

"But Sorrento?" I asked her timidly.

"It was at Sorrento that I knew him," she answered slowly; and she relapsed into silence and meditation.

We looked at each other. A strange agitation possessed my whole being. I was seated by her side—by the side of that woman whose recollection had so often presented itself to my imagination, and had so painfully excited and irritated me. I was seated by her side, and I felt my heart cold and heavy. I knew that there would be no result from this interview—that there was an abyss between her and me—that once separated we should never meet again. With her head raised, her two hands resting on her knees, she sat there calm and indifferent. I know this indifference of incurable pain: I know this calm of an irreparable trouble. The maskers passed before us, the confused music of a waltz resounded, sometimes in the distance and sometimes nearer with sudden bursts. This joyous music filled me with sadness. Is it really possible, I thought, that that woman is the same who appeared to me formerly at the window of that distant little country-house in all the splendor of her triumphant beauty? And yet time did not seem to have touched her with his wing. The lower part of her face, which the lace of the mask did not conceal, was of a childlike freshness, but her whole person breathed forth, as it were, the chill of a statue. Had Galatea remounted her pedestal, never to descend?

Suddenly she started up, looked in the other room, and rose. "Give me your arm," she said to me. "Come quickly! quickly!"

We returned to the parlor. She stopped near a column. "Let us wait here," she muttered.

"You are looking for somebody," I was going to say.

But she paid no more attention to me. Her firm glance seemed to penetrate the crowd. Her large black eyes darted from under her velvet mask gloomy looks of threatening hatred. I understood everything on turning round. In a gallery formed by a line of columns before the wall was walking the man I had met with her in the wood. I immediately recognized him: he had scarcely changed at all. His fair moustache was curled with the same grace, the same quiet presumptuous pride lighted his piercing eyes. He advanced without haste, and, slightly bending his slender figure, was talking with a woman in a domino who held his arm. Arriving at the line where we stood, he raised his head suddenly, looked at me first, then glanced at my companion. He probably recognized her by her eyes, for he frowned a little. An almost imperceptible smile, but a smile of cruel irony, played around his lips. He

leaned down toward the woman he was with and whispered a couple of words in her ear. The woman included us both in one rapid look, then, slightly smiling, she threatened him with her little finger. He shrugged his shoulders slightly: she pressed herself coquettishly against him.

I turned toward my unknown. She was watching the couple as they disappeared, and drawing suddenly away from my arm she ran toward the door. I was about to run after her, but she turned round and looked at me in such a way that I could only bow low to her and remain in my place. I understood that to follow her would have been vulgar and stupid.

"Tell me, I beg of you," I said a quarter of an hour after to one of my friends who knew all St. Petersburg—"teli me who is that handsome tall man with a moustache?"

"He? He is a certain foreigner, a somewhat enigmatic creature, who seldom appears on our horizon; and why did you ask me that question?"

"I do not know."

I returned home. From that time I did not meet my unknown again. Like a vision she appeared before me—like a vision she passed away to disappear for ever.

AGNES LAZARUS.

THE YARES OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

"OLD FORT!"

The shakily little train jolted into the middle of an unploughed field and stopped. The railway was at an end. A group of Northern summer-tourists, with satchels and waterproofs in shawls, came out of the car and looked about them. They had fallen together at Richmond, and by the time they had reached this out-of-the-way corner of North Carolina were the best of boon-companions, and wondered why they had never found each other out in the

world before. Yet, according to American habit, it was a mere chance whether the acquaintance strengthened into lifelong friendship or ended with a nod in the next five minutes.

It bade fair just now to take the latter turn.

Nesbitt, who had been in consultation with one or two men ploughing at the side of the station, came hurrying up: "Civilization stops here, it appears. Thirty miles' staging to Asheville, and after that carts and mules. The mails come,

like the weather, at the will of Providence. I think I shall explore no farther. When does your train go back, conductor?"

"The scenery disappoints me," said Miss Cook, bridging her nose with her eye-glasses. "It lacks the element of grandeur."

"You'll find it lacking more than that beyond," said a Detroit man who had come down to speculate in lumber. "Nothing but mountains, and balsam timber as spongy as punk. A snake couldn't get his living out of ten acres of it."

Across the field was a two-roomed wooden house, over which a huge board was mounted whereon was scrawled with tar, "Dinner and BARROOM." They all went, stumbling over the lumpy meadow, toward it. Miss Cook, who was always good-humored except on æsthetic questions, carried the baby's satchel with her own.

"Shall you go on?" she asked the baby's mother. "The conductor says the mountains are inaccessible to women."

"Of course. Why he has slept every night since we came on to high land."

"I doubt very much whether the cloud-effects will be as good as in the White Mountains. The sky is too warm." This was said thoughtfully.

"He has one stomach-tooth almost through. The balsam-air will be such a tonic! We'll go up if it is on foot, won't we, Charley?" And she buried her face in the roll of blanket.

There was a fine odor of burnt beans and whisky in the hot little parlor of the house, with its ragged horsehair chairs and a fly-blown print of the "Death of Robert E. Lee" on the wall. On the other side of the hall was the bar-room, where a couple of red-faced majors in homespun trousers and shirts were treating the conductor. It was a domestic-looking bar-room after all, in spite of red noses and whisky: there were one or two geraniums in the window, and a big gray cat lay asleep beside them on the sill.

One of the majors came to Baby's

mother in the parlor. "There is a rocking-chair in the—the opposite apartment," he said, "and the air will be better there for the child. A very fine child, madam! very fine, indeed!"

She said yes, it was, and followed him. He gave Baby a sprig of geranium, bowed and went out, while the other men began to discuss a Methodist camp-meeting, and the barkeeper shoved a newspaper over his bottles and worked anxiously at his daybook. The other passengers all went to dinner, but Nesbitt was back at her side in five minutes.

"I'm glad you stayed here," he said. "There is a bare wooden table set in a shed out yonder, and a stove alongside where the cooking goes on. You would not have wanted to taste food for a month if you had seen the fat pork and corn-bread which they are shoveling down with iron forks. Now, if I thought—if we were going to rough it in the mountains—camp-fire, venison, trout cooked by ourselves, and all that sort of thing, I'd be with you. But this civilized beastliness I don't like—never did. I'll take this train back, and strike the trunk-line at Charlotte, and try Texas for my summer holiday. I must be off at once."

"Good-bye, then, Mr. Nesbitt. I am sorry you are not going: you've been so kind to Charley."

"Not at all. Good-bye, madam. God bless you, little chap!" stopping to put his finger in the baby's thin hand. He was quite sure the little woman in black would never bring her child back from the mountains.

"I'm glad he's gone," said Miss Cook, coming in from the shed. "It's absurd, the row American men make about their eating away from home. They want Delmonico's table set at every railway-station."

"You will go on up the mountain, then?"

"Yes. I've only three weeks' vacation, and I can get farther from my usual rut, both as to scenery and people, here than anywhere else. I've been writing on political economy lately, and my brain needs complete change of idea. You 'know how it is yourself.'"

"No, I—" She unlocked her satchel, and as she took out Baby's powder looked furtively at Miss Cook. This tight little person, buckled snugly into a water-proof suit, her delicate face set off by a brown hat and feather, talking political economy and slang in a breath, was a new specimen of human nature to her.

She gave the powder, and then the two women went out and deposited themselves and their wraps in a red stage which waited at the door. A fat, jolly-faced woman, proprietor of the shed and cooking-stove, ran out with a bottle of warm milk for the child, the Carolinian majors and barkeeper took off their hats, the Detroit man nodded with his on his head, and with a crack of the whip the stage rolled away with them. It lurched on its leather springs, and luffed and righted precisely like a ship in a chopping sea, and threw them forward against each other and back into dusty depths of curled hair, until even the baby laughed aloud.

Miss Cook took out her notebook and pencil, but found it impossible to write. "There is nothing to make note of, either," she said after an hour or two. "It is the loneliest entrance to a mountain-region I ever saw. These glassless huts we see now and then, and ruins of cabins, make it all the more forlorn. I saw a woman ploughing with an ox just now on the hillside, where it was so steep I thought woman, plough and ox would roll down together.—Is there no business, no stir of any sort, in this country?" she called sharply to the driver, who had got down and looked in at the door at that minute.

"I don't know," he said leisurely. "Come to think on't, it's powerful quiet generally."

"No mining—mills?"

"Thar war mica-mines. But ther given over. An' thar war a railroad. But that's given over too. I was a-goin' to ask you ladies ef you'd wish to git out an' see whar the traveler was murdered last May, up the stream a bit. I kin show you jest whar the blood is yet; which, they do say, was discovered by the wild dogs a-gnawin' at the ground."

The baby's mother held it closer, with her lips unusually pale. "No, thank you," she said cheerfully. "Probably we can see it as we come back."

"Well, jest as *you* please," he replied, gathering up the reins with a discontented air. "Thar's been no murder in the mountings for five years, an' 'tisin't likely there'll be another."

A few miles farther on he stopped to water his horses at a hill-spring. "Thar's a house yonder, ef you ladies like to rest an hour," he said, nodding benignantly.

"But the mail?—you carry the mail?"

"Oh, the mail won't trouble itself," taking out his pipe and filling it. "That thar child needs rest, I reckon."

The two women hurried up the stony field to the large log hut, where the mistress and a dozen black-haired children stood waiting for them.

"Something to eat?" cried Miss Cook. "Yes indeed, my good soul; and the sooner the better. Finely-cut face, that," sketching it rapidly while the hostess hurried in and out. "Gallic. These mountaineers were all originally either French Huguenots or Germans. It would be picturesque, dirt and all, under a Norman peasant's coif and red umbrella, but in a dirty calico wrapper—bah!"

The house also was dirty and bare, but the table was set with fried chicken, rice, honey and delicious butter.

"And how—how much are we to pay for all this?" said Miss Cook before sitting down.

"If ten cents each would not be too much?" hesitated the woman.

Miss Cook nodded: her very portemonnaie gave a click of delight in her pocket. "I heard that these people were miserably poor!" she muttered rapturously. "Don't look so shocked. If you earned your bread by your brains, as I do, you'd want as much bread for a penny as possible."

The sky began to darken before they rose from the table, and, looking out through the cut in the wall which served for a window, they saw that the rain was already falling heavily. A girl of sixteen, who had been spinning in the corner, drew her wheel in front of the win-

dow: the square of light threw her delicately-lined face and heavy yellow hair into relief. She watched the baby with friendly smiles as she spun, giving it a bit of white wool to hold.

"What a queer tribe we have fallen among!" said Miss Cook in scarcely lowered tones. "I never saw a spinning-wheel before, except Gretchen's in *Faust*; and there is a great hand-loom. Why it was only Tuesday I crossed Desbrosses Ferry, and I am already two centuries back from New York. Very incurious, too, do you observe? The women don't even glance at the shape of our hats, and nobody has asked us a question as to our business here. People who live in the mountains or by the sea generally lack the vulgar curiosity of the ordinary country farmer."

"Do they? I did not know. These are the kindest people I ever met," said the little woman in black with unwonted emphasis.

"Oh, they expect to make something out of you. Travelers are the rarest of game in this region, I imagine," observed Miss Cook carelessly, and then stopped abruptly with a qualm of conscience, remarking for the first time the widow's cap which her companion wore. These people had perhaps been quicker than she in guessing the story of the little woman—that the child, dying as it seemed, was all that was left to her, and that this journey to the balsam mountains was the last desperate hope for its life.

She looked with a fresh interest at the thin, anxious face, the shabby black clothes, and then out of the window to where the high peaks of the Black Range were dimly visible like cones of sepia on the gray horizon. She had read a paper in some magazine on the inhospitable region yonder, walled by the clouds. It was "almost unexplored, although so near the seaboard cities;" the "haunt of beasts of prey;" the natives were "but little raised above the condition of Digger Indians." All this had whetted Miss Cook's appetite. She was tired of New York and New Yorkers, and of the daily grinding them up into newspaper correspondence wherewith to

earn her bread. To become an explorer, to adventure into the lairs of bears and wolves, at so cheap a cost as an excursion ticket over the Air-Line Railroad, was a rare chance for her. As it rained now, she gathered her feet and skirts up on the chair-rungs from the dirty floor and confided some of these thoughts to her companion, who only said absently, "She did not know. Doctor Beasley—perhaps Miss Cook had heard of Doctor Beasley?—had said Charley must have mountain-air, and that the balsams were tonics in themselves. She did not suppose the Diggers or animals would hurt *her*."

The truth was, the little woman had been fighting Death long (and vainly, as it proved) over a sick bed. She knew his terrors there well enough: she had learned to follow his creeping, remorseless fingers on clammy skin and wasted body, and to hear his coming footsteps in the flagging beats of a pulse. She had that dry, sapless, submissive look which a woman gains in long nursing—a woman that nurses a patient who holds part of her own life and is carrying it with him, step by step, into the grave. The grave had closed over this woman's dead, and all that he had taken with him from her: even to herself she did not dare to speak of him as yet. The puny little boy on her arms was the only real thing in life to her. There was a chance in these mountains of keeping him—a bare chance. As for wild beasts or wild people, she had thought of them no more than the shadows on the road which passed with every wind.

The rain beat more heavily on the roof: the driver presented himself at the door, dripping. "Ef we don't go on, night'll catch us before we make Alexander's," he said. "Give me that little feller under my coat. I'll kerry him to the stage."

Miss Cook shivered in the chilly wind that rushed through the open door. "Who would believe that the streets in New York were broiling at 105° this minute?"

"That baby's not wrapped warm enough for a night like this," said the

woman of the house, and forthwith dragged out of a wooden box a red flannel petticoat, ragged but clean, and pinned it snugly about him.

"She'll charge you a pretty price for it," whispered Miss Cook; "and it's only a rag."

"No, no," laughed the woman, when the widow drew out her portemonnaie. "Joe kin bring it back some day. That's all right."

"You seem as touched by that as though it were some great sacrifice," said Miss Cook tartly after they were settled again in the stage.

"It was all she had." Adding after a pause, "I have been living in New York for five years. My baby was born there, and—and I had trouble. But we came strangers, and were always strangers. I knew nobody but the doctor. I came to look upon the milkman and baker who stopped at the door as friends. People are in such a hurry there. They have not time to be friendly."

"You are a Southerner? You are coming back to your old home?"

"No, I never was in the South before."

The stage tossed and jolted, the rain pelted against the windows. Miss Cook snored and wakened with jumps, and the baby slept tranquilly. There was a certain purity in the cold damp air that eased his breathing, and the red petticoat was snug and warm. The touch of it seemed to warm his mother too. The kind little act of giving it was something new to her. It seemed as if in the North she too had been in a driving hurry of pain and work since her birth, and had never had time to be friendly. If life here was barbarous, it was at ease, un-moving, kindly. She could take time to breathe.

It was late in the night when the stage began to shiver, like the one-horse shay in its last gasp of dissolution, over the cobble-stoned streets of the little hill-village of Asheville. It drew up in front of an inn with wooden porches sheltered by great trees: there were lights burning inside, and glimpses of supper waiting, and a steam of frying chicken and coffee pervading the storm. One or two

men hurried out from the office with umbrellas, and a pretty white-aproned young girl welcomed them at the door.

"Supper is ready," she said. "Yours shall be sent to your room, madam. We have had a fire kindled there on account of the baby."

"Why, how *could* you know Charley was coming?" cried the widow breathlessly.

"Oh, a week ago, madam. While you stopped at Morganton. The conductor of the Salisbury train sent on a note, and afterward the clergyman at Linville. We have been warned to take good care of you," smiling brightly.

The baby's mother said nothing until she was seated in her room before a wood-fire which crackled and blazed cheerfully. The baby lay on her lap, its face red with heat and comfort.

"Since I left Richmond one conductor has passed me on to another," she said solemnly to Miss Cook. "The baby was ill at Linville, and the train was stopped for an hour, and the ladies of the village came to help me. And now these people. It is just as though I were coming among old friends."

"Pshaw! They think you have money. These Southerners are impoverished by the war, and they have an idea that every Northern traveler is overloaded with wealth, and is fair game."

"The war? I had forgotten that. One would forgive them if they were churlish and bitter."

The woman was a weak creature evidently, and inclined to drivel. Miss Cook went off to bed, first jotting down in her notebook some of the young girl's queer mistakes in accent, and a joke on her yellow dress and red ribbons. They would be useful hereafter in summing up her estimate of the people. The girl and the widow meantime had grown into good friends in undressing the boy together. When his mother lay down at last beside him the firelight threw a bright glow over the bed, and the pretty young face came again to the door to nod good-night.

It was only a hotel, and outside a strange country and strange people sur-

rounded her. But she could not rid herself of the impression that she had come home to her own friends.

The sun rose in a blue dappled sky, but before he was fairly above the bank of wet clouds Miss Cook was out, notebook in hand. She had sketched the outline of the mountains that walled in the table-land on which the village stood; had felt the tears rise to her eyes as the purple shadow about Mount Pisgah flamed into sudden splendor (for her tears and emotions responded quickly to a beautiful sight or sound); she had discovered the grassy public square in which a cow grazed and a woman was leisurely driving a steer that drew a cart; she had visited four emporiums of trade—little low-ceiled rooms which fronted on the square, walled with calicoes and barrels of sugar, and hung overhead with brown crockery and tin cups; she had helped two mountaineers trade their bag of flour for shoes; had talked to the fat postmaster through the open pane of his window, to the negro women milking in the sheds, to a gallant Confederate colonel hoeing his corn in a field, to a hunter bringing in a late lot of peltry from the Smoky Range. As they talked she portioned out the facts as material for a letter in the *Herald*. The quaint decaying houses, the swarming blacks, the whole drowsy life of the village set high in the chilled sunshine and bound by its glittering belt of rivers and rampart of misty mountain-heights, were sketched in a sharp effective bit of word-painting in her mind.

She trotted back to the Eagle Hotel to put it on paper; then to breakfast; then off again to look up schools, churches and editors.

Late in the afternoon, tramping along a steep hill-path, she caught sight of two women in a skiff on a lonely stream below. It was the baby's mother and the pretty girl from the inn. No human being was in sight; the low sunlight struck luminous bars of light between the trunks of the hemlocks into the water beneath the boat as it swung lazily in the current; long tangled vines of sweet-brier and the red trumpet-creeper hung

from the trees into the water; the baby lay sound asleep on a heap of shawls at his mother's feet, while she dipped the oars gently now and then to keep in the middle of the stream.

"How lazy you look!" called Miss Cook. "You might have been made out of the earth of these sleepy hills. Here, come ashore. D'y'e see the work I've done?" fluttering a sheaf of notes. "I've just been at the jail. A den! an outrage on the civilization of the nineteenth century! Men have been branded here since the war. Criminals in this State are actually secured in iron cages like wild beasts! I shall use that fact effectively in my book on the *Causes of the Decadence of the South*: one chapter shall be given to 'The Social and Moral Condition of North Carolina.'"

"You will need so many facts!" ejaculated the little woman, awestruck, yet pityingly. "It will take all your summer's holiday to gather them up."

Miss Cook laughed with cool superiority: "Why, child, I have them all now—got them this morning. Oh, I can evolve the whole state of society from half a dozen items. I have the faculty of generalizing, you see. No," folding up her papers decisively, "I've done the mountains and mountaineers. Between slavery and want of railroads, humanity has reached its extremest conditions here. I should not learn that fact any better if I stayed a week."

"You are not going back?"

"Back? Emphatically, yes: I go to Georgia to-morrow morning. This orange I have sucked dry."

Miss Cook posted to the hotel, and passed the night in making sketches to illustrate her article from a bundle of photographic views which she found in possession of the landlady.

Looking out of the parlor-window next morning, she saw half the inmates of the house gathered about a cart drawn by two oxen in which sat the widow and Charley. A couple of sacks of flour lay at her feet, and a middle-aged man, a giant as to height and build, dressed in butternut homespun, cracked his long whip at the flies.

"Where can she be going?" asked Miss Cook of a young woman from Georgia whom she had been pumping dry of facts all the morning. The Georgian wore a yellow dress with a coarse frill about her swarthy neck: she sat at the piano and played "Love's Chidings."

The man, she said, was Jonathan Yare, a hunter in the Black Mountains. Her brother had told her his terrible history. Her brother had once penetrated into the mountains as far as the hut where the Yares lived, some thirty miles from here. Beyond that there were no human beings: the mountains were given up to wild beasts. As for these Yares, they had lived in the wilderness for three generations, and, by all accounts, like the beasts.

Miss Cook rushed out: political economist and author though she might be, she had a gossip's keen enjoyment in a piece of bad news. "Do you know these hunters?" she whispered. "They have a terrible history: they live like wild beasts."

The little woman's color left her. Her head filled instantly with visions of the Ku-Klux and the Lowery gang. "I never asked what they were," she gasped. "I only wanted to take Charley among the balsams."

The man looked back at this moment, and seeing that the valise and box and baby's bottle of milk were in the cart, cracked his long whip over the near ox, and the next moment the widow and her baby were jolting up the rocky hill-street, abandoned to the tender mercies of the middle-aged man in butternut and his gang.

Nobody need laugh if we say that she felt a spasm of fear. When Death laid his hand on her child she had taken him up and fled to these mountains without a second thought, as the women in the times of the apostles carried their dead and dying to be cured by miraculous aid. But she was a woman like the rest of us, used to jog along the conventional paths to church, to market, to the shops; her only quarrels with the departed David had been about his unorthodox habits in business and politics; and she never

could be easy until she was sure that her neighbors liked her new bonnet. What would her neighbors—any neighbor—David himself, have said at seeing her in league with this desperate character, going into frightful solitudes "inaccessible to women"?

The man spoke to her once or twice, but she answered with an inaudible little chirp, after which he fell into silence, neither whistling nor speaking to his oxen, as she noticed.

She could not help observing how unusually clear the light about her was from the thinness of the air, although the sun was out of sight in a covered, foreboding sky, and black ragged fragments of cloud from some approaching thunderstorm were driven now and then across the horizon. The road, if road you chose to call it, crept along beside the little crystal-clear Swannanoa River, and persisted in staying beside it, sliding over hills of boulders, fording rushing mountain-streams and dank snaky swamps, digging its way along the side of sheer precipices, rather than desert its companion. The baby's mother suddenly became conscious that the river was a companion to whom she had been talking and listening for an hour or two. It was narrow, deep, and clear as the air above it: it flowed with a low soothing sound in which there came to her somehow an assurance of security and goodwill. But she was bewildered by the multitudes of trailing vines: they hedged in the river; they covered the banks, and threw long clutching branches into the water: they crept out on projecting trees on either side and leaped across the stream, bridging it with arches of wreaths and floating tendrils. There were the dark waving plumes of the American ivy, the red cornucopias of the trumpet-creeper, morning-glories with great white blossoms, the passion-flower trailing its mysterious purple emblems through the mud beneath the oxen's feet,—all creeping or turning in some way toward the river. Surely there were some airy affections, some subtle friendlinesses, among these dumb living creatures! They all seemed alive to her, though

she was a prosaic woman, who had read little beyond her cookery-book and Bible. It was as though she had come unbidden into Nature's household and interrupted the inmates talking together. The vines tangled in masses under the hunter's feet; every tree was covered with them, every fence-post or stump; the black thick stems interlaced up the trunks and on top, falling over in a green tent-like crown. The Carolina rose stretched in masses for miles along the road—the very earth seemed to blush with it: here and there a late rhododendron hung out its scarlet banner. The tupelo thrust its white fingers out of the shadow like a maiden's hand, and threw out into the air the very fragrance of the lilies-of-the-valley which used to grow in the garden she made when she was a little girl. The silence was absolute, except when a pheasant rose with a whirr or a mocking-bird sounded its melancholy defiant call in the depths of the forest. Long habit of grief had left her heart tender and its senses keen: these things, which were but game or specimens for the naturalist, were God's creatures to her, and came close to her. Charley woke, and looking up saw her smiling down on him with warm cheeks. She did not know the name of a plant or tree or bird, but she felt the friendliness and welcome of the hills, just as she used to be comforted and lifted nearer to God by distant church music, although she could not hear a word of the hymn.

Leaving the road, they entered deep silent gorges, and followed the bed of mountain streams through cañons wallled in by gray frowning rocks, over which the sky bent more darkly each moment. At last there was a break in the gorge. About her was a world of gigantic mountains. There was no sign of human habitation—nothing but interminable forests that climbed the heights, and, failing half-way, left them bare to pierce the clouds.

She had started on this journey with a vague notion of reaching some higher land where balsam trees grew, the air about which would be wholesome for Charley. She had penetrated to the

highest summits of the Appalachian Range, the nursery or breeding-place from which descend the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Nantahela—all the great mountain-bulwarks that wall the continent on its eastern coast. The mighty peaks rose into the sky beyond her sight, while the gathering storm-clouds clung to their sides, surging and eddying with the wind. How petty and short-lived was wind or storm! She looked up at those fixed, awful heights, forgetting even the child on her knee. It was as if God had taken her into one of the secret places where He dwelt apart.

She came to herself suddenly, finding that the cart had stopped and the driver was standing beside examining the baby's milk.

"I reckon," he said, "it's sour, and the little chap's hungry. I'll get some fresh, an' you kin look at the mountings."

He went into the laurel, and with a peculiar whistle brought some of the wild cattle to him, and proceeded to milk one of the cows, returning with a cupful of foaming warm milk. Now, one of the Lowery gang would hardly go to milking cows, she thought; and there was something in the man's steady grave eyes that looked as if he too understood the meaning of the "mountings." They jogged on in silence.

Half an hour later the clouds closed about them and the rain fell heavily. The cart was dragged through the bed of a mountain-stream, and then stopped in front of a low log house built into a ledge of the mountain. A room on either side opened into a passage, through which a wagon might be driven, and where the rain and wind swept unchecked. An old woman stood in it looking up the stream. Her gray hair hung about her fallow face, her dress was a dirty calico, her feet were bare. Behind her was the kitchen, a large forlorn space scarcely enclosed by the log and mud walls. A pig ran unnoticed past her into it. Another woman, tall and gaunt, was fording the stream: she was dripping wet, and carried a spade. Surely, thought the baby's mother, human na-

ture could reach no lower depths of squalor and ignorance than these.

"Mother," said Jonathan Yare, "here is a friend that has come with her baby to stay with us a while."

The old woman turned and instantly held out her arms for the child. "Come in—come to the fire," she said cordially. "I am glad Jonathan brought you to us."

If a princess had been so taken by surprise, her courtly breeding could not have stood her in better stead.

She took the baby and its mother into a snug boarded room with half a dozen pictures from the illustrated papers on the walls, and a fire of great logs smouldering on the hearth. When they were warmed and dry they went into the kitchen. Supper was ready, and two or three six-foot mountaineers stood by the table.

"We are waiting for father," said the woman who had carried the spade. Both men and women had peculiar voices. One could never grow used to hearing such gentle tones from such great sons of Anak. At the same moment an old man of eighty, whose gigantic build dwarfed all of his sons, came into the doorway. His eyes were closed, and he groped with his staff. The widow, as soon as she saw his face, went directly up to him and took his hand.

"My name is Denby," she said. "I brought my baby here to be cured. He is all I have, sir."

"You did right to come." She guided his hand to Charley's, and he felt his skin, muscles and pulse, asking questions with shrewder insight than any physician had done. Then he led her to the table. "Boys, Mistress Denby will like to sit beside me, I think," he said.

She had an odd feeling that she had been adopted by some ancient knight, although the old man beside her wore trousers covered with patch on patch that left his hairy ankles and feet bare. Before the meal was over another strange impression deepened on her. She saw that these people were clothed and fed as the very poorest poor; she doubted whether one of them could read or write;

they talked little, and only of the trivial happenings of the day—the corn or the ox that had gone lame; but she could not rid herself of the conviction that she had now, as never in her life, come into the best of good company. Nature does not always ennoble her familiars. Country-people usually are just as uneasy and vulgar in their cheap and ignorant efforts at display or fashion as townsmen. But these mountaineers were absolutely unconscious that such things were. A man was a man to them—a woman, a woman. They had never perhaps heard either estimated by their money or house or clothes. The Yares were, in fact, a family born with exceptionally strong intellects and clean, fine instincts: they had been left to develop both in utter solitude and without education, and the result as to manner was the grave self-control of Indians and a truthful directness and simplicity of thought and speech which seemed to grow out of and express the great calm Nature about them as did the trees or the flowing water.

Little Mrs. Denby was conscious of this in half an hour. These were the first human beings whom she had ever met between whom and herself there came absolutely no bar of accident—no circumstance of social position or clothes or education: they were the first who could go straight to something in her beneath all these things. She soon forgot (what they had never known) how poor they were in all these accidents.

After that Charley and his mother were adopted into the family. At night, when the child was asleep, the old hunter always sat with her and his wife beside the fire, telling stories of bear-hunts, of fights with panthers, of the mysterious Rattlesnake Valley, near which no hunter ventures. He had been born in this house, and passed the whole of his eighty years in the mountains of the Black Range. One night, noticing the scars which his encounters with bears had left on him, she said, "It is no wonder that the townspeople in Asheville talked to me of the 'terrible history of the Yares.'"

The old man smiled quietly, but did not answer. When he had gone to bed

his wife said with great feeling, "It was not their fights with wolves and bears that turned the people at Asheville agen the name of my boys and their father. They were the only men anigh hyar that stood out fur the Union from first to last. They couldn't turn agen the old flag, you see, Mistress Denby."

"They should have gone into the Federal army and helped to free the slaves," cried the widow with rising color, for she had been a violent abolitionist in her day.

"Waal, we never put much vally on the blacks, that's the truth. We couldn't argy or jedge whether slavery war wholesomest for them or not. It was out of our sight. My lads, bein' known as extraordinar' strong men an' powerful bear-fighters, hed two or three offers to join Kirk's Loyal Rangers in Tennessee. But they couldn't shed the blood of their old neighbors."

"Then they fought on neither side? Their old neighbors most probably called them cowards."

"Nobody would say that of the Yares," the woman said simply. "But when they wouldn't go into the Confederit army, they was driv out—four of them, Jonathan first—from under this roof, an' for five years they lay out on the mounting. It began this a-way: Some of the Union troops, they came up to the Unaka Range, and found the house whar the Grangers lived—hunters like us. The soldiers followed the two Granger lads who was in the rebel army, an' had slipped home on furlough to see their mother. Waal, they shot the lads, catchin' them out in the barnyard, which was to be expected, p'raps; an' when their ole father came runnin' out they killed him too. His wife, seein' that, hid the baby (as they called him, though he was nigh onto eight year old) under a loose board of the floor. But he, gettin' scart, runs out and calls, 'Gentlemen, I surrender,' jest like a man. He fell with nine bullets in his breast. His mother sees it all. There never was a woman so interrupted as that pore woman that day. She comes up to us, travelin' night an' day, talkin' continual under her breath of the lads and

her ole man's gray hair lyin' in a pool of blood. She's never hed her right mind sence. When Jonathan heard that from her, he said, 'Mother, not even for the Union will I join in sech work as this agen my friends.' He knowed only the few folks on the mountings, but he keered for them as if they war his brothers. Yet they turned agen him at the warnin' of a day, and hunted him as if he was a wild beast. He's forgot that now. But his sister, she's never fergot it for him agen them. Jonathan's trouble made a different woman of Nancy."

But Mrs. Denby had felt but little interest in the gaunt, silent Nancy.

"You say they hunted your sons through the mountings?"

"Jest as if they war wolves. But the boys knowed the mountings. Thars hundreds of caves and gullies thar whar no man ever venterd but them. Three times a week Nancy went—she war a young girl then: she went up into Old Craggy and the Black miles and miles to app'inted places to kerry pervisions. I've seen her git out of her bed to go (fur she hed her aches and pains like other wimmen), and take that pack on her back, when the gorges war sheeted with snow and ice, an' ef she missed her footin' no man on arth could know whar she died."

"But five years of idleness for your sons—"

The old woman's high features flushed. "You don't understan', Mistress Denby," she said calmly. "My sons' work in them years was to protect an' guide the rebel deserters home through the mountings—people at the North don't know, likely, what crowds of them thar war—an' to bring the Union prisoners escaped from Salisbury and Andersonville safe to the Federal lines in Tennessee. One of the boys would be to Salisbury in disguise, an' the others would take them from him and run them into the mountings, an' keep 'em thar, bringin' them hyar when they could at night fur a meal's good victuals. About midnight they used to come. Nancy an' me, we'd hear a stone flung into the river yonder—seems es ef I stop listenin' fur that

stone—an' we'd find them pore starved critters standin' in the dark outside with Jonathan. In ten minutes we'd have supper ready—keepin' the fire up every night—an' they'd eat an' sleep, an' be off before dawn. Hundreds of them hev slep' in this very room, sayin' it was as ef they'd come back to their homes out of hell. They looked as ef they'd been thar, raally."

"In *this* room?" Mrs. Denby stood up trembling. Her husband had been in Salisbury at the same time as Albert Richardson, and had escaped. He might have slept in this very bed where his child lay. These people might have saved him from death. But Mrs. Yare did not notice her agitation.

"Thar was one winter when Major Gee sent guards from Salisbury to watch the mounting-passes, 'specially about this house, knowin' my boys' work. Then they couldn't come anigh: thar was nigh a year I couldn't hear from them ef they were alive or dead. I'd hear shots, an' the guards 'ud tell me it was 'another damned refugee gone'—p'raps one of my boys. I'd set by that door all night, lookin' up to the clouds coverin' the mounting, wonderin' ef my lads was safe an' well up thar or lyin' dead an' unburied. I'd think ef I could only see one of my lads for jest once—jest once!" The firelight flashed up over her tall, erect figure. She was standing, and held her arm over her bony breast as if the old pain were intolerable even now. She said quietly after a while, "But I didn't begrudge them to their work. One night—the soldiers were jest yonder: you could see the camp-fire in the fog—thar war the stone knockin' in the stream. I says, 'Nancy, which is it?' She says, 'It's Charley's throw. Some-ut ails Jonathan.' An' Charley hed come to say his brother war dyin' in a cave two mile up: they'd kerried him thar. I found my lad thar, worn to a shadder, an' with some disease no yerbs could tech. Wall, fur a week we came an' went to him, past the guard who war sent to shoot him down when found like a dog; an' thar he was lyin' within call, an' the snow an' sleet driftin' about him.

One day Nancy was dumb all day—not a word. I said to father, 'Let her alone: she's a-studyin' powerful. Let her alone.' 'Mother,' she says at night, 'I've been thinkin' about Jonathan. He must hev a house to cover him, or he'll die.' 'Yes, Nancy, but what house?' 'I'll show you,' says she. "You bide hyar quiet with father. The guard is used to seein' me come an' go with the cattle.' She took an axe an' went out, an' didn't come home till mornin'. In three days she hed cut down logs an' built a hut, six feet by ten, among the laurels yonder, haulin' an' liftin' them logs herself, an' floored it, an' kivered it with brush, an' brought him to it; an' thar she stayed an' nursed him. The snow fell heavy an' hid it. Yes, it seems impossible for a woman. But not many's got my Nancy's build," proudly. "One day, when Jonathan was growin' better, Colonel Barker rode up: he war a Confederit. 'Mrs. Yare,' says he, 'thar's word come your boys hev been seen hyarbouts, an' the home guard's on its way up.' An' then he tuk to talkin' cattle an' the like with father, an' turned his back on me. An' I went out an' give the signal. An' in ten minutes Nancy came in with the milk-pail as the guard rode up. I knowed the boys war safe. Waal, they sarched the laurel for hours, an' late in the afternoon they came in. 'Colonel,' says they, 'look a-here!' So we went out, an' thar war the house. 'Who built this?' says he. 'I did,' says Nancy, thinkin' the ownin' to it was death. The tears stood in his eyes. 'God help us all!' says he. 'Men, don't touch a log of it.' But they tore it to the ground when he was gone, an' took Nancy down to Asheville, an' kep her in the jail thar for a month, threatenin' to send her to Salisbury ef she'd not tell whar the boys war. They might hev hung her: of course she'd not hev told. But it wore her—it wore her. She'd be a prettier girl now," thoughtfully, "ony for what she's gone through for her brothers. Then they arrested father an' took him to Richmond, to Libby Prison. As soon as Nancy heard that, she sent for the commandant of the post. 'Give me,' she says, 'a writ-

ten agreement that my father shall be released when his four sons come into Richmond, and let me go.' So they did it."

"And the boys went?"

"Of course. They reported themselves at Asheville, hopin' that would release their father sooner. But they hed to be forwarded to Salisbury, an' held there until he was brought on."

"They were in that prison, there?"

"Yes. But they was well treated, bein' wanted for soldiers. It was in the last year, when the men war desertin' and the drafts war of no use. On the fourth day the lads war brought into the guard-house before the officers."

"Mr. Yare," says the major very pleasantly, 'I believe you an' your brothers are reputed to be unusually daring men.'

"That I don't know," says Jonathan.

"You hev certainly mistaken the object of the war and your duty. At any rate, you hev incurred ten times more risk an' danger in fighting for refugees than you would have done in the army. We have determined to overlook all the offences of your family, and to permit you to bear arms in our service."

"I will never bear arms in the Confederit service," says Jonathan quietly. You know he's a quiet man, an' slow.

"A little man, a young captain, standing by, says in a heat, 'Bah! Why do you waste words with such fellows? The best use to make of the whole lot is to order them out to be shot.'

"I agree with you, Mac," says the colonel. 'It's poor policy, at this stage of the game, to tax the commissariat and put arms into the hands of unwilling soldiers.—But'—then he stopped for a minute—'you have no right to answer for your brothers, Yare,' he said. 'I give you half an hour,' taking out his watch. 'You can consult together. Such of you as are willing to go into the ranks can do so at once: the others—shall be dealt with as Captain M'Intyre suggests.'

"They took the lads back into the inside room. When the half hour was up, all but five minutes, they saw a company drawn up in a hollow square outside. They were led out thar, facing

them, an' thar war the officers. It was a sunshiny, clar day, an' Jonathan said he couldn't help but think of the mountings an' his father an' me.

"Charley, he spoke first. 'Jonathan is the oldest,' he says. 'He will answer for us all.'

"You will go into the service?' says the major.

"No," said Jonathan, 'we never will.'

"The major made a sign. My lads walked down and the soldiers presented arms. The major was lookin' curiously at Jonathan. 'This is not cowardice,' said he. 'Why will you not go into the ranks? I believe, in my soul, you are a Union man!'

"Jonathan says he looked quick at the guns leveled at him, and couldn't keep his breath from comin' hard.

"Yes," he says out loud. 'By God, I am a Union man!'

"Captain McIntyre pushed his sword down with a clatter and turned away. 'I never saw pluck like that before,' he said.

"Corporal," said the major, 'take these men back to jail.'

"Two weeks after that Lee surrendered, an' my lads came home."

The women talked often in this way. Mrs. Denby urged them again and again to come out of their solitude to the North. "There are hundreds of men there," she said, "of influence and distinction whose lives your sons have saved at the peril of their own. Here they will always pass their days in hard drudgery and surrounded by danger."

The mother shook her head, but it was Nancy who answered in her gentle, pathetic voice: "The Yares hev lived on the Old Black for three generations, Mistress Denby. It wouldn't do to kerry us down into towns. It must be powerful lonesome in them flat countries, with nothing but people about you. The mountings is company always, you see."

The little townswoman tried to picture to herself these mountaineers actually in the houses of the men whom they had rescued from death—these slow-speaking giants clad in cheap Bowery

clothes, ignorant of art, music, books,
 bric-à-brac, politics. She understood
 that they would be lonesome, and that
 the mountains and they were company
 for each other.

She lived in their hut all summer.
 Her baby grew strong and rosy, and the
 mountains gave to her also their good-
 will and comfort.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CAMP-FIRE LYRICS.

III.—NOONDAY WOODS—NIPIGON.

BETWEEN thin fingers of the pine
 The fluid gold of sunlight slips,
 And through the tamarack's gray-green fringe
 Upon the level birch leaves drips.

Through all the still moist forest air
 Slow trickles down the soft warm sheen,
 And flecks the branching wood of ferns
 With tender tints of pallid green,

To rest where close to mouldered trunks
 The red and purple berries lie,
 Where tiny jungles of the moss
 Their tropic forests rear on high.

Fast, fast asleep the woodland rests,
 Stirs not the tamarack's topmost sheaf,
 And slow the subtle sunlight glides
 With noiseless step from leaf to leaf.

And lo, he comes! the fairy prince,
 The heir of richer, softer strands:
 A summer guest of sterner climes,
 He moves across the vassal lands.

And lo, he comes! the fairy prince,
 The joyous sweet south-western breeze:
 He bounds across the dreaming lake,
 And bends to kiss the startled trees,

Till all the woodland wakes to life,
 The pheasant chirps, the chipmunks cry,
 And scattered flakes of golden light
 Athwart the dark wood-spaces fly.

Ah, but a moment, and away!
 The fair false prince has kissed and fled:
 No more the wood shall feel his touch,
 No more shall know his joyous tread.

EDWARD KEARSLEY.

SEARCHING FOR A GRAVE IN A STRANGE LAND.

WHAT should we do with her? The question would keep rolling back upon our hearts with a dull, leaden pressure, and insist, in its silent, sullen way, on being attended to.

Of course it was not she herself, our baby, that was lying overhead in the still room, in her own little crib, with her own best dress on, and her best shoes that she used to be so proud of, and with her innocent little fingers locked over a rosebud. That was not Baby: we told the rest of the children so; told ourselves so; tried hard to believe it; *did* believe it by main force. It was only the casket—only the cage—only the garment: these and the rest of the commonplaces appropriate to the occasion we said over to ourselves. But, after all, it was *her* garment, so beautiful, so perishing! And where should we bestow it?

Home and the family lot in the old New Haven burying-ground were a thousand leagues away. But the thought was not unwelcome of finding some quiet sleeping-place for Baby near the lawn where she used to play, here where the last slopes of the Jura melt into the plain of Geneva, with the wonderful blue lake below us lapping at the quays of the venerable city, and the dark wall of the Voirons and the Salèves, just beyond, parting to show us the unspeakable glories of Mont Blanc and the rest of the snowy Alps of Savoy. If we must needs leave her in a strange land, it was not leaving her alone, but in company of our familiar friends, to place her under charge of the great mountains.

Our doctor, that still morning when he came and found nothing to do, told me that our village burying-ground of Petit Saconnex was the prettiest little God's-acre in all the canton of Geneva. In fact, as soon as I found a moment when I could get away unobserved from the family to visit it, it did seem like the right place for Baby. The tall solid spikes of cypress foliage stood sentinel on either

side the central aisle, silent, or only decorously whispering in the sighs of the south wind; and behind them were the graves—somewhat crowded, it seemed, but well tended, decked with shrubbery, sometimes marked with very tasteful monuments, none of them vulgar and ostentatious. It was surprising how large a proportion of them, including all the most costly, marked the graves of English people. It won my feelings more to the little burying-ground, for I began to find myself taking a personal interest in all these families that had had to bury their dead in a strange land, and fondling the thought that there might be those coming to visit these graves who would say, "There is where the little American girl is buried. Poor thing!" And then no place now-a-days is very far off; and our little grave near Geneva would not be out of reach wherever we might live. I found myself growing contented with the thought of laying Baby down to sleep under the cypresses. I asked the *chef-enterreur* of the village—he is a public official, though he is only the village shoemaker, and I was glad to have him with me now because he used to love to hear the little thing talk his native German in her droll way—I asked him on what terms I could have a grave, a little one.

"For how long would monsieur like to secure it?"

A strange question! I asked him if there was a variation in one's tenure of one's grave.

"Yes, monsieur. The charges for a grave in perpetuity are very high. The cost of a grave for thirty years is three hundred francs; for a perpetual possession the cost will be fifteen hundred francs."

"I do not want to hire a grave. I want one for my own for ever. I will come up this afternoon and choose the place."

I came home feeling that this was set-

tled, but met a friend who disturbed me again with the question whether, after all, I had found a really secure resting-place for what seemed just then the most precious material possession I had in the world, and the most inalienable. My friend had heard it said that there was no permanent security for any grave in Switzerland.

There was no time to be lost. I hurried to the parish minister—my most kind good friend and neighbor. It was his office to advise and help at such a time, and he certainly would know the facts.

"This matter, among us," said he, "is regulated rigorously by law. In fact, we have most things regulated by law in this country. And the law of burial is this: The commune undertakes to furnish a grave without charge for the term of fifteen years, which is considered a reasonable time to allow for a body to return to dust. For three hundred francs one may secure possession of the grave for thirty years, with the privilege of renewing the lease at the end of that time for thirty years more. But then, by paying fifteen hundred francs down, one may secure the undisturbed possession of the grave for ninety-nine years."

"And at the end of that time?"

"At the end of that time—nothing."

"And there is no way, by payment of money or otherwise, of securing a quiet grave where my little girl can sleep undisturbed until the resurrection?"

"I really know of no way under our laws. The question is not often raised. Perhaps the mayor of the commune can advise us."

"But I must make some immediate provision for this emergency. Time presses. Is there not some receiving-vault where I could place this little body while we are waiting to find a place of permanent burial?"

"No: we do not have anything of the sort. Some of our older families have private vaults in the graveyards, but that is all."

I caught at this idea in a desperate way: "I wonder whether some one of them would not have pity on a stranger,

and lend my poor baby a brief hospitality until we can see what else to do? Is there no chance?"

"We'll see what can be done. But first we had best go and find the mayor. Perhaps he can help us."

I was very willing to go to the mayor. He is a kindly gentleman, and having lived long in England has a sympathy with strangers like myself, not only because he speaks English freely, but because he has been himself a stranger in a foreign land. I hastened to the business in hand: "Monsieur le maire, is there no way in which I can get a grave in which the body of my little child, now lying dead in my house, can be laid without danger of violation or desecration?"

"None whatever."

"But I am willing to pay anything reasonable, and take any trouble, and submit to any conditions, rather than place that little body where it will be liable to be dug up and flung out and profaned."

"I can only tell you what is the law on this subject, and our law is invariable and impartial."

"But suppose my landlord should be willing to sell me a little patch on his estate, would the government object to my making a grave there for my baby?"

"The state does not encourage private or family burial-places."

"But do you mean to say that there is absolutely no escape from this brutal law? What is to be done about those costly and beautiful monuments set up by English families over the graves of their friends?"

"At the end of the term for which the grave is taken they can be allowed to remain for another term if there is any one on hand to attend to it, and if the family wish to undertake the expense. Otherwise, they will have to be removed."

"All of them?"

"All except such as were set up before the date of our present law. The law is not retroactive."

"But what do you do in the case of your own family when you want to show some lasting token of affection and respect to the memory of your father or your child, or make some visible record

of the honorable and useful life of some friend? When some eminent and beloved citizen dies, or some venerated Christian minister, what memorial of his public services do you show to the next generation?"

Here the pastor remarked, "I presume, monsieur le maire, that your family are the possessors of a family tomb?" And this seemed probable enough, for the family is one of great consideration, and the fine old estate, with its last-century château, and its avenue of ancient chestnuts, and its group of venerable cedars of Lebanon, looked like the seat of a family that respected itself and its traditions.

But the mayor's answer was decided: "Oh, no. We have no provision for ourselves other than what is made for the public generally."

I am afraid it was barely civil, and I felt at the time that it was not at all expedient for one so dependent as I was on the good offices of these neighbors of mine, to express my astonishment at the custom and feeling of the people. But I could not repress an exclamation: "Is it possible that you and your family feel no interest in keeping some trace of the graves of your parents? and that you do not care that any monument or memorial should mark your own resting-place, so that the children who are to occupy this old estate when you are gone shall be able to read the record of who you were and to show some token of honor to your memory?"

I turned to the pastor: "Is it actually true that the people here have sat down and deliberated over it, and finally resolved by an act of legislation that they will wipe out, once or twice in every generation, all monumental records of their family history, and that those who would do otherwise shall be forbidden? Has your church no trace of the graves of its pastors? The children that you baptize and instruct and bring to the Lord's Supper, will they never be able to say to their children, by and by, 'There is where my old minister is buried, waiting for the resurrection'?"

"These are just the facts," said he. "We do not know where to look for the

graves of our illustrious men. No one knows, for instance, where Calvin is buried. I have no doubt that it is a very serious loss to our people, but they do not feel it."

I had no time to continue the conversation. The few hours within which I must provide in some way for the repose of this little form were slipping away, and I seemed to make no progress and see no way before me. I hardly dared to go home and carry this new trouble with which my own mind was so distracted. The pretty little village cemetery had become odious to my thoughts—a common muck-heap for decaying animal matter, to be dug over and dishonored every fifteen or thirty years. But what other resort was there?

I bethought myself of a friend whose long residence and wide connections in the United States, and high position and influence here, would enable him to help me if any one could. I hurried to his office, and came out at once with my very strange request for a favor: "Have you not, sir, a tomb or some family burial-place where I could lay the body of my little girl for a while, until I can find what permanent disposition to make of it?"

The answer was as kind as any one in trouble in a strange land could have wished from the mouth of a friend. But it gave me no hope. "I fully appreciate and respect your feelings," said my friend, "and I wish I could do something to meet your wishes in the case. But the fact is, that we in Switzerland do not cherish the same notions on this subject that prevail in America. And in view of the law forbidding the communes to grant rights in their cemeteries in perpetuity, I do not see that anything can be done about it."

"But what provision do you make for the burial of your own family?" I asked the question with the more interest because I knew the family to be one quite distinguished for an honorable family feeling and affection.

"No provision but the ordinary public one. You know the recent occasion which touched all our family so deeply. We took the grave for thirty years only,

with the privilege of renewing the lease on its expiration. It did not seem that the difference between thirty years and ninety-nine was worth the difference of twelve hundred francs in the cost."

I quite agreed with him. The difference of a few years more or less was not worth much. What I wanted was to *own* my baby's grave. I felt much as Abraham did when he insisted on paying cash down for the cave of Machpelah.

Ne multa. I need not tell in detail of the further conversations which I had with official persons whose influence I hoped might relieve the distress of my family by helping me to find a safe grave for our dead. The immediate and pressing necessity was by and by relieved by the thoughtfulness and experience of a friend, who suggested that we should apply to the authorities of the cantonal hospital for the privilege of a temporary resting-place for our little girl, while preparations could be deliberately made for its transportation from this inhospitable soil to the old family lot in a land where the violation of the graves of the dead, however it may be suffered sometimes under the pressure of necessity or the plea of public advantage, is not yet reduced to system and enforced periodically by law. I came back weary from this vain search for a grave and thankful for a solution of my trouble. It was a full reward for the labor to look on the still, holy smile that rested on those blessed lips as if thanking me for the last kindness I could render to my love.

But the mystery of it! To find here in these lands of old renown, of historic feeling, of ancestral pride, from which the people, looking westward to the New World, are prone to upbraid us Americans with want of reverence for the past, of respect for parents, for ancestry, for the family, with want of fine sentiment and culture,—to find such law and usage here was beyond comprehension. But now that the matter was pressed upon my attention, I reflected how rarely on the Continent one finds an ancient gravestone in a village burying-ground; how small the burying-grounds are in

proportion to the size, and especially to the antiquity, of the towns; how poor and temporary the monuments are in many cases—crosses of iron, or even wood. I recalled also a curious sight which I saw in the churchyard of a Catholic hamlet in German Switzerland. In the corner of the churchyard was a niche of rude masonry in which were fixed broad shelves of wood, and these crowded full of skulls of various dates and states of preservation, some of them labeled with a name written in pencil. The curé of the village explained to me that they were very much put to it, with their small churchyard, to find burial-room, and that when it became necessary to reopen and evacuate a grave to make room for a new tenant, it was common to lay the skull of his predecessor on the pile in the corner—a delicate attention, and one calculated to gratify the feelings of surviving friends, to say nothing of its economical advantage in making every man his own monument.

I am assured that the only motive of the government in putting a narrow limit on the time of the tenure of a grave is this necessity of economizing room. The length of lease varies with the ratio between demand and supply. I am told that there have been times when it has been found necessary for the authorities to insist that all graves should be evacuated every six years. But this is an extreme case.

It is a curious and instructive fact in the study of human nature that these people, who are perfectly content to keep a common heap in which the bones of their fathers and themselves are to be stirred up and dug over, are, many of them, shocked at the suggestion of cremation and "urn-burial," as implying disrespect to the dead and perhaps a want of faith in the resurrection. But I cannot help thinking, after all, that the proposed usage is so unspeakably less odious than the prevalent one that it must inevitably grow into general favor in a land where the sense of the value of ground for building-lots and potato-patches is so disproportionately profound.

But let me not fail to praise what is

commendable in the funeral usages of the people. There are some provisions for the safety of society and the protection of bereaved families which are well worth studying. The general idea of these provisions, which put the affairs of the family, for the time, under the care of the state, is not congenial to our American notion that "the best government is that which governs least;" but one who, as a country and city pastor, has seen something of the abuses and private sufferings that grow and abound from the working of our no-system in particular, may be permitted to doubt whether we might not be the gainers by sacrificing at this point something of the symmetry of our political theory.

In Switzerland, instead of waiting until the gossip of the neighborhood makes it necessary to introduce the proceedings, always distressing, sometimes outrageous, and often farcical, of "crown's quest law," the first act in every case of death is to give notice to the *visiteur des morts*, a public officer who is generally a reputable physician, and whose duty it is to satisfy himself, in behalf of the government, of the cause of death and to authorize the interment of the body. In case the demise of property is involved, another public officer, the *juge de paix*, is notified, who takes into his own custody any testamentary or other papers of importance, and takes whatever steps may be necessary to guard the rights of heirs or creditors. And when it comes to the funeral, it is again a public officer with whom you have to do—the *chef-enterrer*—who receives your instructions as to the details of the funeral, and afterward makes out his bill in items according to a tariff fixed by the government; and does not even then venture to present it for payment until it has been audited at the mayor's office and countersigned, "*Vu et approuvé à la Mairie.*"

It is very doubtful how far we in America would be willing to tolerate any invasion, by the government, of the inalienable right of the free citizen to run up a bill with his own favorite undertaker. But those who have seen as much as I have of the suffering which is some-

times produced in families of slender or even moderate means by the too unrestricted exercise of this liberty on the part of both the contracting parties, will feel that these Swiss republicans (who have, withal, the reputation of being reasonably jealous of their liberties) find some compensation in their hereditary bondage. I was surprised at the small amount of the bill which I was called upon to pay at the *mairie* of Petit Saconnex for the expenses of our modest funeral ceremonial. There was no expense of actual interment, and I begged that the useless ostentation of funeral mantles, hired mutes, etc. etc., here customary, might be dispensed with; otherwise, my instructions were that everything should be done in the style usual in the best families in Geneva. The total of all charges was sixteen dollars and a half. But I ought to say that we were not satisfied with the rude cheapness of the best coffin which they ever furnish here; and I felt as if I would have been glad to burn "the lamp of sacrifice" a little more brightly and pay a larger bill. Still, I could not help admiring the success with which the people here had protected themselves from the dilemma in which families of small means at home are often shut up—between a pauper funeral and a crippling debt to the undertaker. The evil cries out for a remedy. The Roman Catholic clergy have made honorable efforts to abate it among their flocks; and Bishop Coxé of Buffalo has done the little that can be done by remonstrance in his denomination. If a sumptuary law is ever needed, it is on this point. But a more hopeful prospect of success, considering the habits of our people, would be in the social combination of individuals and families, beginning with those of large means and unquestioned position, to discourage funeral extravagance. It would be a most Christian thing for rich and influential families to pledge themselves to stand by each other and by their neighbors in the practice of a severe simplicity and economy in such matters, and in providing a way in which funerals should be arranged in a modest but suitable

manner with absolute security against extortion.

When I returned home after my harassing but vain search for a grave for my child, I resolved to do what I could for the relief of my fellow-countrymen who might in future be placed in like distress. I recollected seeing many years ago in the American newspapers an advertisement signed by the then American consul at Geneva, calling the attention of whom it might concern to the fact that the grave of a young American lady, which had seemed to be the object of affectionate care, fenced and tended and decorated with a beautiful marble, was about to be violated unless some one should volunteer to renew the lease of it. I suppose this was only one of those friendly, extra-official kindnesses in which our consuls abroad (according to my experience) always abound toward their fellow-countrymen. But even so much notice as this is apt to fail.

Since I began to write this article an incident has occurred which emphasizes all that I have said. An American lady has arrived from Boston bearing a commission from a friend to care for the grave of her daughter buried in the Protestant cemetery of Geneva only a few years since. She applied to the custodian of the cemetery, showing him the memorandum of the number and date of the grave. He referred to his register and announced promptly, "*Il n'existe plus.*" The ratio of demand and supply at that cemetery had made it necessary to shorten up the tenure of graves to twelve years, and this affectionate commission had arrived a few months too late. The monument that had marked the place had vanished. The grave itself was filled with another tenant.

The origin of this state of the laws, and of the still stranger state of public feeling that lies behind the laws, is variously explained. Some refer it to density of population; which nevertheless is not such as to make it necessary to forbid a man by law from having a lawn or a shrubbery, but only from having a family burial-lot, or even a grave. The "liberals" in theology ascribe it to

Calvinism; in fact, they ascribe to that origin pretty much everything that is objected to, in the same spirit in which Andrew Fairservice was wont to impute the evils of his time to "the sad and sorrowful Union." There is, however, in this case something to justify the charge; for the austerity and supersensuous spirituality of Calvin's rule expressed itself not only in sumptuary laws, but in banishing the burial-service from the liturgy and in the disuse of gravestones. But a great deal more of it is due to radical ideas of "liberty, equality and fraternity." Consider, in proof of this, the following from the proceedings of one house of the federal legislature a short time since.

A committee of the house had reported a bill for the regulation of interments in the following terms:

"The control of burial-places belongs to the civil authority.

"It is the duty of this authority to see that the body of every deceased person be decently interred in the cemetery of the commune where the decease has taken place, following the regular order of the graves.

"No exception shall be made to this rule, unless by authorization of the police in favor of families possessing separate burial-places, or in case the relatives of a person dying at a distance from his place of birth or residence ask to be authorized to transport the body to either of these places."

Two members objected to the bill on the ground of its interference with cantonal sovereignty. But a third defended it on the ground of the urgent necessity of putting an end to the scandals so often occurring in Catholic communes, which refuse burial in their cemeteries for religious reasons.

Finally, Mr. Cérésolle, lately president of the Confederation, and a man who by reason of culture and character ought to be above demagogism, called attention to the third paragraph. In the second paragraph the principle of equality is laid down, and in the next the federal sanction is given to inequality in permitting certain old rich families to have their graves separate. The speaker con-

sidered this to be a respect for family and birth contrary to the genius of the federal constitution. He moved, accordingly, to strike out the third paragraph.

*The amendment was adopted, and the bill as amended was passed.**

If this bill should become a law, any American family overtaken by bereavement in whatever Swiss town or village would be prohibited by the police from gathering their dead to their fathers, and compelled to bury them on the spot "in the regular order of the graves," to be tumbled out whenever the sexton comes round again with his spade. I do not hesitate to say that such systematic outrage ought to be, and would be, an international grievance. But there is reason to believe that the indignation of some of us residing here at so outrageous a proposal has not been expressed in vain.†

It does not seem as if the government of so great a nation as ours, represented by so many thousands of travelers beyond the ocean, would dangerously exceed its proper functions if it should take systematic steps to secure, under the sanction of some kind of international guarantee, the privilege of an inviolable

grave to any of its citizens dying abroad. The trouble I have encountered in Switzerland is small compared with the brutal outrages that have sometimes been inflicted upon American families in like circumstances in Italy and Spain. If our government were to take measures to secure some little plots of ground at a few of the principal centres of American travel in Europe, it would win for itself, on the part of great and growing numbers of its citizens, a return of gratitude quite out of proportion to the trifling expense involved. Such burial-grounds, enriched from generation to generation by the dust of eminent men and women, and adorned by the sculptured tokens of family affection, would become, in time, like the lovely English cemeteries of Rome and Florence, places of reverent pilgrimage and objects of delight to artists and poets. Every year the thought of them would be a comfort and relief to many a discouraged invalid wandering in search of health, and to many an anxious family surprised by sudden sickness in the midst of scenes of recreation and enjoyment. LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON.

THE ROMANCE OF BIRDSEYE.

BIRDSEYE, in Pennsylvania, near the border of New York, is to this day what so many American ponds have been and will never be again. It has never known the echo of a steam-whistle. On one side there is a narrow opening in

* We do not pause to point the lessons of current history suggested by this debate: the former extravagance of "state rights" in the Swiss Confederacy; the consequent complete overslaughting of state rights under the constitution of 1874; the fixed resolution of the Swiss people to tolerate no further social and political annoyance from religious parties; and finally the damage, so much lamented by thoughtful Frenchmen, inflicted on the family sentiment by "liberty and equality" of the Jacobin sort.

† This *projet de loi*, in the process of legislation, went back into the hands of a committee and suffered essential changes before it was again reported.

the surrounding woods, permitting just a glimpse of green meadow and the mossy roof of a low farm-house. This is the only point where the water-lilies will not grow. The outlet opposite is a little jungle of alders, rank grass, cat-tails and muskrat-mounds. Through this may be seen another distant roof, a shabby one of slabs. Along the two shadowy semicircles between one may find a bitter meditating confusion to tadpoles, or a kingfisher endeavoring to sit on a dead bough until it shall decay entirely, or a wild-duck turning his suspicious little head this way and that while gliding from the shore, or at least a dev-

il's needle flickering above the pickerel-weeds. But there hangs about all an atmospheric influence through which the barrenest forms and colors yield an effect that baffles the analysis of art, and enables the dullest observer to feel as would the subtlest seeker after truth. There is a relationship between the light and shadow that must be interpreted by the inhabitant of a more ethereal world than this.

Under the shabby roof of slabs half a mile away is a crazy old mill. The reader must not be disturbed by the knowledge that it is a saw-mill. The miller has busy wrinkles round his eyes, but the slow, wise smile which curls about his dusty forehead seems to indicate a subtle knowledge not of the world and its ways, but of tail-races and flutter-wheels and logs that "suffer when they are not ripped into."

Mr. Hersey pretends not to be aware that his hair is whitening very fast, his joints stiffening and his muscles shriveling. In the busy season a man of thirty is the real worker, always taking the heavier end of a log, yet so managing that it seems to fall into place by the strength of the old man alone. The younger is a silent, patient man. He will grow old prematurely. In trying circumstances he would be almost, and yet not quite, a hero. Enter the mill, and there is one remark that Mr. Hersey will find an opportunity to make to you. If you retreat too soon, he will follow you mysteriously to the fence, cant-hook in hand, and there enlighten you with one foot on a rail. He has been known to stop a total stranger in the highway that he might impart the information. Whenever he is, to whomsoever he talks, he will say it: "'Fore Dave's arm was broke, sir, he could handle anything of his inches in this neighborhood—'fore his arm was broke." Mr. Hersey's conscientiousness in repeating this is not affected by the irrelevant fact that David himself has no knowledge of the breaking of his arm.

It has not been necessary to their reputation for "sand" that Mr. Hersey should continue breaking David's arm. But the

idea took up a residence in his head, and when a common grief drew them closer in friendship, he set the small fiction afloat. As time wore on and compassion grew, he repeated it oftener. And when his friendship and compassion deepened into affection for David, then he rather overdid it. No doubt the little lie, like Uncle Toby's profanity, has long been blotted out for ever because of the charity beneath it. It is still whispered among old acquaintances that "Hersey hasn't been the same man sence."

Some years ago, on a bright June morning, when the woods rang with music, and the invigorating air was exquisitely perfumed, and the sparkling water mirrored a delicate white scud which floated like an exhaled lily in the blue heavens, as if pond and sky were holding each other's treasures—a snowy blossom above and a transient cloud below—a woman stepped from the low farmhouse to make horticultural discoveries. As she stooped to sift a handful of fresh soil carefully about a flourishing little pig-weed under the pleasing delusion that it was a tomato-plant, her son David stopped his plough in the field beyond the garden and pushed some damp earth from the shining mould-board, while the glossy blackbirds flocked noisily about and waddled greedily after him in the furrow. Ere his mother had satisfied herself that there was a difference between rhubarb and burdock he startled her by asking vacantly for the bait-box.

"Singular!" said the good woman: "you used to bring home such good ones! What 'n the world makes you go round so fur? It's a better place on this side."

"Perch like to lie around the lily-pads."

"Somebody besides perch likes it, and somebody besides perch 'll get hooked there, too;" and she unwound the apron from her head and entered the house.

David threw in at various good places with a carelessness and haste that offered no temptation to a fish not steeped in ignorance, until he reached a secluded point overshadowed by birches and maples. Here was usually moored the only

craft that had disturbed the pond for years—a dug-out canoe, so old that its ownership was lost in tradition. Certain it was, that one man had been drowned from it, and no one claimed it afterward. It had drifted and been waterlogged and cast up to dry and drift again, uncared for, the diving-base of idle boys and shining turtles and lugubrious frogs—regarded with fear, an ill-fated, treacherous, restless thing, that in all its drifting never floated over the deep place where its victim had gone down. David was the last to clear it of sand and mud. He considered it his own until the day when he first detected Ellen Hersey paddling it fearlessly among the lilies.

The lower regions of a saw-mill had no terrors for her, and she would risk her life for a floating frond. As for that resultant which we agree to call "culture," one neither missed it nor found it, but simply forgot all about it in her presence. Her father, who was externally a shaggy hickory, internally a white pine, appeared to love his daughter next after his flutter-wheel and tail-race, and never failed to smell all the flowers she brought home from the pond, or to use her vase next day for a tobacco-box.

David's rod lay half in the water, and the cork, which his mother supposed was protecting her jug from the winged and creeping ills that molasses is heir to, trembled and dipped and rose unnoticed till the hook was bare. The breeze subsided and the pond became gradually like glass.

From the circling shadow of the woods far out into the sunlight rocked the snowy fleets. Ellen, with a straw hat clinging to the sunny side of her golden head, her right arm uncovered to the shoulder, bending lithely from the stern of the crumbling canoe, as if to embrace the image of herself rising from the dark depths, was winding the long stems about her hand and tenderly drawing on board the dripping, cool, sweet water-lilies. Far before her, not to be attained, a magnificent blossom was riding like a swan; behind her, tirelessly wandering over the little space about its anchor, was one that held aloof and wasted its fra-

grance in hopeless isolation; beside her, below its floating shield, the swelling green bodice of another revealed a glimpse of stainless bosom where a golden heart still slept concealed. She fastened the supple stems beside her, letting her gleaming captives trail in the wake of the slow canoe. Heading at last for the shore, she shipped her paddle to watch a dark lance of tiny ripples driven before an unexpected puff of wind. Nothing could have been selected or rejected here. Every elemental caprice translated the commonplace anew. A single breath of cooler air—coming whence? going whither?—changed instantly the tone of the whole scene. Nothing was too incongruous or poor to escape an affluent and harmonious transformation.

"Your hand trembles," she said lightly as David assisted her ashore.

All earth and heaven seemed propitious. His tongue was able to utter the love his manner had more eloquently told before.

Youth, passion, faith were theirs, and the hour that comes but once passed quickly. Then Ellen hastily arranged her dripping treasures, which would have warmed to blushing roses had they touched her breast, hung one about her lover's neck and slipped suddenly away as airily as the down of a dandelion, repeating, "Here—to-morrow—about sundown."

It was a busy time with Mr. Hersey. By the middle of July the water usually got low, and there were a great many logs still "sufferin' to be ripped into." With a little assistance from David he kept the mill running night and day. A small room, fashioned of slabs and wany boards, in a corner near the flume, contained sawdust, a buffalo robe, a hay pillow and a window of four broken panes. Here each night he would lie down for a few hours, that a little knitting might be done on the raveled sleeve of his care while David kept the saw at work. By reason of his nocturnal industry the latter felt privileged to do but little ploughing and a great deal of fishing.

That evening, as usual, David turned his face millward about nine o'clock. He did not even know how he had surprised his mother when he came back from Birdseye about noon and hung a bunch of water-lilies where the cat couldn't reach them, remarking wildly that he would dress them after dinner and have them fried for supper. He talked to himself, paused a good while to watch the moon climb above the trees, and, to speak rather paradoxically, was just conscious of being a little delirious. He was an accepted lover for the first time.

Only one obstacle remained. He would that night, while elated with success, beard the lion in his den, the Hersey in his saw-mill.

Scarcely a sound disturbed the soft night as he strode on except the faint rip! rip! rip! that throbbed through the subdued roar of the distant waste-weir, and increased on his ear, as he approached, like his own rising pulse. Only the seething of the water in the black depths below greeted him as he crossed the log-way. A rough figure was bending by a candle, which lighted the massive face and grizzly beard, bringing out Hersey's powerful profile from the surrounding darkness like a Rembrandt picture. A dim movement about the head-block; clink, clink, rang the crowbar against the iron dog which gripped the log till the sap ran; a shadowy arm like a giant's grasped the lever. Hiss, clatter, plash, crash, rip! rip! rip! was the quick response as the black flutter-wheel grew white with foam and the dancing pitman wet with spray, and the savage saw settled to its work.

David went about his duty with alacrity. The tumultuous flood that rushed below stirred his blood and was full of inspiring voices. The race ran molten silver in the moonlight. The distant line of woods that marked the rim of the pond, dividing heaven from earth, shutting the seen from the unseen, was spiritualized by the sweet secret over which it brooded.

Midnight came—the time for him to rouse Hersey and take his own depar-

ture. He stopped the saw and resolutely entered the sleeping-cuddy. Then he turned to the little window and looked out again on the dim landscape. The moonlight, falling against the sash, cast a shadowy cross upon his breast.

The stillness awakened Mr. Hersey, who rubbed his head, pulled a silver bull's-eye and a plug of tobacco from his trousers, and gazed at the face of the one while shaking his own face at the tough end of the other. David paused in the shadow of a beam and touched Hersey's arm. Somewhat hurriedly, with his heart in his mouth at first, he told his story. Mr. Hersey gazed at him without winking, turned in silence and grasped the gate-lever. Hiss, clatter, plash, crash, rip! rip! rip! was the answer. David waited with a sinking heart till the stub-short was reached. The other, still silent, ran back the carriage, set the saw deliberately and again reached for the lever. David took up his coat, shook the sawdust from it and turned to go.

"Dave! Come back."

Hersey carefully placed the crowbar where it did not belong, resumed his place, pushed some sawdust through the wide cracks of the floor with his foot: "Ain't this rather sudden? You can't run a mill. Plenty o' boys o' your inches can handle you. Don't say no more 'bout it." Hiss, clatter, plash, crash, rip! rip! rip!

As the failing sunlight, on the following evening, was struggling through the tree-tops, transfiguring with mysterious tenderness the details that would have been worthless in any other scene, Ellen started to bide her tryst. Her face was unusually thoughtful. About her eyes, tearless and clear themselves, hovered a growing shadow, although her firm mouth was sweetened by a smile of expectancy. The shores of Birdseye were at this hour more than ever a wonderland of inexplicable tints and unexpected harmonies and unfathomable feeling. As she approached, swaying gently and loosing her yellow hair, her face brightened against the dusky green, as if one of her darlings of the pond, that now hid them-

selves before her, had arisen and unfolded in larger life.

At his evening meal her father had pushed back his chair, fishing a bit of goose-quill from his waistcoat pocket, and putting to her the question, "How is it?"

Ellen knew what the question meant, and answered it plainly. The conversation ended by Mr. Hersey putting on his hat with the knot of the band in front, and turning round in the doorway to say, "I'll see a girl o' mine deader 'n a stuffed owl afore I'll give my willingness. *Anybody can handle him.*"

"It makes no difference who can 'handle' him," was the quiet answer.

Such a sentiment precluded argument. He gave a stare of amazement and vanished in disgust, his manner indicating that his logs would soon be relieved of their sufferings if ripping into them could do it. He really felt as he had sometimes done when treading clumsily on a stray flower, but he had not seen how to express his convictions more delicately without yielding them entirely. A ray from the descending sun, journeying millions of miles to nestle in Ellen's hair, crept through the window overlooking Birdseye and ended in a golden mist about her head. She shrank into the shade and hid her face. Hence the absence of its usual serenity when on her way to David.

He told her of his failure with her father the night before. "You should have left it to me," was her comment.

A fog crept outward from the shore, covering the water and blotting out the stars that wavered below. She watched it silently. For a moment she stood asking herself whether the love that had grown up there from mysterious depths, like the veiled blossoms before her, seeming like them to belong neither to earth nor sky, should shut itself up white and fragrant in her own bosom, and be lost under accumulating shadows so long before the evening of her life.

They paused in the gathering dusk before the black canoe. It scarcely touched ground, and swung toward them as if guided by invisible hands. Its snake-

like undulation seemed a kind of dark obeisance that invited them.

"Let's push off," suggested Ellen, "and float out to the lilies. How will it seem to drift among them when you cannot see them?"

They glided from the shore, appearing unsubstantial at a little distance, and soon blending like phantoms with the chill mist. She looked down at the dark water, and disturbed David by asking how he would feel if she should go overboard and never come up. They had reached the opposite shore when the distant throbbing that smote his ear reminded him that he must leave her.

"It isn't so dark now—I can paddle back alone," she urged. "The moon's rising. The lilies are asleep, but I shall try to find one on the way to carry with me."

He glanced fondly into her uncertain face, left one more kiss on her lips and sprang ashore; while she, indistinct in the dim light and heavy atmosphere, glided outward and passed into nothingness, like a ghost receding to the land of shadows.

He waited under the nearest tree, in the foolish hope that he might hear the beaching of the canoe or the flinging down of the paddle as she gained the other side. But no sound came back through the veil behind which she had disappeared. The small noises that fill the night in such a place—the breaking of a dry twig, the footfall of a startled rabbit, the plash of a prowling mink—never seemed so distinct before.

"Th' ol' man's jest a-tearin' into things to-night," remarked a neighbor who overtook David.

"Yes, so he is."

"Jest a-makin' th' ol' shanty hum. I c'n tell two mile off when he's mad. Makes 'er bile then. Bust his wheel 'fore mornin'."

These observations did not have a soothing effect on David, who saw as he entered that the mill was groaning under a tremendous head. He attempted no conversation. Hersey did not sleep well, and rose of his own accord about midnight. His first act, after the usual

rubbing of his crown and pulling out of his bull's-eye and tobacco, was to raise the gate and let on an additional weight of water. The mill trembled afresh under the new impulse.

Suddenly, as David was preparing to go, the saw stopped with a groan, while the disencumbered wheel flew on with redoubled speed. Down went the gate, and Hersey glanced into the black abyss with a frown still blacker. To descend among those slippery timbers was easy enough for a supple man in the daytime, but for an elderly one in the middle of the night it was a different thing. David's responsibility had ceased, and he leaned quietly against a post in the deep shade with his coat over his arm.

Hersey's knowledge that his folly was silently criticised by the youngster who "couldn't run a mill" did not increase his presence of mind. He surmised that the key which held the pitman to the crank had flown from its place. He sullenly kicked aside a trap-door and disappeared. In his perturbation he slipped, and only a projecting brace-pin saved him from plunging headlong against the slimy sills far below. He clung to his resting-place, cursing himself for not having gone down properly by way of the tail-race, and hesitating whether to dash his brains out like a consistent man or to crawl back baffled before David. Dead silence reigned, except as it was broken by the hissing and gurgling of the sardonic water.

"Go home!"

These two words, the first ones spoken that night, ascended strangely but emphatically from the depths. David moved out of the mill, but sat down in the log-way. Silence reigned again. Soon a grizzled head came through the floor, and then Mr. Hersey lifted himself into view.

He had no sooner straightened up than he was smitten with disgust to see David stalk into the mill again and continue the solemn pantomime by removing his hat and holding the inverted candle over it. The bottom of the candle was then planted in the resulting puddle of grease, which cooled and held it upright. The hat, resembling a volcanic

island surmounted by a lighthouse, took its place on David's head, while a hatchet was secured under his suspender.

Mr. Hersey, suddenly left alone in the dark, peered wonderingly downward, saw the light sink lower and lower, and saw the slippery timbers that had failed him yield a sure foothold to the fellow he had ordered to go home. As David bent his face close above the crank a sigh escaped Hersey, and his hand wandered nervously toward the lever: "I swan I've a notion to let 'er fly now: 'twould take him plumb in the nose." But he denied himself the pleasure.

When David began to ascend, feeling that this service must win some open acknowledgment, Mr. Hersey stealthily scrambled out of the way, and was not visible when the light shot above the floor again.

On a pile of boards near by he was wrestling with his conscience. Should he tamely permit his daughter to wed a youth whom others of the same inches could handle? He was too jealous of the honor of his house to endure the degradation, and too sensible of the general merits of the case to raise any other objection. Had David at this moment walked up and given him a thrashing he would have been satisfied and ready to bestow his blessing.

Retreating footsteps crossed the log-way.

"Dave!" he groaned, and rose from the pile of boards. The footsteps ceased. "Hold on."

Hersey set the saw nervously, glanced at the heat-lightning playing in the west, stepped out among the logs and crushed into the earth with his foot some phosphorescent fungi that like an evil eye had been glowering at him.

"I never was afeard o' fox-fire, Dave, but somehow that biggest piece there made me think o' Ellen's face that night I pulled her out o' the floom—drowned I thought when the moon shone on 'er. She wa'n't but nine. Fetched my supper here once 'n a while then, when the logs was sufferin'. I never seen a lily sence but what I think how 'er white face an' that yellor hair o' her 'n look-

ed a-floatin' there 'n the water— By George! I set the saw an' didn't start 'er!" Hiss, clatter, plash, crash, rip! rip! rip!

What did it mean—Hersey telling David to "hold on" and talking in this way? A certain volcanic hat, embellished by the foundation of a lighthouse, took a joyous turn in the air. "I hate hats," was all the young man ventured to say in explanation of its eccentricity, as the old man's eyebrows lowered toward him. His face brightened; his ear heard pleasant prophecies in the watery voices below; his eye rapturously swept the far dark line where the woods closed round the pond.

Hersey was at the foot of the log, David at the head, the saw tearing away between them. The countenance of the former was still perplexed and cloudy. Presently it cleared a little. Finally, it broke into full sunshine, and he dropped his handspike. He came up and bent close to David, raising his voice above the racket: "Dave, wasn't your leg ever broke or anything?"

"No."

His countenance fell. Back went the carriage. Clink, clink, rang the crowbar. Hiss, clatter, plash, crash, rip! rip! rip! Journey after journey the log made up and down.

"Nor arm?" after half an hour, as if the conversation had not been interrupted.

"No, nor arm."

Another half hour, with its rattle of ratchet and creak of carriage and roar of water and crash of saw.

"Well, see here," drawing very close and laying his great hand on David's shoulder: "if you ever hear me speak about it, you know—w'y, you needn't let on. How's that?"

David wondered whether Hersey were crazy or he himself in a dream.

"Stay with me till mornin', Dave: I'm out o' kilter to-night."

David's eye followed him exultingly. Ellen Hersey for his sake looked with disdain on the bully of Birdseye, and her father had evidently abandoned all opposition.

Suddenly the light of joy died from his face, his cheek flushed and his ears tingled. He saw it all. There were many forms of danger he could face in a way to shame the bravest man he knew. Yet, not having the physical hardihood that finds recreation in fist-cuffs, he felt with humiliation that he did lack what was known in the elegant Birdseye dialect as sand in the gizzard. At this moment it would have been a pleasure to meet a roaring lion in a lonely desert, and had there been an elephant convenient he would have knocked him down with his fist. Mr. Hersey, too kind-hearted to deny the suit, had been driven to this rather cowardly method of escaping possible dishonor. Should worst come to worst, and David fail at any time according to the Birdseye code, Mr. Hersey would not necessarily be disgraced because his son-in-law "hadn't the sand." A popular belief in a broken arm would cover a multitude of shortcomings.

When the east began to brighten Mr. Hersey asked David to breakfast with him, and they left the mill together. As they brushed through the dewy ferns and mandrakes, and ducked their heads under hanging boughs, a few bird-notes greeted them, preluding, like the premonitory drops that go before a summer shower, the rain of melody that was soon to burst from wood and thicket. Fantastic vapors, blown softly into ghostly shapes, were climbing heavenward—wan creatures of the night, rising from fens and byways to be clothed in purple and gold on high.

Emerging from the heavy wood amid glistening gossamer and poverty-grass, Hersey paused at length in the full sunlight. "You don't know, Dave, how she looked, floatin' in th' water that night. So white, with her yellor hair. To think, th' whitest things 'n th' world grows out o' muck!"

Giving an awkward twirl to his shaggy beard, he added, turning forward again, "I'm muck myself. That's so."

Their path here touched the edge of the pond, and they paused to bathe their faces. "I'm muck myself," repeated

Mr. Hersey as he threw his hat behind him upon a clump of bulrushes. "An' I told her at supper I'd see her deader'n a— What's that?"

The ascending mist revealed the overturned canoe still slowly drifting shoreward. No apprehension was expressed.

Yet something quickened their steps. Ellen—there were half a dozen explanations of her absence over night from home. They failed as fast as presented. In an hour the shore was dotted with watching neighbors. Through the depths, as the sun went up, wavered an effect of golden ringlets. The cool water sparkled and laughed, but babbled none of its secrets.

Some ventured to surmise that she had purposely sought a violent escape from trouble. But the theory of David prevailed. She had met her death in an unwary attempt to possess the sleeping flower which, as she had told him at

parting, she would carry with her. Thus her face had instantly met the water and her voice been stifled ere she had wholly fallen. To the mystery of silence was added the greater one that her body did not appear. Some of the interlacing stems, whose buds unfolded that morning to none but tearful eyes, had twined themselves about her, to keep her amid the dark life-in-death from which they drew the fragrance and purity they carried upward.

The morning, but for the painful absence of all sounds of human joy or industry, was like that on which David, two days before, when this idyl begins, had declared his love and been accepted. The woods were full of music, the air of delicate perfume. There was not wanting the same sweet commerce between pond and sky—a cloud below and a lily above. CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

EIGHT HUNDRED MILES IN AN AMBULANCE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

WE remained four days at Red Cloud, where the officers and traders did everything they could to make it pleasant for us. Our stay was prolonged by waiting for the Sun Dance, a sort of movable summer festival, which was expected to begin at any moment. The weather was cool, the situation of our little camp pretty and pleasant. One of our amusements was to visit the trader's store, inspect the odd collection of Indian goods, and make purchases for gifts. We bought gay calicoes, cloth, mirrors, bells, umbrellas, paint and shells. Returning one day to camp, we met old Red Cloud and his family in their own carriage, a large carryall or ambulance. He had been to call upon us with some of his squaws and children. He alighted and greeted us good-humoredly, shook hands all round, and said "How? Kola?"

to each. He is a big, middle-aged Indian, with rather a good face, and was dressed in a blue flannel shirt and trousers, blue blanket, and black felt hat with an eagle's feather. He is of larger, heavier build than most of the Indians, who do not appear very tall or muscular, especially the young ones. They are wiry and agile, but it is probable a white man of active habits would be more than a match for an Indian. Captain S— told us that he had a hand-to-hand tussle with one of them soon after the war, when he was still weakened by long confinement in Southern prisons. Having dropped his pistol in falling down hill, an Indian rushed out at him, but he managed to hold the savage and prevent his using his knife till a soldier came up to help him.

The first ball ever given at Camp Rob-

inson was in our honor, and a very bright little party it was. As no building of any kind existed in camp, and the weather was dry and fine, a large space of ground was covered with canvas pegged down, and that was our ball-room. The bower of pine branches made an excellent supper-room, the tents of course were our dressing-rooms, and the orchestra consisted of two fiddles. What though they gave but a weak, uncertain sound in the vast spaces of the desert? What though the figures were of a kind unknown before? What if some splendid Chinese lanterns made of newspapers were our grandest illumination? We had the full moon pouring her yellow light over us, and who has not seen the moonlight of the desert knows not what that planet can do.

Our supper consisted of "sangwidges," biscuits and a salad composed of something mysterious and horrible—"big medicine," probably, as this was Indian land. But was there not plenty of coffee, claret-cup and champagne? The temperature was perfect, the traders and their wives honored us with their presence, and the ball at Red Cloud was a grand success.

At last the Sun Dance was announced. The great medicine pole was erected, crowds of Indians were arriving, and we went to their camp on the morning of July 28th to see the show. The camp was a large one, covering a great space, with hundreds of tepees or tents, and thousands of Sioux. Great herds of ponies of every color were feeding outside. The Indians were said to be unarmed, and our officers were requested to be so. Of course all had pistols, and we saw plenty of bows, knives and tomahawks in the camp, and muskets too—loaded only with powder perhaps, but there was a great popping of that. The soldiers were not allowed to be present at the dance. The camp was a new and singular scene, with its vast number of tall conical tents arranged in an irregular circle, its gayly-dressed crowds, its savage life and motion. Each tent had its soup-kettle, where the little plump, smooth-skinned dogs of a peculiar breed, which they raise for the table, were sup-

posed to be boiling, and each had its medicine pole crowned with a bundle of gay rags and red and blue streamers. Inside the bundle was something sacred, supposed to be the entrails of animals, a sort of charm or fetish to preserve from evil. Some of us had a fancy to taste the dog-soup, which smelt quite savory, but none was offered us. Our first visit was to the tepee of old Red Cloud, for of course we must return his call. It was large and high, twenty feet in diameter at least, conical, and shaped like a Sibley tent. Around the inside edge was arranged the family wardrobe, neatly folded and laid away in handsomely painted bags of dressed skins, which are their Saratoga trunks. Next these we sat, upon beautiful blankets and skins spread on the ground. There were twenty or thirty of our party, men, women and children, and nearer the door six or eight chiefs with several squaws and an interpreter. There were Red Cloud, Red Leaf, Red Dog, Sitting Bull and Spotted Tail. All were handsomely dressed except Spotted Tail, a fat, villainous-looking old fellow in a dirty brown, calico shirt and a shabby blanket. On inquiring the reason we were told he was in mourning. Yet he had no crape, jet beads or mourning jewelry—not even a black-edged pocket handkerchief!

A little conversation took place through the interpreter: a speech was requested from Red Cloud, but he bowed, smiled, looked foolish and declined. None of the other chiefs would speak. We were getting rather bored when some one proposed that we should sing. A motley company, representing East, West, North and South, Union soldiers, Moseby's ex-guerrillas, belles and babies, we all joined in the "Lord's songs in that strange land," and sang, "Tramp! tramp!" "John Brown," the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Sweet Home," and everything else we could think of. It was not easy to tell whether those impassible savages liked the music or not, but they smiled and looked pleased, and a crowd came round the outside of the tent to listen. It is not likely that any part-singing had ever been heard in that camp before.

After presenting our gifts we paid a short visit to Red Dog in his tepee, and then proceeded to the great medicine booth, where the Sun Dance was to take place. This was a very large circular wigwam, with an open space in the middle—the rude germ of an amphitheatre. In the centre was a tall medicine pole with gay streamers and its usual queer, mysterious bundle. Crowds on foot and on horseback were gathered within and without, and were pouring in pell-mell, so that we did not see how we were going to get in, till Red Cloud, coming up, knocked them to the right and left and took us to our "reserved seats"—that is to say, gave us standing-room close by the big deafening drum. Room it could not be called, for we were constantly elbowed by the greasy crowd. An old crier called Linen Foot kept calling something in a loud, sing-song tone. Braves were rushing in, mounted and on foot, shouting, firing off their pieces and making a diabolical noise: like demons too they looked, with little clothing and painted in the most grotesque manner. Some had green faces, red breasts and horned buffaloes' heads on top of their own; some had one blue leg and one yellow one, red foreheads and green chins; others, of the favorite rhubarb color, were touched up "tastily" with red and yellow ochre. No horrible combination of colors could be thought of that was not there, and with their splendid war-bonnets, furs and embroideries the effect was like a circular bed of gaudy flowers. Behind us the big drum was making a fiendish din, and the singing, shrieking and yelling went on without end, while one creature with head covered—whether man or woman we could not tell—was howling a requiem for the dead.

They danced, not in circles, but in rows up and down, with the usual step and chant. Sometimes they would call out "Hi! hi! hi!" as the savages of New York do. When one party was tired they would stand aside, and others would come in, or a circle of mounted Indians would ride round the pole. Some of these were very brilliant chiefs, and among them Sitting Bull—who came proudly in

on a beautiful American blood-horse (a black), with shining arms and trappings of gorgeous colors, and his war-bonnet of feathers trailing on the ground—was an apparition never to be forgotten. One young man on foot, who was painted all over yellow ochre, with imitation wounds upon his breast and body, was so handsome, statuesque and graceful that it was impossible to believe he could be a full-blooded Indian. His profile was faultless, but his full face, a little flattened, showed Indian blood. Many half-breeds live among the savages and follow their customs, and this man was probably one of them. A parchment figure of a man about eight or ten inches long, a sort of "paper doll," painted and with a little scalp-lock on its head, lay near the pole, and the Indians stamped on it as they passed and struck it viciously with the butts of their muskets. We were told that it was an emblem of their enemies, and that at first it was put at the top of the pole and shot down with arrows. It was, however, *white*.

It is the custom for these Indians to give presents to one another at this dance. One squaw rushed forward with a shawl and threw it at the feet of one of the braves, and another squaw ran in and took it away. The chiefs bestowed sticks quite freely upon the braves, and every one who had a stick could choose a pony for himself. It is said that when a chief goes into mourning he gives away a large number of his horses, and then makes war to steal some more. The vendetta is a custom among the Indians—with this difference, that if they cannot slay the offender, they kill some one else, red or white. The manes of the dead must be appeased by slaughter.

After looking on for a couple of hours in the stifling heat and choking dust at this strange scene, we left the dance, which was still going on, having laid our gifts at the foot of the medicine pole. This first day was a sort of dance of consecration: the real ceremonies were to come off next day, when the braves torture themselves to see which can endure the most, and the hair of the children is cut and their ears slit on arriving

at a certain age. It is not likely that we could have borne to see much of this, but we wished—some of us—to have a glimpse of the horror. It was decided, however, that our departure from Red Cloud could be no longer delayed, and what we had already seen must suffice. After a night of intensely brilliant moonlight and roaring wind we set off for Spotted Tail agency, still farther in the wilderness. Going down the long valley, we had all day the buttes in sight, of which the following legend is told: A party of Sioux had driven the Crows to take refuge on the top of this butte, and encamped round its base, sure that they "had 'em." But, lo! in the morning the Crows were gone, having let themselves down, like eloping nuns, by ropes made of their blankets, over the sheer cliff, and slipped away by well-known paths across the mountains. A similar story is related of many other buttes. The country became every hour more barren as we went on in a north-easterly direction till all was desolation. We passed the remains of the "Old Agency," where the ground was strewn for miles with the bones and skulls of slaughtered cattle. The Indians always encamp near the agencies, and in time make the place uninhabitable; so, as there is plenty of room, a removal occurs.

Passing a low hill called Trunk Butte, we camped on Chadron Creek about 2 P. M., just as a short sharp hailstorm passed over us. A number of Indians came into camp, who appeared to be straggling about the Plains or going to the Sun Dance. They got up a horse-race with the soldiers, but as neither side ran fair, it amounted to nothing. Yet the Arab-like scene in the red sunset, with the crowd of Indians and soldiers, was a good one. These Indians were wild-looking fellows, quite ready to steal or beg the remains of our dinner. The night deepened, moon and stars came out, the night-hawks flew about on noiseless wings, uttering strange cries: all else was silent. The Indians stole away to their camps, hidden among the folds of the hills, and we kindled the great fire and sat in its glow, talking and telling

stories. The war, too soon forgotten, lived again for us that night. Captain S— told us wild tales of his escapes from rebel prisons and of the horrors of Libby and Andersonville. We have all heard these tales, but how much more real was the simple matter-of-fact story of one who had lived through it all! He escaped, in various ways and under various disguises, seven times, each time being retaken, and once, worst of all, when actually within our lines. On the last trial, fortunately, Sherman was near, and he was saved, although a Southern officer sat one day on the bed under which he was concealed, and ate the dinner prepared by a friendly hand for which he was famishing. How is it possible that the brave men who passed through such things can seem so much like other people as they do? To them it was simply duty, simply living: they went on from hour to hour, doing what came to hand. Nothing ever seems very strange while it is happening, and to one who is always ready for action, action seems an every-day affair. But while all the bitterness and wrath of that time should pass away, while all its anger should be forgotten, let us not forget its lessons, nor yet those whose heroism won us the day—the living and the dead.

Rising next morning at break of day, we heard the doves answering one another from the thicket—the loveliest, loneliest of tones, like the clear soft sound of a delicate bell. It reminded us of the German fable that the campanulas ring chimes for the fairies, though only a Sunday child may hear them. Our little camp was soon alive and ready for an early start. The plan was to leave our whole outfit upon Chadron Creek under guard, and to go on in light-marching order to Spotted Tail, returning at night to camp. With our three ambulances and an escort of twelve horse we went rapidly down the White River under a scorching sun and over a more dreary country than ever. Trees totally disappeared, the bluffs flattened out into hillocks; dust to dust, ashes to ashes: Alkali reigned over all. The river ran

a muddy white, the sky was white, the earth was white, and we soon became white too. Sometimes, however, these Bad Lands assumed a singular and interesting appearance, water-worn into gulches and cañons below the surface of the plains, and simulating the appearance of great snow-banks and fluted glaciers, whose white and gray forms had a certain beauty of their own. Wherever there is light and shadow, there are the elements of beauty, the germs, at least, of color, and over this unreal snow pale tints of rose and delicate green hovered, and imitated faintly the hues of the Mer de Glace.

A rapid drive of about two hours brought us to Spotted Tail agency, passing by the Indian camp about five miles distant, where a thin belt of timber marked the course of Bordeaux Creek. The camp and agency of Spotted Tail stand in as dreary a plain, perhaps, as can be found on the globe, seeming more like the dismal planets we read of than our pleasant gay green earth. Not a shrub broke the alkaline monotony, and we pitied the poor fellows who had to live there, separated from their families and all that is bright and pleasant. Here were gentlemen and scholars eating, drinking, breathing alkali and grasshoppers—without opera, lectures, Theodore Thomas or anything that makes life tolerable. We sat under bowers of dead pine boughs with all the music dried out of them, and endured the suffocating heat as well as we could. All that was possible was done for us: an elegant luncheon was spread, with everything nice that could come out of cans, and the poor fellows showed us fossils. Alas! they had nothing alive, not a blade of grass. Everything was dead, and had been dead a long time—several ages, to say the least. All people on the Plains keep fossils, and show you with pride the thigh-bone of a mammoth, a slice of cold fish, or a heap of ammonites. Something of to-day would have been better, but in that country there is no to-day, nothing "recent." One officer had quite a collection of dead insects and birds, but how insects and birds had ever lived there I

could not see. But the grasshoppers! They must not be forgotten, for they were "like grasshoppers for multitude," and at every step we raised thousands. Every night there were dozens of the most "bumptious" kind in our tents, and we shouted with laughter at their antics.

At three we went back to camp again, bidding good-bye with regret to our agreeable hosts, and leaving them to their loneliness, their heat and their alkali. We were the first ladies that had ever paid them a visit, and it may be long before they see any more. Fortunately, the sun was now obscured: great black clouds were marching across the country, and by and by the storm struck us with rolling columns of dust and a few drops of rain. Then it swept grandly on, and we arrived just after nightfall at our camp at Chadron. It is strange how soon one becomes at home in a camp! We felt as if we had lived there a week and were coming back to a familiar place.

The news had reached us that the Indians were in a bad humor, having heard some exaggerated accounts of General Custer's doings in the Black Hills, and had refused to allow any whites to see the last ceremonies of the Sun Dance. An Indian who lived near by, and had been hanging about the camp for what he could get, came that night and talked a great deal about the danger we were in. Sergeant J——, who had been long on the Plains and knew a little of the Indian tongue, undertook to pump him and find out if he really knew anything. As we suspected, he had only heard some idle rumors. The group was a good one. The Indian, a tall, fine-looking specimen of his race, in blue blanket and red paint, squatted upon his moccasined heels and looked shrewd and keen, while our sergeant, also tall, slender and handsome, was squatted in the same manner opposite, and searched the impassive face of the savage with his clear blue eyes. Two more alert-looking specimens of the races could hardly have been found, but we thought that in a tussle the hardy, supple Indian would scarcely be a match for the sinewy young

veteran of the Plains. Around them stood the officers booted and spurred, fair-haired, graceful girls, matrons and children, blonde and brunette, a squaw or two with flat painted faces, and the tents and camp-equipage in the background. The scene was Homeric, for "Greek met Greek," and a war of words ensued. The Indian "talked big." He said "his people were marching down from the Black Hills in great wrath: they were but two sleeps behind us. General Custer had massacred a whole village: his men had murdered a chief named Stabber. We had better depart, or we should all be killed. Our squaws and children—no kill: soldiers no like." The officers laughed at his talk: they had often heard the like before; but as we were going back to Red Cloud next morning, it did not concern us much. The noble savage ended, as usual, by begging. He had a little round button at the top of his head, which looked as if a picture-nail had been driven straight into his skull. How it was fastened on was one of the "mysteries of life."

Next morning we departed for Red Cloud, arriving there on the evening of the 31st. A gay crowd of Indians were at the agency, for it was "issue day," when rations are given out. The squaws shouldered the heavy burdens, and all went off along the trails toward their camps. This is a very populous neighborhood, yet it would hardly be suspected. Their tents are concealed among the hills, and in looking over the country you see nothing of them. Yet little parties are constantly met going about, for they spend much time in visiting, gossiping, feasting, drumming and dancing. An Indian trail is usually a double track, made by the tent-poles, which, fastened on each side of the ponies, wear an uneven, wriggling path.

We were sorry to leave Red Cloud, where we had found true friendliness, hospitality and all the amenities of life, and the wild nature among these lonely hills, which some would think so dreary, had for us a charm that could not pass away. Again we wound up the White River to its sources, among the bowers

of branches and thickets of clematis and wild cucumber, rejoicing once more in the trees as we watched the soldiers dashing after deer, or halting at the springs. It was very fascinating, though not considered quite safe, to walk ahead of the party during a halt, until, all being out of sight behind the endless waves of land, we felt all alone in the wide world. On one of these walks we "lifted up our eyes and beheld a great company," the weekly mail- and supply-train, thirty wagons with an escort of thirty horse—a fine sight as they wound up and down the undulating space. And then and there the mail was robbed, and we read letters from dear friends, warm words of love at the world's end, and seemed to hear the roar of Atlantic waves as we stood on that ocean of the Plains.

Thus on, till in the afternoon our tents were "pight" on Running Water again and we sat by the camp-fire in peace. Our excellent commissariat was always a source of wonder to us. If it ever occurred to us that Jeff, the black cook, might have had a little more imagination, and might have improvised more variety from the excellent materials he had, why, he was born without genius, and that was not the fault of our admirable commanding officer. Jeff was a darky who knew a hundred games of cards and only one soup. Gambling was his business, sleep his recreation, cooking his last resort when there were no more silver watches to be won. But his grins and his orange neckerchief were a joy for ever.

We found the caché of forage we left on the Niobrara had been opened and pre-empted. So much the more reason for hastening back to Laramie. The same route, the same country, cool breezes, glorious mornings, sunsets, grasshoppers, gophers, prairie-dogs, camp-life again, till, crossing the Platte, we saw the ugly, friendly old buildings of the post. We were entertained this time at the cavalry camp, where the officers gave up their comfortable tents for our use. The money-bag, once plump with one hundred thousand dol-

lars in greenbacks, was now shrunk, wrinkled and melancholy. Not so we. Business first and pleasure afterward. The business-trip was over: now we were to have the *bonne bouche* of the whole affair, a picnic of a week among the untrodden wilds of Laramie Peak.

On the 5th of August we were off in high spirits for the woods: some gay young officers commanded the escort, and the whole party (except those under ten) left at least ten years behind them. Colonel S— (our kind host) and his family, with the same ladies as before, composed the party, with the addition of an English artist. Our first day's journey was like many others—with this difference, that we were always approaching the peak, which grew every moment more beautiful and distinct. It reminded us in form and color of the Alban Mount, and the country was not unlike the Roman Campagna. Our first camp was on Cottonwood Creek, but higher up than where we had struck it before in going to Fort Fetterman. The stream rises in the Laramie range, and our route lay up its valley. At sunset the mountain shone for us with wonderful colors—campanula, periwinkle and forget-me-not—deepening with twilight to purple and brown. With the morning light we were off again, up the charming wild valley following the deer-tracks among the trees. The peak was dark and angry with cloud-shadows, little sprinkling showers passed over us with rainbows, then deep blue sky prevailed. We thought we had seen blue sky before, but there is none like this that crowns the cañons of the Rockies. Sometimes even our exquisite turquoise is opaque, but here the dark depths were boundless. The valley became a gorge; we crossed the wild little stream constantly, following the dim trail; the rocks grew higher and bolder every moment, bristling with chimneys and needles. Away into the heart of the Rockies we go, and well may they be called so, for they are the rockiest kind of rocks. The road becomes bad, becomes none: we tumble, we stick, we pull, but we do not break down. The four black mules are staunch, now that

they are put upon their mettle. Lovely and bowery are the reaches of the brook: above, the pitch-pines clothe the hill-sides where they can find standing-room, but most is crag and precipice, cutting the sky. Now in the damp places we find willow, cottonwood, kinnikinnick; now the cañon opens a little, and leaves space for green grass and lovely flowers, blazing golden composites, blue gentians, and the exquisite lungwort. A glimpse of the peak far above tells us how near we are to our goal. At two o'clock we emerge from a thick pine grove, scattered with boulders: the valley widens, and we find the deserted saw-mill and cabins near which Lieutenant Robinson and a sergeant were murdered by the Indians only last February. Once this little valley under the peak was a busy scene—now it is as silent as the grave. It seems as if we could touch the mountain, so clear is the atmosphere: every rift and seam and jag of its rough outline is as sharply visible as the teeth of a broken saw. Over comes a black cloud that interrupts the eating of bread and jam and the making of claret-cup that usually accompany a halt. Tents are pitched in a hurry and we hasten to shelter. The shower over, we enjoy this Swiss scene, with the mill and huts for chalets. There is everything in this magic valley: we have but to wish, and here is an ice-house filled last winter under orders of Lieutenant Robinson. How strange that we should have come thousands of miles to drink his punch, poor fellow! Out came the sun, the peak streamed and glistened with rain, the grass shone and the clouds rolled rapidly away.

In the night we had our first experience of a grand mountain-storm. Actually in the very heart of the electric tempest, we were bathed without ceasing in floods of lightning, crimson, orange and white; the thunder never ceased roaring and crashing; the rain came down in cataracts; mountain and forest were illumined with the intense flashes to their innermost nooks. But we went to sleep in the middle of it, and awoke next morning to see a true Alpen-glow burning upon the summit of the peak.

The light fell lower and lower till the whole mountain shone with the rose-light, and at last the sun appeared over the opposite hill, and it was full day.

We breakfasted on grouse, which were plenty, and went on at 6 A. M. of a perfect morning, hearing shots often from our hunting-parties, who were out on all sides. After a short march of a few hours we turned suddenly into another little valley, where bold cliffs shadowed another little stream, the north fork of the Laramie. A bear was brought in, killed by Lieut. F—, and we had some of the meat for dinner, with the delicate Rocky Mountain pheasant or blue grouse. We rambled about; bathed in the clear stream, where we found numbers of the curious little gravel-houses of the caddis-worm; and napped away part of the long afternoon. Some one discovered a great excrescence in a pine tree, a singular freak of Nature, oddly woven of matted twigs and as large as a hog's head. The children climbed the cliffs and shouted from above. Then the great roaring camp-fire was kindled as usual, and songs and stories ushered in the thick bright stars.

In the morning we left the North Laramie fork, and entered another nameless cañon, with its own cliffs and pines, where we killed our first rattlesnake. We thought we had seen grasshoppers, but in these valleys were THE grasshoppers—millions to every square inch, flying above the trees in clouds, dimming the light of the sun. Of course there are no roads in these gorges, where none but hunters and scouts have ever been, and we pitch about like a ship in a storm, stopping sometimes to have big rocks rolled out of our way. No ladies have ever entered these cañons before. "We are the first that ever burst into this silent" vale. Ah! this *is* the wilderness, the real thing! These passes are untouched virgin soil, unspoiled by tourists and advertisements of hair-dye.

Here the noble pitch-pine is the only tree—not an ornamental tree, but beautiful with its ragged outlines, its deep green boughs, and its trunk as red as an Indian's—beautiful in the wilderness where it belongs, under the rosy cliffs,

the purple sky, beside the yellow grass. Now we peep into little side-cañons, wild nooks that charm us with their utter solitude; now we must "light out" and walk, the trail is a little too bad. A turn in the road hides the party: we are truly alone. The noise of the grasshoppers is like a strong rushing wind. Under the shadow of a great rock we find the first ferns we have seen in all this broad dry land.

Still upward! We have flanked the Laramie range, and are on the west side of it, and now we have reached the summit of the pass, the great table-land of Laramie Plains—a wide, lonely mesa, a favorite range for antelope, deer and hunters. Having crossed the Rockies, the next thing we have to do is to go southward till we strike the Laramie River and return eastward down its valley. Here, as on all heights of land, there is a little pond, and it is circled with blue gentians, grass of Parnassus and the small white stars of the water-ranunculus. Herds of antelopes fly before us, badgers and other little beasts run about, and shots echo among the hills. The fine range of the peak is behind, and before us noble nameless mountains, split and battlemented. And now our route turns, and we leave the plain and rapidly descend into a stony valley. It is a steep, breakneck tumble, but we get down safely. Here we find two of our men, lost the day before. They report having seen a mountain-sheep—very rare now—within shot, after they had spent their ammunition.

Soon we enter a glen wilder than any we have seen before, called Collins's Cut-off. Whoever Collins was, he had a great taste in "cut-offs." So savage, so narrow was the gorge, that it had hardly any bottom, and began its steep slope close to the edge of its tiny stream. Above, high rocks towered in broken cliffs thousands of feet. Pine groves filled the glen, lifting high in the air their wind-tossed, rugged branches. Great boulders lay tumbled about, and dogwood, osiers and the graceful mountain-maple hid the stream. We found a lovely new flower, a white cup with ex-

quisite tints of green at the bottom. It is called wild tulip here. At sunset we climbed one of the great hills that shut us in, and beheld a crimson sky, a tumbled confusion of mountain-peaks interlocked in a grand maze, and beyond the dear old Plains for fifty miles bathed in a flood of rosy light. The vision faded, and while we stumbled down it became nearly dark, and the camp-fires were shining below among the pines. So mysterious and strange looked the groups around them that they might have been taken for banditti among the Apennines or guerrilleros in the Pyrenees, instead of a peaceful Yankee picnic. We sat very late that night by the camp-fire, almost till ten o'clock, enjoying songs, recitals, Hardshell Baptist sermons and all sorts of nonsense. The night was soft and mild, great stars peeped through the pines, owls hooted and wolves howled in the dark woods close by.

On Sunday morning, August 9, we were allowed a nap after the Alpen-glow, an unusual luxury, and we went to sleep with the happy thought that we were to stay all day in this lovely place. Some one had been here before, for there was a rude hut, said to have been a haunt of horse-thieves—a mere shelter, but built by the hand of man. Breakfast is over; our hammocks are slung among the fragrant pines; all are busy, drawing, chatting, reading, napping, as if we had lived here always. The children skip about among the rocks, the little camp is full of life and color. There is just room for us here, and no more. The soldiers' camp is pitched on the other side of the stream: ours is on a side-hill, and we sleep slopingly. A good place this would be for that species of wild-cat said to exist in the Rocky Mountains which has the legs on one side shorter than those on the other, being fitted by natural selection for running on hillsides. No specimen of this interesting beast could be obtained: it has become very scarce. Three parties of soldiers have gone out hunting: we ought to have plenty of game for our Sunday dinner. Now we hear shouting above: "Got a big deer! Come up, two or three, and help." Soon

they come, half tumbling down the cliff, with a black-tailed buck, considered the best venison, the next best game to mountain-sheep. The second party bring in antelope—the third, nothing, which ensures them much chaffing. Our Sunday's dinner was indeed excellent: courses of bear, deer and antelope followed each other, corks popped and jokes and stories sparkled.

As night comes on and the fires are lighted the effect is magical of splendor upon darkness: the red trunks and dead and green branches stand out brilliantly, and everything tells. Across the brook, in the soldiers' bivouac, white tents are gleaming, horses and mules are picketed, groups with long shadows are sitting in the firelight, game and skins are hanging in the trees, shining arms are piled, and camp-kettles hang gypsy-like upon three sticks. Our fire is a grand one, and lights up the forest for a great distance. There is no lack of fuel in our "perpendicular wood-pile;" the children bring apronsful of fragrant cones; we heap on great branches, watching carefully that the flames do not spread and burn the woods. Sometimes on a windy night the fire suddenly leaps out, and tents, wagons, baggage and all are consumed, and lives are in danger. Ladies have been thus left in the wilderness with nothing to wear, and have been obliged to borrow the soldiers' trousers or make petticoats of corn-sacks. Most people have something of the gypsy latent within them, but few have such a chance as this to let it out. Nor do many civilians see military life in its outdoor aspect of the camp and the bivouac, which is its really fresh and charming side. Surely, if most of our army resemble those with whom we had to do, a more manly, brave, and courteous set of men do not exist. We were proud of them as countrymen. They are far from being the lazy hangers-on at barracks that Eastern people are apt to imagine. Life to them is active, full of adventure, sometimes of danger; they learn to endure cold, fatigue, hardship; they become shrewd, alert, "shifty." They must bear separation from their families

and friends, from the world of science, literature or amusement. Their bodies may lie frozen or massacred in the wilderness. Yet, in spite of not a little grumbling, they seem to like their life; and no wonder, for it is real, and with all its drawbacks it is fascinating to many. Colonel S—— loves these desert plains, over which he has to journey every two months in scorching heat or bitter cold, and would hardly change their freedom for the refinements and conventionalities of an Eastern city. As for the Indian question, we refrain from the discussion, as everybody at the East has an opinion ready formed upon the subject.

We were drawn away from our own camp-fire by the sound of the soldiers' singing, and we sat listening long in silence. There were some fine voices among them, and as they sang that most pathetic of war-songs, the "Old Camp-ground," the effect was wonderful in that solitary place. The singers were hidden from view, but their fire flickered upon their tents and lighted up the black solemn wood—a fitting scene for the music. How we felt as that tender old song rolled out of the darkness! How we thought of those old camp-grounds, where now the violets grow and the kind hand of Nature has effaced the marks of blood—the old camp-grounds of the war! Ah, let us not forget those fields where we had so much at stake, nor those who died to keep them free. Other fine old war-songs followed, then sentimental ballads, a charming German love-song, new to us: some one recited "Hans Breitmänn's Ride" with great effect in good dialect, and some comic negro-songs followed. But we had the "Old Camp-ground" repeated before we went away, and none of us will ever forget it.

Next morning the principal singer and speaker was pointed out to us—a dark, handsome fellow, who looked in his sombrero like Fra Diavolo. "Mighty clever, but always in the guard-house:" this was the character they gave him. Plenty of talent is hidden away among the privates of our army, poor fellows! who cannot abjure the bottle or the dice, and are "always in the guard-house"—some of

them men of good family and education, but forgotten and forgetting. We were told of one who made exquisite carvings out of the white clay—of others who were artists, actors and musicians in these distant posts.

Our next camp was only seven miles off, for we lingered in the mountains. A small party of us walked the short distance through the fine cañons, where the high crags fringed with pines touched the blue, constantly crossing the brooks, and finding old friends among the willows, monkshood, painted cup and dogsbane. Every moment the view changed: new mountains and valleys opened before us. It was a lovely walk, but our commanding officer did not think it quite safe, and we refrained from these rambles afterward.

Again in camp, August 11, in a sweet green valley, with pine-covered hills, and one big mountain looking at us over their tops. A pretty spring was here with its bottom glittering with golden pyrites. Ah! if all that glitters were gold! A wild wind was sounding in the pines, the sky was bluer than blue, with great white clouds. As soon as we "lit out," the time being still early forenoon, Jeff, the black cook, immediately went to sleep, the dinner evidently not weighing heavily upon his mind. Whereupon a mischievous young officer fired a pistol close to his ear. The effect was comic. He started up, pale and dusky with fear: the whites of his eyes grew as large as tea-cups, and he stood bewildered a long time amid our shouts of laughter. Lulled by the pines, I too fell asleep, and was awakened by little L——, who was calling to me, "Oh, mamma, do be frightened!" A mountain-gale, almost a hurricane, was blowing, and as I sat in my tent dressing for dinner, first the stovepipe in the cook-tent began to sway to and fro; then down came tent, stovepipe and all, and Jeff and the dinner were buried in the ruins. The colonel rushed to the rescue and held up the stovepipe, and while I was wondering if he would continue to hold up that pipe till the dinner was cooked, lo! the wind increased and blew yet higher.

Rip! tear! went the tent over my head, and I was buried under a heap of canvas, and obliged to crawl out in a "rather mixed" state, hair flying, brush and comb in hand, and take refuge in the ambulance, where I made shift to finish my toilet, laughed at by all the camp. The ambulance did not quite blow over, but it shook like a leaf. Looking up at the big mountain that shut us in, its top was wild with great windy, snowy clouds, from which blew an icy current: turning to the other side, all the tents were going down like so many bubbles. Down went the dining-tent over table and cookery, and the question of dinner became an anxious one. But, though the soup was burnt, the dinner was cooked somehow, and we ladies sat in the ambulance and were fed by the officers, who went to and fro like mother-birds, bearing venison, vegetables and dessert. The dinner was all the more jolly for the mishap. There was a joke for every mouthful, and how it happened that we were not choked is a mystery. All was merry that day in the old 'bus. The gale subsided, the clouds drove away in a wild chase, and vanished over the Plains, leaving the open country before us as we looked down the gorge. Up went the tents again, and a cool starlit night followed, the wind still roaring and the fire flickering.

Next morning we breakfasted on the grass, and then walked a little way down the valley in the pure mountain-air that ran through the blood like wine. Dark-blue jays with black crests were flitting among the trees, screaming harshly; more familiar robins and chickadees sang and pursued the clouds of grasshoppers. The fantastic cliffs still stood on either side as we ran down rapidly, till rocks became hills, and a long dreary, moraine-like embankment hemmed us in. If this were not the bed of an extinct glacier, there is no use in the glacial theory. A softer bed might well be found. We jolted along till we cried for mercy, but it was of no use: on we must, over rough or smooth. As we looked back the whole range came more and more superbly into view, with all its array of pinnacles

and teeth, the great dome of Laramie lifting itself over-all like a wing. Still down, over stock and stone, crossing little divides and streams, till we came to camp about noon on a pretty spot near the forks of the Laramie, and were on the Plains once more. We crossed the clear rapid river, and encamped on the other side among long grass and cottonwood. Backward, the dear old peak was beautiful as ever, clearly defined and full of soft shadows of the clouds floating over it. The river ran swiftly in the foreground, fringed with lovely trees, and just where it ought to have stood to complete the picture was a large hay-wagon, with white mules and men with red shirts. We had come back to civilization again. The clouds grew rosy and deepened to flame, dark violet tinted the mountain, and we lingered till the last yellow light flashed up from the horizon and our last camp-fire was lighted. Our picnic would soon be over. We felt a little sad, and did not sing much that night. Though it was a capital night for sleeping, we observed that the straw in our beds had been slowly but surely diminishing for some time, and was now reduced to the last straw that broke the camel's back. The burs in this camp were numerous and varied, and so were the grasshoppers.

In the morning we walked, always looking back at the peak. How we had learned to love that mountain in all its aspects of sun and storm! How we had studied every fold in its garment, every seam in its brow, every outline of its summit! How happy we had been in its wild cañons! How loath we were to leave it! "Bless the Lord for the mountains!" says the old Swiss proverb.

Jeff now began to assume a hoary appearance, which was mysterious at first, but we soon discovered that he had carefully prepared the grease of "that bear," and used it to anoint his locks, and now that we were upon the road again the white dust clung to them obstinately, giving him a look of premature old age. This was the first time that bear's grease was ever known to be made from a real bear. The day's ride was lovely, in a

perfect atmosphere, following all the time the charming valley of the Laramie, and crossing the river nine times. The scene as we forded the stream and mounted the opposite bank was always pretty. It is indeed the most attractive and fertile valley we have seen, and containing many prosperous ranches protected by the fort. The river winds and loops about over a wide interval, bordered with yellow bluffs where shadows lie softly, and in the great bends the cattle find rich pasture. About noon we arrived at Kauffe's Ranch, a house of entertainment, where we found a dozen officers and their wives who had come to meet us, and soon after we entered the old fort and felt at home again. We were quartered in the prettiest—the only pretty barracks in the post, where the river fled swiftly by, and we looked out through blossoming morning-glories upon its clear current. Flowers are very precious in this country: it is next to impossible to have any; they are nursed like invalids. These quarters were called "Saints' Rest"—a row of buildings on the very edge of the river—the saints being gay young bachelors. The rooms were comfortable, but they seemed close and confined after camping out so long, and we missed the rose-bushes, pine-cones and grasshoppers.

In the morning we bade farewell to the kind friends and the hospitable fort, and to all the life at Laramie—heard the band for the last time, and went our way over the hot dry country where the grasshoppers had devoured all, and drought had eaten up the rest. Passing Chug Springs and the Chugwater, where there was almost no water at all, we arrived at Kelly's Ranch once more. How tame everything looked now, compared with

its aspect five weeks ago, when it was our first taste of wild life! We took another peep at the "one little, two little, three little Indians" of assorted sizes asleep in a row out of doors: we said good-bye to the turtle and the seal. Everything looked the same—the bluffs, the stream, the desert—but we were not the same; we had gained a rich and varied experience. This was our last camp: soon we must all part and go our several ways. Dusty, tanned and shabby we return, but well and happy. There is not a headache in a thousand miles of the air we have been breathing for a month past.

The next day's ride seemed dull, for it was our last, and soon we arrived once more at the good little homely town of Cheyenne. What could have been more successful than our trip? The weather was delicious save a few torrid days, the commissariat faultless, the kindness unfailing, the good-temper complete. Nothing went wrong. If there were any annoyances they were carefully concealed from us. It is impossible to impart the fine aroma of our camp-life to others, but we have it bottled up to keep for ever. The skies of Laramie will be always blue, its pines ever green in our memories. And for ever will rest there the thoughtful kindness of our colonel, the devotion of our lieutenants and captains, the fun of Camp Robinson, the jolly luncheon of Spotted Tail, the friendly faces at Fetterman, and the Sunday in Collins's Cut-off. If I remember not thee, O Laramie! may my right hand forget her cunning; if I remember not thee, thy plains, thy river and thy pleasant old fort, may I never ride in an ambulance again!

Laura Winthrop Johnson.

AUNT CINDY'S DINNER.

THE Rev. Mr. Burgiss slammed the front gate to, not because he was angry: the gate refused to stay shut unless it was slammed; and besides, the Rev. Mr. Burgiss was one of those bustling, nervous people who go through the world slamming everything that can be slammed. Moreover, on this particular day he felt unusually nervous. He bustled along the unkempt walk—things were apt to be unkempt on Mr. Burgiss's place—bustled up the steps into the square "passage," and bustled into the room at his right. In this room sat Mrs. Burgiss, as complacent as her husband was excitable, eating in a leisurely way an Indian peach. Perhaps I ought to tell you that Mrs. Burgiss had a pale face with brown trimmings. She wore her hair in "dog-ears;" that is, the front locks were combed smooth and low over the cheeks, then carried above the ears and confined to the back hair. Mr. Burgiss wore his hair roached. He had a receding chin—almost no chin at all—and a short, very curved parrot nose. He looked like a cockatoo.

"My dear," he said impetuously, "I've invited four persidin' elduz to dinner to-morrow. Now you'll have a chance to put the big kettle in the little one, an' I hope to see you do it. Let our brethren see what hospitality means in Brother Burgiss's house."

"We haven't any long tablecloth." Mrs. Burgiss made this startling announcement in an unconcerned way, quite in contrast with her husband's important manner. Then she slowly buried her teeth in the crimson flesh of the peach.

"Borrer one," said Mr. Burgiss with a promptness and energy entirely equal to the occasion—"sen' over to Brother Phillpotts's an' borrer one. He's a brother in the Lord an' one of the salts of the earth: an' Sister Phillpotts is a lovely sister—a sweet little sister as ever joined the Church. She'll be delighted

to len' a tablecloth or anything else to help on the good cause. Jus' sen' to Sister Phillpotts's for anything you haven't got. She can len' from her abundance an' feel no lack—no lack at all. It's her duty to help God's min'st'r'in servants. There is a comman' in her name. Phillpotts—*fill pots*. She is a stewardess of the Lord's, an' mus' one day give an account of her stewardship. Besides, haven't I been preachin' to Sister Phillpotts, off an' on, for going on fou' years—a-leadin' her an' her fam'ly to glory? Isn't 'he laborer worthy of his hire'?"

"Tell Cindy," said Mrs. Burgiss indolently, removing the peach-stone from her mouth, where it had been forming a knot on the cheek. She tossed it lazily into the open chimney-place, an *omnium gatherum* of litter and trash.

"Tell Cindy!" said Mr. Burgiss: "of course we'll tell Cindy. She'll have to do her tip-top bes' on the dinner, but you mus' len' a helpin' han'. Do, my dear, please try, for once, to wake out of you' easy-goin' way, an' let's do somethin' worthy of this gran' occasion. Yere we air to have fou' of God's distinguished ambassaduz under our humble roof to pa'take of our salt. It may be the occasion of my gettin' appointed to a number-one station at the nex' confrunce. It's the persidin' elduz, with the bishop, that have the appointin' power. Kissin' goes by favor. So, now, dear, jus' please do you' bes'."

"Of course I'll do all I can—I al'ays do," responded Mrs. Burgiss. She rose with a languid air, went to a glass of the size of a hymn-book that hung on the wall, took down a brush from its top and began to rearrange her "dog-ears." The Rev. Mr. Burgiss bustled out of the room into the square passage. This square passage is a feature seldom wanting to plantation-houses in certain localities of the South. It is a square floor connecting the two main rooms of the house, sometimes enclosed, but oftener open

on two sides. In Mr. Burgiss's house of hewed logs and clay chinking the passage was open, with block steps at the two unenclosed sides. Log houses as planters' residences are not uncommon. I have known Southern satraps, owning hundreds of slaves and leagues of land, dwelling in log houses of four or five rooms, and entertaining at dinners and evening-parties the country gentry for miles around. However, Mr. Burgiss was not one of these autocrats. All told, he owned but seventeen slaves. At this time he was a "local preacher" of the Methodist Church, but he was intending to go into the traveling connection at the next conference.

Mr. Burgiss hurried down the back steps into the yard, and crossed the yard to that kitchen. I wish I could take you into this kitchen. You, perhaps, have been used to a city kitchen, whose wood-work is grained or painted white—as one of my friends insists on having hers, that dirt may stand confessed beyond all peradventure. Your kitchen floor is carpeted or painted, or, better still, kept scoured white as new pine. The stove shines, the tins are like silver. There are hydrants and drains, pantries, closets, cupboards, drawers—a place for everything and everything in its place. Now let me tell you about Mrs. Burgiss's culinary department, or rather Aunt Cindy's, for Mrs. B. fought shy of the kitchen. In the first place, it was an outhouse, sixty feet at least from the family residence—"the house," as it is called *par excellence*—so that the meals had to pass under the skies, rain or shine, to reach the table. In the second place, this kitchen was no house at all, but a simple rude shed—a roof supported by four posts sunk in the ground. On the dirt floor stood the biscuit-table, where the biscuits were made deliciously light without the aid of chemical processes—beaten light—and where, in a wooden dug-out tray, the various corn-breads were mixed as only the Aunt Cindies and Aunt Dinahs of the South can mix them. Why is it that the most skillful cook in a Northern kitchen, using unsparingly all those "good things" that are conceded to

ensure a delicious result, is unable to produce corn-bread at all approaching in sweetness and delicacy that found in almost any Southern negro cabin? The Southern dinner-bread found at the table of rich and poor is made by stirring, with the naked hand, water and a pinch of salt into a coarsely-ground corn-meal, and yet Aunt Dinah's "corn-dodger" is more toothsome than any preparation of Indian meal of which Delmonico's is capable.

But to return to Aunt Cindy. Her kitchen was entirely open on three sides, the fourth being partially occupied by a clay-and-stick chimney. In the fireplace the logs rested, in lieu of andirons, on two chunks, and here depended the iron crane on which by means of pothooks were hung the kettles for boiling. The baking was accomplished in deep Dutch ovens or in shallow skillets with lids, the glowing coals plying their heat above as well as below. The hoe-cakes were cooked on a flat disk of iron supported on legs over coals. The broiling was done—and capitably done, too—on a gridiron laid on the coals: sometimes the meat was placed immediately on the coals, from which the ashes had been blown. Then there was a trivet—a rim of iron on three legs a few inches high—which was the coffee-pot's stool. Besides these, there was a meat-block, which also served Aunt Cindy as a seat. Standing almost under the eaves was a bench which she used for elevating her portly figure when she was searching the hewed log sleeper under the rafters for spoons or forks, or papers of spice, each with the inevitable leak. Indeed, these sleepers and the yellow clay jambs of the chimney-place answered the purposes of shelves, closets, drawers and all those other things belonging to the class called "kitchen conveniences." Those jambs especially Aunt Cindy pronounced "mighty handy." They were the receptacles of the shovel and tongs, the kitchen knife, the dish-cloth, the trivet, the coffee-pot, the rolling-pin, the cook's tobacco and pipe, the gridiron, the pot-covers, and indeed everything pertaining to kitchen furniture to which they could afford lodgment.

"Well, Cindy," said the Rev. Mr. Burgiss, "you air goin' to have a chance to-morrow to distinguish you'self."

Cindy was a tall and fleshy woman, weighing three hundred and seventeen pounds. She was sitting on the block which was seat or meat-slab as the occasion demanded. She rose from this block with a heaving, labored motion, which called to mind a steamboat getting under way. "I's tolerbul distinguished a'ready," she replied. Perhaps the speaker found a difficulty in raising and lowering her astonishing lower jaw and double chin: her words had a queer smothered sound, as though coming through hot mush. "What's gwyne on ter-morrer?" she asked.

"Why, we air goin' to have fou' persidin' elduz yere to dinner to-morrow—yes, fou' persidin' elduz."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Aunt Cindy, almost overwhelmed. "Mussy on us! Fou' puzzidun' elduz! Reckons I hab ter stir my stumps tolerbul lively 'bout dat dar dinner;" and her eyes, hid away in rolls of fat like pin-heads in a cushion, began to twinkle in anticipation of a culinary triumph. "But," she continued, clouding again, "we-all ain't got no little pig. Can't git no dinner fit for shucks widouten a pig roas' whole, wid a red apple in its mouf. Mus' hab a pig somehows, to be sartin."

"Oh, we can get a pig," said Mr. Burgiss assuredly: "jus' sen' Tony over to Brother Phillpotts's early in the mawnin' to borrrer one. Tell him to tell Sister Phillpotts that I'll return it the fust chance. An' now, Cindy, my girl, jus' do you' bes' on that dinner. Trus' in the Lord an' fear nothin'."

"'Deed I'll do my very bes'. Puffidin' dinner for fou' puzzidun' elduz is a heap er 'spons'bil'ty, but I reckons yer'll fin' ole Cindy kin tote it. Jis' don't worrit you'sef."

Aunt Cindy was an ardent Methodist. That the path to heaven lay through the Methodist "meetin'-house" she as earnestly believed as that she had a soul to save. She would reluctantly grant that a sinner might "git rerligion" elsewhere than at a Methodist protracted meeting or

on a camp-ground, but in her heart of hearts she did not believe the thing possible. With her, any Methodist minister was an object of reverence—a presiding elder, as being nearer God, of adoration. According to her creed, "Jesus hes got hol' er God's han'; de bishop hol' er Jesus's; de puzzidun' elduz hol' er de bishop's; den comes de station-preachers, an' circuit-riduz, an' eggsorters; den we pore mizzibul sinners, all in a string, pullin' fer hebben; an' ef we-all hol's on tell deaf pawts dis amottle frame, we'll git dar shos yer bawn."

When the Rev. Mr. Burgiss had left her, Aunt Cindy lighted her cob-pipe from the hot embers and re-seated herself on the meat-block, as though she was settled for life. She shut her eyes that she might the better contemplate the morrow's responsibilities, and was soon fast asleep, her cob-pipe fallen and emptied into her lap, and her copperas-striped apron slowly burning under her nose. The fumes finally woke her. "Sakes er live!" she exclaimed, rubbing out the fire between her broad fat hands with their cushion-like backs. "What in de worl' ef I hadn't woked jis' in time to put mysef out! Dat dar dinner fer dem fou' puzzidun' elduz! Take kere, Cindy Burgiss," she continued, apostrophizing herself: "yer can't be spawed yit—not by no means."

At this moment Mrs. Burgiss entered. Aunt Cindy retained possession of the meat-block. She wished to conceal the burns in her apron; then she never rose to her feet when she could help it, and she did not hold her mistress in any great awe.

"What yer come fer, Miss Rithy?" she demanded in a challenging tone.

"I come to see 'bout the dinner to-morrow. How wa'm it is!" and then the lady yawned.

"Now, look yere, Miss Rithy" (Zuretha was Mrs. Burgiss's name): "yer needn't come yere henderin' de cook wid you' nonsense-talk 'bout dat dar dinner. Yer don't know nuthin' 't all, sca'cely. Jis' go 'long, an' don't go pesterin' you'sef 'bout dat dar dinner. Yer better b'lieve I's gwyne ter fotch it out all right—din-

ner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz. De Lord 'll puffide : He'll he'p me. Law ! I's seed de circuit-rider go inter de pulpit not knowin' nuffin' 't all 'bout what he's gwyne ter preach—jis' leanin' on de Lord—an' I's seed him preach sich a discou'se es would set mos' ebrybody derstracted. De Lord 'll he'p me, to be sho. Ain't I got ter git dinner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz uv His'n ? Don't yer pester you'sef one bit : jis' lean on me an' de Lord."

"Well, do it up all right," said Mrs. Burgiss, relieved of all anxiety—if indeed she was capable of any—by Aunt Cindy's tone of sufficiency.

"Law, Miss Rithy!" the negro answered with a dash of resentment in her tone, "ain't I bin uster dinners an' sich all my bawn days ? When I lib at you' paw's we uster hab sich things gwyne on all de blessed time. Dat wus when yer wus tolerbul little, 'fo'e ole Mars' Pettergill loss his prop'ty. Yer paw uster hab a heap er black folks, an', I tell yer, we-all uster hab a heap er fun a-dancin' an' a-morryin' an' a-habbin' fun'ruls. Dar wus so many uv we-all black folks, yer see, dar uster be heaps er fun'ruls ; but, law ! when dar's sich few es dar is on dis yere plantation yer can't hab no 'musements sca'cely. Law, Miss Rithy ! yer don't know what yer tawkin' 'bout. I's seed a heap mo'e fine gwyne-ons dan what yer ebber done, kase when you' paw los' his prop'ty yer wus tolerbul little. I'll bring dat dar dinner all right outen dem dar pots an' kittles, shos yer bawn."

With this assurance Mrs. Burgiss departed from the kitchen, fully restored to her usual complacent mood of spirit.

"Dat light-bread ought to be sot ter raisin' ?" Aunt Cindy soliloquized when left alone. She spread out a fat hand on each knee and helped herself up from the meat-block. Then she mounted the bench that served as her observatory and began searching the log sleeper, rummaging among the various paper parcels. "Wonder what's gone wid dem twin brudders ?" she said. (Aunt Cindy was looking for a small package of "Twin Brothers' yeast cakes," which some Yankee had introduced in the neighborhood.)

"Dat dar Tony's gone an' toted off dem

dartwin brudders, I'll be boun'.—To-nee ! To-nee !" she called at the height of her muffled voice. "I see yer sneakin' 'hin' dat dar chicken-coop : yere'd better come yere, 'fo'e I comes dar an' fatches yer wid a peach-tree limb. Hurry 'long outen dat dar snail's pace."

Tony appeared, looking like a tattered scarecrow with a live head.

"Whar's dem dar twin brudders ? I want's ter put one uv um ter soak. What yer gone an' done wid dem dar twin brudders ?" persisted Aunt Cindy.

"I hain't done nuffin' 't all wid dem dar twin brudders—nebber tetch'd um," Tony declared, half frightened, half sullen.

"Hush you' mouf, yer story-teller ! I'll be boun' yer's gone an' feeded all dem twin brudders to de chickens : yer's too lazy ter mix a little cawn-meal fer um."

"Nebber feeded dem dar twin brudders to de chickens, no more'n nuffin'," Tony insisted.

"How yer reckons I's gwyne ter git dinner fer dem fou' puzzidun' elduz ef I hain't got no twin brudders to make de light-bread ?"

"I dun know."

"Ob cou'se yer dun know : yer dun know nuffin'. Come yere while I boxes you' jaw : I boxes yer kase I lubbed you' gran'mudder. Me an' her uster play to-gedder when we-all wus bofe gals to-gedder."

Aunt Cindy was heaving and balancing herself preparatory to a descent from the bench on which she was mounted. Down she stepped at length, her broad bare foot meeting the dirt floor with a heavy thud—or slap, rather.

"Come, long up yere," continued Aunt Cindy.

Tony was moving toward her with a reluctant, bewildered air, his dead grandmother and the twin brothers all in a jumble in his brain, when Aunt Cindy suddenly exclaimed, "Dar's dem twin brudders now, on dat dar jam' !" Tony smiled from ear to ear in his satisfaction at having escaped the impending boxing. "Hush you' grinnin' dar, yer impudence ! an' go 'long an' fotch me some

hick'ry-bok to cook dat dinner. Wasn't yer 'ware I's got ter git dinner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz?"

Tony gave a long whistle of astonishment, and went off toward the woods.

While the yeast-cake was soaking Aunt Cindy set to work collecting materials for a cake—a pound-cake with icing—she had decided upon. Although her movements were slow and labored, there were strength and force in them, so that she accomplished a surprising amount of work. She didn't lose much time looking for spoons and forks. She stirred things with her finger, and with it she tested her gravies and sauces and custards. It needed but a few strokes of her warm, strong hand to beat the butter to a cream: a few turns more and the sugar was thoroughly incorporated with this. Then with some twigs of crape-myrtle, in lieu of an egg-beater, the yolk of the eggs was soon foaming and the white standing alone. Lastly, she bethought her of the cinnamon to make it "tasty," she said. Panting and blowing, she again ascended her observatory, and began snuffing, tasting and peering at the various paper parcels on the log sleeper. "Whar kin dat cin-mon-bok be at?" she said. "I hain't seed it sence I tuk it to meetin' to scent my han'kercher. I'll be bound dat dar Tony's done gone an' tuck an' et dat dar cin-mon-bok, ha'r an' hide. Maybe I put it in de big gou'd."

She waddled down from the bench and across the shed to a gourd as large as a giant pumpkin, and with much the shape of one. She turned it bottom up on the dirt floor, and out poured an incredible assortment of things—a fork, three partridge-eggs, a headkerchief, a pair of slippers, a dish-towel, two peaches, a purple belt-ribbon, a vial of hair oil, a hymn-book, a lump of loaf sugar, a stick of sassafras-root, a paper of saleratus, and another of snuff. "Tain't yere." She looked the jams over, and then with a majestic waddle, she crossed the yard to the house.

"Miss Rithy," she said when she found herself in Mrs. Burgiss's presence, "I ain't gwyne ter take de 'spons'bil'ity uv

no poun'-cake widouten cin'mon-bok to puffume it, an' I hain't got no cin'mon-bok on my premsis."

"Sen' over to Brother Phillpotts's an' borror a stick," said the lady appealed to, returning to her perforated cardboard, on which she was working in rainbow worsteds a church with a man beside it. The man was taller than the steeple.

Aunt Cindy went her way, and soon the yard was resounding with calls for Tony. But in vain it resounded: no Tony answered. "I'll be boun' he's laid down under a black-jack an' gone ter sleep," she muttered. Then she called Nervy, and there came an answer from away off in the gin-house. Nervy was granddaughter to Aunt Cindy, and her mother was dead. She was nurse-maid to all the slave babies in turn, unless there were more than one at a time, so that the girl was seldom seen without a baby in her arms or on her back.

Up the lane, in a field to the right, stood the gin-house where the cotton was ginned, with two broad wing-like scaffolds where the cotton was sunned. Close by was the great screw with its long arms where the cotton was baled. Nervy came out of the pick-room, the apartment which received through a wooden flue the light, downy cotton as it came from the gin, and where the fleece hung from the walls and rafters in streamers and festoons like white gauze, and, piled in great drifts soft and pure as snow, was banked up to the roof like summer clouds. A plunge into one of those tempting banks was not unattended with the risk of smothering, for it was unstable and treacherous as down. Of course, then, Nervy ought not to have been in the pick-room with that little black baby, but that the place was wellnigh empty, containing only a remnant of last year's crop, which had been reserved for home consumption.

Over the fence into the lane scrambled Nervy, the little black baby clinging squirrel-like as she pulled up one side of the rail-fence and backed down the other. Throwing her arms behind her and clasping the baby, she went trotting down the lane. Cotton-lint was clinging

in fantastic streamers and bunches all over her funny hair: her coarse homespun dress was streaming out behind as she trotted, for it was slit to the knee, exposing her bare legs and feet.

"Yer better hurry 'long," called her grandmother in a scaring tone. "Whar yer been all dese two hours, anyhow? an' what yer doin' wid all dat dar cotton in you' head?"

"Nuffin'," said poor Nervy with a hang-dog look. "Bin playin' in de pick-room," she added.

"Yes, an' fus' thing we-all knows yer'll go smudder dat dar baby in de sof' cotton. Playin'! What business yer got playin' when I's wukkin' myself to skin an' bones, yer lazy good-fer-nuffin'!"

As the speaker stood there, her fat hands spread out on her fat thighs, her monstrous chest rising and falling with her effort at scolding, Nervy giggled at the skin-and-bone image. Being laughed at was one thing that Aunt Cindy always resented. "Come yere, while I show yer how ter laugh 'tother side uv you' mouf."

What the speaker meant by this threat I cannot say, and I am equally unable to tell you the location of that 'tother side of Nervy's mouth that was not laughing.

"I won't laugh no more, gran'mammy, long es I live," the child pleaded.

"I don't reckons yer will arter I guv yer dis boxin'. Yer'll 'member it long es yer libs. Sot dat dar chile down while I boxes yer."

Nervy deposited the little half-nude baby on the dirt floor, and stood up cowering, glancing from the broad, strong hands to the face whose cheeks stood out with fatness. There was a meek, supplicating look in the little upturned black face.

"Mockin' you' s'periors!" continued the grandmother. "It's my duty ter box yer fer you' mudder's sake. Law! yer looks jis' like yer mammy! Go 'long!" she said, suddenly turning away from the child with the quick tears in her eyes as she remembered her dead Hannah in the graveyard at "ole Mars' Pettergill's." "Go to de woods an' fotch dat dar Tony,"

she continued, without showing her face to the child.

Nervy knelt with her back to the little black baby. The baby scrambled to its accustomed place and clung with its arms and legs. Then Nervy trotted off with her burden.

In process of time Tony appeared with three small pieces of bark, and was properly or improperly belabored by Aunt Cindy's tongue, she declaring that she could "eat all dat dar bok," and demanding to be told how she was "gwyne ter cook dinner fer fou' puzziidun' eldaz wid dat thimbulful of bok. An' my cakes a-sottin' yere waitin' all dis while, an' all dat 'niskent white froff gittin' limber, an' all de lather done gone ouden dat dar yaller! An' I beat dat dar egg tell my arm ache to de morrer-bone. Yer go 'long an' hurry an' catch ole Jack an' go to Mis' Phillpotts's ter borry somethin'."

Tony hurried off, glad to get away from Aunt Cindy and her uncertain moods. It was over an hour, however, before he got started for Mrs. Phillpotts's; for, first, he had to indulge himself in repeated climbings and slidings on the fodder-stacks; then in divers tumbings and leapings in the straw-pen; then he "skinned the cat" a few dozen times; then he had a thrilling ride round and round the barnyard swinging on old Jack's tail; then he made a raid on some blackberry-bushes in the fence corner, where he ate berries as long and thick as his thumb for ten minutes. Then he put a bridle on the old gray mule, mounted its bare back, and entered upon a course of pullings, tuggings and kickings to the end of making the said mule go forward to Mrs. Phillpotts's, instead of backward to its stall, as it seemed determined to do. As all the boy's thoughts and energies were thus engaged, it never occurred to him that he didn't know what he was going for until he stood in Mrs. Phillpotts's presence, feeling and looking very foolish. Nothing remained to be done but to remount his gallant steed, return to Aunt Cindy, and ascertain the nature of the something he was to borrow from Mrs. Phillpotts. Oh, how he shrunk from the forthcoming interview

with Aunt Cindy! Her dreaded hands doubled in size to his frightened fancy, and his ears seemed to tingle with the inevitable boxing which Aunt Cindy would be certain to feel it her duty to administer because she loved his grandmother.

"Wish she nebber lubbed my gran'-mammy—wish she hate my gran'-mammy," Tony whispered to his beating heart as on went old Jack at a spanking, bouncing trot that threatened to unhorse the rider. It seemed to Tony that no other mule ever trotted so relentlessly. He clung desperately to the bridle and the roached mane, and was trotted on by the merciless brute past the house, through the barnyard and into the stable, Tony throwing himself almost under the belly to save himself from being rubbed off in the low doorway.

"Whyn't yer spen' de night at Mis' Phillpotts's?" Cindy asked when he appeared in her presence, his eyes distended and rolling in frightened anticipation. "Dat white's done gone back twict, waitin' on you' lazy bones. Nobody but a bawn cook could fotch a poun'-cake fit fer fou' puzzidun' elduz outen sich tribulations. Don't yer know I's got ter git dinner fer fou' puzzidun' elduz? But, law! yer wouldn't kere ef dey wus fou' bishops. What do yer kere 'bout religion? Yer's so wicked! Gim me dat cin'mon-bok, an' don't stan' dar shilly-shally, like a gobbler on hot tin."

Then came Tony's acknowledgment that he had gone all the way to Mrs. Phillpotts's without once thinking that he did not know what he was going for. You should have seen how Aunt Cindy received this when the idea had fairly taken possession of her mind. It went to her funny spot. Planting her hands, outspread, on her sides, as if to fortify herself against shaking to pieces, she began laughing, almost without a sound, as though she was too well cushioned to make any noise. She quivered all over like a great mass of jelly, swaying back and forth, her head falling on her chest, on this shoulder and on that, till she fell with a great flop on the meat-block, where she continued to sway, and roll, and

quiver. Tony's intense appreciation of the turned tide, expressed in broad grins, in titters, in giggles, in shuffles, in balancings, in hand-rubbings, was about as funny as Aunt Cindy's characteristic laughing. Before this laughing was ended he had made good his escape, and in process of events was repeating his tuggings and pullings at old Jack's bridle. It was dark before he returned from his errand, for Mrs. Phillpotts, not having any cinnamon, had sent a runner to Mrs. McDonald for the article; Mrs. McDonald, in turn, had sent to Mrs. Doubleday, and Mrs. Doubleday to the cross-roads store. Aunt Cindy never went to bed that night—never went to her cabin: she sat up with her cake and light-bread.

It was on the next day, the day of the important dinner for the important guests, that the real bustle began. Everybody on the plantation was enlisted except the babies. These, left to their own tender mercies, were toddling or crawling about the yard in a lost and reckless way, and had to be rescued from many a thrilling danger—from tubs of water, from cracks of fences, from dizzy heights, from thorns and briars, from the setting hen, the gander and the turkey-gobbler. There were dishes to be borrowed, and knives and forks and spoons and ovens and skillets and pots and kettles. The pig had to be butchered and the chickens dressed. There was the square table to be pieced out; fuel to be brought from the woods and chopped; countless pails of water from the spring, distant an eighth of a mile. All the plantation had to be ransacked for eggs—the garden, fields and orchards scoured for vegetables, melons and fruit. Pete was sent six miles for a bag of apples from Mr. La Mai's orchard, the only one in the neighborhood. Andy had to go to mill with a bag of corn before there could be any bread for dinner, for "light-bread," which with Northern people is the staff of life, is with Southern people a knick-knack.

It was approaching ten o'clock, and Aunt Cindy was getting panicky; not that she distrusted her abilities—she believed in herself as she did in the Meth-

odist Church. "But," she said, "niggers ain't to be 'pended on, 'specially dat dar Tony." It was about this hour that a very important article in the get-up of a dinner was found to be missing—namely, salt. After the customary search that preceded the use of anything which Aunt Cindy had occasion to employ, she went in to Mrs. Burgiss with the intelligence. This lady was gathering a ruffle for the neck of her dress, and was, by all odds, the most composed person on the plantation. Mrs. Burgiss made the usual suggestion of sending to Mrs. Phillpotts's. Aunt Cindy went her way, but in a moment was back: "We-all ain't got no blackberry cordial ter pass 'roun' wid dat dar poun'-cake," she said.

"Well, don't pester me, Aunt Cindy: jus' sen' to Brother Phillpotts's or somewhere else for anything we haven't got."

"Ain't no hosses lef' in' de bawn ter sen' fer nuffin' else: dey's all off bor'-rin'."

"Then sen' one of the negroes afoot."

"Ain't no niggers nuther ter sen': dey's all off bor'-rin, too."

"Well, manage it jus' as you like," said Mrs. Burgiss blandly.

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Cindy, turning away. She came back immediately: "Law, Miss Rithy! here's dem dar chil'ren — Miss Mary Summerfiel' an' Miss Susan Wesley—ain't fix up a speck. Yer mus' git fix up, honeys. Law! didn't you-all know we-all's gwyne ter hab fou' puzzidun' elduz ter dinner? Go put on you' shoes an' stockin's an' you' new caliker frocks."

"Mine's dirty," said Susan Wesley.

"Mine's tore," said Mary Summerfield.

As it was scarcely practicable to borrow dresses for these little ladies, Susan Wesley was set down to mend, Mary Summerfield's calico dress, and Mary Summerfield was sent with Susan Wesley's to the spring, where black Polly was washing out some articles which would be in demand at the dinner-party.

"Dell law! Miss Rithy!" said Aunt Cindy, reappearing after a few minutes, "dat Tony an' Alfred mus' be fix up an' sot at de fron' gate ter take de fou' puz-

zidun' elduz' hosses, an' ter tote um to de bawn; an' Nervy mus' be fix up ter keep de flies offen dat tabul."

All this was desirable, but when they came to the point of fixing up the Burgiss retainers they came upon a problem. After much search and consultation it was decided as a last resort to hem up the legs of Mr. Burgiss's winter pantaloons for the boys that were "to tote the fou' puzzidun' elduz' hosses to the bawn." Then a reverend swallow-tailed coat was added to Alfred's wardrobe, the cuffs being turned back and the long waist buttoned to the chin. Tony, who was smaller and had a clean shirt, was more comfortable but less satisfied in massa's vest. Very grotesque-looking figures they were, as was little Nervy in a dress which she stepped on in walking, and which necessitated a ceaseless hitching up of the shoulders to prevent its slipping off the wearer.

But how can I hope to picture Aunt Cindy's kitchen as the battle thickened? Great logs were roaring and blazing in the broad fireplace. Hanging before this was the pig, roasting entire. Then came a huge tin reflector, with its buggy-like top gleaming in the firelight and reflecting its heat on the rows of beaten biscuits thus baking. Over half the dirt floor patches of coals had been drawn from the fireplace, and on these beds were ovens and skillets and pots and trivets and gridirons in bewildering number and confusion. Outside the kitchen-shed, seated on the ground, were negro children, boys' and girls, husking green corn, paring potatoes, peeling and stoning peaches, stringing beans, paring cymilins, peeling tomatoes, etc., etc. Nervy was shelling marrowfats, and the little black baby was eating them. Then there were three women assistants in the kitchen that "hendered more'n they he'ped," according to the head-cook. Cindy herself was moving about in her elephantine way, ordering the assistants, boxing the children, basting the hissing pig, stirring the custards, tasting the gravies, lifting the pot-covers, shifting an oven on the coals to ensure an even bake; transferring a shovel of coals from

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the chimney-place to a kettle on the outskirts of her lines; searching the jambs and sleepers for some condiment or cloth; renewing the fire, calling for water, etc., etc. And all the while there was such a hissing and sputtering and bubbling and steaming and sizzling as would have been entirely worthy of four times "fou' puzzidun' elduz."

Nervy, having finished her pea-shell-ing, was prancing back and forth over the brown grass, admiring over her shoulder the effect of her sweeping train, when she perceived up the lane a great cloud of dust, and heard Tony call, "Dey's er comin'! dar dey is! Dem fou' puzzidun' elduz is er comin'!"

Nervy repeated the cry; then somebody else did the same; then another, till the whole plantation rang with it. Then there was a general rush from said plantation. Even Mrs. Burgiss rushed—buttoning her dress as she rushed—to the front window. Aunt Cindy deserted her dinner, and with a flour-sifter in her hand went, blowing like a porpoise and strewing the sifted flour as she went, to the side-yard to witness the important arrival. Little black faces and big black faces were pressed against cracks in the palings or were peering from behind chimneys and around house-corners, while the happy, important and envied Tony and Alfred ran to their posts at the gate to take the horses and "tote" them to the barn.

Mr. Burgiss was on hand, giving a bustling and noisy greeting to his guests. "Welcome, my brother," he said to each of the four in turn—"welcome to the hospitalities of my humble roof. As long as Brother Burgiss has a crus' of cawnbread he'll share it with a brother Methodist."

They were conducted to the house, and seated in the open passage for coolness, for the air was sultry. There was that inertia and hush in the atmosphere that precedes a thunderstorm, and dark-gray clouds were banking in the southwest.

"I see you take the *Ladies' Repository*, Brother Burgiss," said one of the elders in the course of conversation, opening

the magazine and turning to an engraving.

"The *Ladies' Repository*," exclaimed Brother Burgiss with energetic enthusiasm, "is the pretties' book in America;" and he brought his leg a ringing slap with his open palm by way of emphasizing his remark. "The pretties' book in America!" Again he slapped his leg. "The han'somes' book on this continent or any other, Brother Falconer. As to its matter, I place it among the classics;" and he turned to another of the elders—"in the fron' rank of the classics, Brother Purryne. There are but two books in the worl' that outrank it, Brother Underwood," he continued, again changing his auditor.

"And what are those?" asked Elder Underwood, his eyes twinkling at this extraordinary announcement.

"The *Methodis' Discipline* and the Bible," answered Brother Burgiss courageously. "The *Methodis' Discipline* is the mos' wonderful book in the civilized language—the mos' superior uninspired book that was ever extant—the mos' superior book, I may say, the universe ever saw. We're a wonderful people, my dear brother—a wonderful people, we Methodists. We keep the worl' movin'."

"We help to do it," Brother Foster modestly amended.

"My dear Brother Foster, we move the worl'—we move it," Mr. Burgiss reiterated, bringing his hands together with a ringing spat—"the religious worl', you understan'. Who's doin' anything, for instance, to take this district to glory except the Methodists?"

"The Presbyterians have established some flourishing churches in this neighborhood," suggested Elder Purryne.

"The Presbyterians!" exclaimed Mr. Burgiss with impetuous scorn. "I wouldn't give that"—and he snapped his finger "with a flourish"—"for all the good they'll do at bringin' sinners down. The Presbyterians are behinders—the Methodists are leadin' the advance: we're Christ's vanguard. Presbyterians can't hold a candle to us. We can out-number them; we can out-preach them; we can out-sing them; we can out-pray them; we can

out-shout them. Religion would die out—die out from the face of the livin' earth, Brother Purryne—but for the Methodis' Church, but for our protracted meetin's, our class-meetin's, our camp-meetin's, our love-feasts, our revivals. Presbyterians could never have such a thing as a camp-meetin', Brother Underwood—never! They ain't got enough of the knock-down in 'em: too col'—no fire. They're afraid to shout—afraid somebody'll hear 'em. It takes the Methodists to storm heaven: it's only the Methodists that can be trusted to give the devil a bayonet charge. Presbyterians will do to stan' off an' shoot arrers, but when heaven is to be carried by assault, give me the ol'-fashioned, camp-meetin', shoutin' Methodists. Sinners can't get to heaven at no easy Presbyterian gait: if we ever get to heaven, Brother Underwood (which may we all do, my dear brethren!), we've got to trot it every step of the way. The Methodists have got hol' of the bes' thing out. Indeed, the Methodis' Church is the phenomena of America."

"I remember hearing you say that in a sermon at the Bush Camp-ground last fall," said Brother Underwood.

Mr. Burgiss colored, for those heroics he had been delivering were passages from one of his favorite sermons.

"That was a very striking discourse," continued Brother Underwood, "but one sentence in it impressed me as so remarkable that I have remembered it to this day."

Mr. Burgiss brightened and bustled with delight. "And what was that sentence, my dear brother?" he asked.

"You said, 'When Cleopatra raised the poisoned chalice to her lips.' I had always supposed that Cleopatra was killed by the poison of asps."

"Hem! haw!" said Mr. Burgiss, bustling and fidgeting, "it was—hem!—it was formerly thought so, but—hem!—more recent historical authorities, Brother Underwood, says deff'rent."

Here the entrance of Mrs. Burgiss created a diversion, and the conversation changed to the duties of Methodist women in matters of dress. Soon after

this the impending storm broke. The rain appeared to descend not in drops, but in streams and sheets and spouts: the thunder seemed on the roof, and the roof coming down. And the storm burst just as Aunt Cindy was dishing her dinner. By dint of engaging all the hands on the plantation in simultaneous action she had managed to get all the dinner accessories from the spring-house just as the vegetables, meats, etc. in the kitchen were being dished, so that all the cold things might be kept cold, and all the hot things hot, till the final moment. And now it was "rainin' blazes," according to Tony. But delay was out of the question: the dinner must be got on the table, yet the kitchen, as you are supposed to remember, was sixty feet from the house. Aunt Cindy was on the verge of tears. Everybody stood irresolute.

Tony had an inspiration: he was bursting to tell, yet Aunt Cindy looked as stormy as the skies. He recalled her uncertain moods, and remembered that she owed a duty to him for his grandmother's sake. Tony trembled, but spoke: "Umberillers an' porr'sols!"

A swift change swept the leader's face. She caught Tony up and kissed him, and that made Tony cry. "Git um," she said—"git all de umberillers an' porr'sols."

Soon there were collected a dozen or more of these, the "fou' puzzidun' elduz's" umbrellas being pressed into service. Almost every negro at the South who owns anything has an umbrella or parasol, for there is a long period of sunshine to fight.

A procession was formed of the dinner-carriers, at whose head marched Aunt Cindy, bearing the roast pig with a red apple in its mouth. I must tell you that Aunt Cindy wore a pink calico dress made with short sleeves and low in the neck. When all was ready, and she had sufficiently bewildered her corps of assistants by the multitude of her instructions, with a tread of her bare feet that shook the house she crossed the square passage, from which the rain had driven the company, and stood in the august presence of the "fou' puzzidun' elduz." "Sarvant, marsters!" she said

in a tone of simple reverence which was really touching. Then she curtsied in a way that raised a momentary fear that she would never be able to recover herself, but must go down. "Dinner is serve."

Mrs. Burgiss rose languidly, Mr. Burgiss bustling.

"Come, my brethren," said the reverend host, "let us see what good things—"

"The cook hath provided for them that love them—that is to say, the good things," interrupted Elder Underwood, who was a funny man.

Then they crossed the open passage, being well sprinkled in the transit, and entered the room where Aunt Cindy's dinner was spread. The table reached the length of the room, and was literally jammed. From this you will infer that Aunt Cindy had served all her viands together. This was even so—fish, flesh, fowl, pig, pastry, pudding, cabbage, cake, cordial, all in a jumble. But there was method in her jumbling. As headwaiter she superintended all the serving, and she never offered two incongruous articles together. There was complete harmony, perfect dovetailing. She was an untutored culinary genius. She had never heard of a fifteen-course dinner, but she nevertheless played off the courses "by ear," to borrow from the musicians.

And surely there never was a funnier subject than Aunt Cindy—her great heart in an attitude of reverence toward those "fou' puzzidun' elduz," every inch of her swollen with the importance of ministering to such dignitaries; buzzing and panting and heaving about the table; finessing to get all her dishes tested; upbraiding, threatening, encouraging in pantomime her assistants; vibrating in a waddling run, under an umbrella, between the dining-room and kitchen; shaking the house as she moved, even to the dislodging of the clay daubing, and causing the dishes to tremble for their lives.

And there never was a happier, more complacent creature than this same Aunt Cindy, seated that afternoon on the meat-block, with a satisfied stomach, re-living in memory her triumph, and fondly repeating to her heart all the words of commendation bestowed on her dinner by the "fou' puzzidun' elduz"—no happier creature, Tony perhaps excepted, as he sat under a clump of china trees, the skies having cleared, eating all that he wanted, and more too, of the marvelous dinner. And if that dinner did not procure for the Rev. Mr. Burgiss the desired station appointment, is it not clear that presiding elders are ungrateful?

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

MONTAIGNE.

THE following is the preface affixed by Montaigne to the first edition of his *Essays*, printed in Bordeaux in 1580:

"THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

"This is a book of good faith, reader. It tells you from the beginning that I have proposed to myself no object other than a domestic and private one; I have had in it no consideration for your service, nor for my own glory; my powers are not equal to such a design. I have

intended it merely for the private use of my family and friends; so that, having lost me (which they must soon do), they may there be able to find some traces of my conditions and humors, and that by this means they may nourish more entirely and to the life the knowledge they have had of me. Had it been to seek the favor of the world, I would have adorned it with borrowed beauties. I wish that people may there see me in my simple, natural and ordinary fashion,

without study and artifice; for it is myself that I paint. My defects may be read there to the life, my imperfections and my natural form, as much as my reverence for the public permits. Had I been among those nations who it is said still live under the sweet liberty of the first laws of Nature, I assure you that I would have very willingly painted myself entirely and quite naked. Thus, reader, I myself am the matter of my book: there is no reason why you should employ your leisure with so frivolous and vain a subject; therefore adieu.

"From MONTAIGNE, this 12th of June, 1580."

Of but few volumes in literature can it be said that the preface is so apposite and so exact an introduction. A book which really gave us a faithful picture of its writer, of his feelings, his impressions, his methods of thought, so freed from the distortions of his personal equation—or rather with such unvarying fidelity that we could calculate his personal equation for ourselves—would be more valuable than a personal intimacy with him could be, since it would afford to the entire reading world and to distant generations a specimen of human nature to be studied at our best leisure, and with the advantageous results which accrue from such a study. The fact that Montaigne has done this accounts for the favor with which his book was received at its first appearance, and for the increasing interest which it has excited up to the present time.

As he says himself of his writings, in his essay *Of the Education of Children*, "I see better than any other that all I write is but the idle whimsies of a man that has only nibbled upon the outward crust of the sciences in his infancy, and only retained a general and formless image of them—who has got a little snatch of everything, and nothing of the whole, after the French habit. For I know in general that there is such a thing as physic, a knowledge in the laws, four parts in mathematics, and, in part, what all these aim and point at; and peradventure I yet know further what sciences in gen-

eral pretend unto in order to the services of human life; but to dive further than that, and to have gnawed my nails in the study of Aristotle, the monarch of all modern learning, or particularly addicted myself to any one science, I have never done it; neither is there any one art of which I am able to draw the first lineaments and dead color, insomuch that there is not a boy of the lowest form in a school that may not pretend to be wiser than I, who am not able to pose him in his first lesson; which, if I am at any time forced upon, I am necessitated in my own defence to ask him some universal question, such as may serve to try his natural understanding—a lesson as strange and unknown to him as his is to me. I never settled myself seriously to the reading of any book of solid learning but Plutarch and Seneca, from which I draw like the Danaïdes, eternally filling and as constantly pouring out: something of it drops upon this paper, but very little or nothing stays behind. History is my delight as to matter of reading, or else poetry, for which I have, I confess, a particular kindness and esteem. As to the natural parts I have, of which this is the essay, I find them to bow under the burden: my fancy and judgment do but grope in the dark, trip and stumble in their way; and when I have gone as far as I can, I discover still a new and greater extent of land before me, but with troubled and imperfect sight, and wrapped up in clouds that I am not able to penetrate. . . .

"But, be this as it may, and whatever inaptitudes may appear in what I write, I will ingenuously confess I never intended to conceal them, no more than my old, bald, grizzled picture before them, where the graver has not presented you with a perfect face, but the resemblance of mine. And these are also but my own particular opinions and fancies, and I deliver them for nothing more than what I myself believe, and not for what is really to be believed. Neither have I any other end in this writing but only to discover myself, who also shall peradventure be another thing to-morrow if I chance to meet any book or friend to

convince me in the mean time. I have no authority to be believed, neither do I desire it, being conscious that I am too ill-instructed myself to be able to instruct others."

Entering on the subject of education, he says, in regard to teaching a boy, "Make him examine and thoroughly sift everything, and lodge nothing in his fancy upon simple authority and upon trust. Aristotle's principles will then be no more principles to him than those of Epicurus and the Stoics. Only let this diversity of opinions be propounded to and laid before him, he will himself choose if he be able; if not, he will remain in doubt. For if he embrace the opinions of Xenophon and Plato, by maintaining them they will no more be theirs, but become his own. Who follows another follows nothing, finds nothing, nay, is inquisitive after nothing. Let him at least know that he knows. It will be necessary that he imbibe their knowledge, not that he be corrupted with their precepts; and no matter where he had his learning, provided he knows how to apply it to his own use. Truth and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who spoke them first than his who spoke them last. 'Tis no more according to Plato than according to me, since both he and I equally see and understand them. Bees cull their several sweets from this flower and that blossom, here and there where they find them, but themselves after make the honey, which is all and purely their own, and no more thyme and marjoram. This great world, which some do yet multiply as several species under one genus, is the mirror wherein we are to behold ourselves—to be able to know ourselves as we ought to do. In short, I would have this to be the book my young gentleman should study; for so many humors, so many sects, so many judgments, opinions, laws, customs, teach us to judge aright of our own, and inform our understandings to discover their imperfection and natural infirmity; which is no trivial speculation. So many mutations of states and kingdoms, and so many turns and revolutions of public fortune, will make us wise

enough to make no great wonder of our own. So many great names, so many famous victories and conquests drowned and swallowed in oblivion, render our hopes ridiculous of eternizing our names by the taking of a score of light horse or a paltry turret, which only derives its memory from its ruin."

But to begin quoting from Montaigne is to begin reproducing him in full. This extract, however, shows the mental habit of the man; and no wonder that he is read with increasing interest, since the whole development of our philosophy, and, we may say, of our science, has been simply by experience and by experiment, illustrating and enforcing the truth of the methods for our guidance, as well as for the direction of our youth, which he has here laid down. Now that the new methods of historical study are so faithfully applied to the early history of the race, and to the discovery of the specific application of invention in the arts or in social organization by which the transition from barbarism to civilization was effected, the respect and admiration for Montaigne of necessity increase with the growing acceptance of his methods of thought concerning the problems of life and destiny. The best intelligence of the world to-day has learned how properly to value the stone axes and the bronze implements of our ancestors, which preceding generations treated lightly as curious but worthless relics of a bygone age. We preserve them now carefully in our museums, and with interest study them in their slightest details, knowing that in such rude work lies the historical outline of the origin of our present complex civilization, with all its wonderful appliances for industrial production. In the history of modern thought Montaigne holds the same position. He belongs to the era of the modern world. To his age belong the revival of learning, the Reformation, the development of the printing-press, the circumnavigation of the globe and the beginnings of positive science. No wonder the old seemed swallowed up in the new. In this period of transition Montaigne holds one of the first positions among those

distinguished for sanity and common sense. With an eager interest in everything new, he had no ignorant contempt for the old, but, according to his motto, *Que sais-je?* comes down to us as one of the earliest and most prominent of the thinkers of modern times who have formulated the skeptical method of inquiry, and illustrated the real wisdom of an honest confession of ignorance.

Of the personal history of such a man the minutest details are of interest and importance, but, unfortunately, not many have been preserved. In regard to his thoughts and fancies—his "humors," in short, according to the biological science of his time—his own works are our chief source of information. In fact, the account of his life prefixed to one of the editions of his *Essays* is made up entirely of extracts from these, so that it is an autobiography composed of disjointed sentences. The works of but few authors would afford an opportunity for the display of such devotion upon the part of a biographer.

Montaigne's ancestors were English, and the family name was Eyguem: he writes it so himself in a receipt for a portion of his pay as a counselor of the Parliament of Bordeaux.* He was born at the Castle of Montaigne in Périgord in 1533. He died in 1592. Cotton describes him thus: "His person was strong and well knit; his face not fat, but full; his complexion betwixt jovial and melancholic, moderately sanguine and hot; his constitution healthful and spritely, rarely troubled with diseases, till he grew into years, that he began to be afflicted with the cholic and stone. As to the rest, very obstinate in his hatred and contempt of physicians' prescriptions. An hereditary antipathy; his father having lived three score and fourteen years, his grandfather three score and nine and his great-grandfather almost four score years, without having ever tasted any sort of medicine."†

* This name is evidently some French corruption, but of what is not easy to divine. It has been written variously Eyghem, Oyghem, Eyquem, as it is in the text of Le Clerc's edition. Montaigne says that in his time there was a family in England whose name resembled his.

† Cotton here quotes from Montaigne.

Concerning his opinion of doctors, Montaigne himself says, in his essay upon *Various Events from the Same Counsel*: "For my part, I think of physic as much good or ill as any one would have me: for, thanks be to God! we have no great traffic together. I am of a quite contrary humor to other men for I always despise it; but when I am sick, instead of recanting or entering into composition with it, I begin yet more to hate, nauseate and fear it, telling them who importune me to enter into a course of physic that they must give me time to recover my strength and health, that I may be the better able to support and encounter the violence and danger of the potion. So that I still let Nature work, supposing her to be sufficiently armed with teeth and claws to defend herself from the assaults of infirmity, and to uphold that contexture the dissolution of which she flies and abhors. For I am afraid lest, instead of assisting her when grappled and struggling with the disease, I should assist her adversary." Again, in his essay *Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers*, he writes pages ridiculing the whole practice, and giving examples which are most instructive concerning the methods in use in his time, ending, however, "As for what remains, I honor physicians not according to the common rule, but for themselves, having known many very good men of that profession, and most worthy to be loved. I do not attack them: 'tis their art I; inveigh against, and do not much blame them for making their advantage of our folly, for most men do the same. Many callings, both of greater and less dignity than theirs, have no other foundation or support than public abuse. When I am sick I send for them, if they be near, only to have their company and pay them as others do. I give them leave to command me to keep myself warm if I prefer to be so, and to appoint leeks or lettuce for my broth, to order me white wine or claret, and so all other things at their own pleasure which are indifferent to my palate or custom. I know very well I do nothing for them in so doing, because sharpness and ill-pleasing tastes

are accidents of the very essence of physic."

Of his early education Montaigne gives us this account: "My father having made the most precise inquiry that any man could possibly make amongst men of the greatest learning and judgment of an exact method of education, was by them cautioned of the inconvenience then in use, and made to believe that the tedious time we applied to the learning of the languages of those people who had them for nothing was the sole cause we could not arrive to that grandeur of soul and perfection of knowledge with the ancient Greeks and Romans. I do not believe that to be the only cause. But the expedient my father found out was this—that in my infancy, and before I began to speak, he committed me to the care of a German, who since died a famous physician in France, totally ignorant of our language, but very fluent and a great critic in Latin. This man, whom he fetched out of his own country, and whom he entertained with a very great salary for this only end, had me continually in his arms. To whom there were also joined two others of the same nation, but of inferior learning, to attend me, and sometimes to relieve him, but all of them entertained me with no other language but Latin. As to the rest of the family, it was an inviolable rule that neither himself nor my mother, man nor maid, should speak anything in my company but such Latin words as every one had learned only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagined how great an advantage this proved to the whole family, my father and my mother by this means learning Latin enough to understand it perfectly well, and to speak it to such a degree as was sufficient for any necessary use; as also those of the servants did who were most frequently with me. To be short, we did Latin it at such a rate that it overflowed to all the neighboring villages, where there yet remain, that have established themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artisans and their tools. As for what concerns myself, I was above six years of age before I understood either French or

Périgordin any more than Arabic, and without art, book, grammar or precept, whipping or the expense of a tear, had by that time learned to speak as pure Latin as my master himself, for I could not have it either mixed or altered. As to Greek, of which I have but little smattering, my father also designed to have taught it me by a trick, but a new one, and by way of sport, tossing out declensions to and fro, after the manner of those who with certain games, at tables and chess, learn geometry and arithmetic. For among other rules he had been advised to make me relish science and duty by an unforced will and of my own voluntary motion, and to educate my soul in all liberty and delight, without any severity or constraint. Which also he was an observer of to such a degree even of superstition, if I may say so, that some being of opinion it did trouble and disturb the brains of children suddenly to wake them in the morning and to snatch them violently and overhastily from sleep (wherein they are much more profoundly involved than we), he only caused me to be waked by the sound of some musical instrument, and was never unprovided of a musician for that purpose."

At the age of six he was sent "to the College of Guienne, at that time the most flourishing in France." "At thirteen years old I came out of the college, having run through my whole course (as they call it), and in truth without any manner of improvement that I can honestly brag of at this time. The first thing that gave me any taste of books was the pleasure I took in reading the fables of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and with them I was so taken that, being but seven or eight years old, I would steal from all other diversions to read them, both by reason that this was my own natural language, the easiest book I was acquainted with, and for the subject the most accommodated to the capacity of my age."

He says again of his childish education: "The good father that God gave me (who has nothing of me but the acknowledgment of his bounty, but truly

it is a very hearty one) sent me from my cradle to be brought up in a village of his, and there continued me all the while I was at nurse and yet longer, bringing me up to the meanest and most common way of living. *Magna pars libertatis est bene moratus venter.* Never take upon yourselves, and much less give up to your wives, the care of your children's education: leave the forming of them to fortune under popular and natural laws; leave it to custom to train them up to frugality, that they may rather descend from hardships than mount up to them. This humor of his yet aimed at another end—that is, to make me familiar with those people and that condition of men which most need our assistance, believing that I should be the more obliged rather to regard them who extended their arms to me than those who turned their backs upon me. And for this reason also it was that he provided me godfathers of the meanest fortune, to oblige and bind me to them. Neither has his design succeeded altogether ill; for, whether it be upon the account of glory, because there is more honor in such a condescension, or out of natural compassion, which has a very great power over me, I have a very kind inclination toward the meanest sort of people."

Here is an early indication of the democratic spirit of humanity cropping out in the very height of the feudal time. For those of us who have a conception of social evolution, indefinite and undefined though it may as yet be, such records are of great interest, as are the first traces of the development of every new era of thought. Montaigne's mental history is full of these. Though he lived and died a Catholic, and his life was passed in the midst of the troubles in France between the Catholics and Huguenots, yet he preserved an even balance between the two. De Thou, in his *Life*, tells us this: "While the states of the kingdom were sitting at Blois, Montaigne and I were discoursing of the division between the king of Navarre and the duke of Guise; whereupon he told me that he knew the most secret thoughts of those princes, as having been employed to

compose their differences, and that he was persuaded that neither of them was of the religion he professed—that the king of Navarre would have willingly embraced the religion of his predecessors if he had not feared that his party would abandon him, and that the duke of Guise would have declared himself for the Confession of Augsburg, which the cardinal of Lorraine, his uncle, had inspired him with, if he could have done it without any prejudice to his interests." In his religious sentiments he thus early learned from experience to correctly distinguish the mere bigotry of form from the essence of true religion, and this last he practiced in doing justice, loving mercy and living humbly.

It is no wonder, then, that with increasing culture in France the admiration for Montaigne reaches periodically to a species of intellectual enthusiasm. It is, however, as a precursor in the modern methods of the scientific study of organic nature that Montaigne is perhaps most in sympathy with the present. The knowledge of his time was less than that of ours, trained habits of observation were rarer, and, more important than all, the tests for discrimination between the essential and the adventitious facts which observation had gathered had not been discovered and were not in use. In consequence, he was at times deceived, and was the more prone to this for the very reason of his skeptical nature. But in the spirit with which he examined the phenomena of Nature he was a precursor of Descartes, and consequently of the present era of scientific inquiry. He sought for facts, not as supports of his preconceived theories, but as materials from which alone theories could be formed. His essay entitled *An Apology for Raimond de Sebonde* is full of what his observation and his reading had gathered concerning the nature of animals. His opinions of their intelligence, of their mental and moral similitude with ourselves, are such as the best and latest students of natural history are disposed to adopt. He arrived intuitively at conclusions similar to those which modern naturalists, by the aid of anatomy and

physiology, have arrived at, and which Agassiz expressed thus in one of his latest lectures: "If I am not mistaken, we can trace in all vertebrates mental powers akin to that of man. We cannot deny to the higher animals some degree of argumentative power, nor an action of the reason and affections similar to our own, without shutting our eyes to the plainest and most unmistakable facts. Indeed, in their moral relations animals give evidence of a natural sense of right and wrong as keen, if not as susceptible of higher development, as that which we find in some men. Therefore, I say, we have no right to claim a privileged position among created animals on the ground of the essential nature of our mental powers. We have only this great privilege and superiority—that we can train our powers to a higher development—that we can acquire, increase and preserve wisdom through accumulated knowledge; and with this higher endowment comes a nobler responsibility." Such a statement as this would have delighted Montaigne, and from this we can judge of the estimate in which he is naturally held by those who study the course of our own intellectual development.

The French editions of Montaigne are almost innumerable. The original edition was issued by himself at Bordeaux in 1580. Its success was shown by the fact that three other editions appeared—in Paris, 1580, Bordeaux, 1582, and Paris, 1587—and from then to this time new editions have been numerous. The first edition, that of Bordeaux, was in two small octavo volumes, and contained only the first two books, shorter than as we have them now, and with not so many quotations. In 1588, Montaigne published at Paris another edition in one quarto volume, the title-page of which bore "the fifth edition, augmented with a third book, and six hundred additions to the first two." A copy of this edition was used by Montaigne himself for additions written on the margins or on detached pages, together with further quotations. Two such copies are known. One of them was used by Mademoiselle de Gournay—whose admiration for the

genius of Montaigne led her to form a friendship with him, and to call herself his "daughter by alliance"—as the basis for an edition in 1595, three years after his death. On the title of this appears the following inscription: "Found after the death of the author, reviewed and augmented by him with a third more than the previous editions contain." The edition of which the other copy amended by the author served as a basis was published in 1802. The copy which was used for it had passed from the possession of Montaigne's family to the convent of the Feuillants at Bordeaux, and from there, at the suppression of the convents in the Revolution, to the public library of Bordeaux. The basis of this edition was that of 1588, with the manuscript additions by the author, and it contains also numerous passages from the edition of 1595 published by Mademoiselle de Gournay, which are not found in the edition of 1588 nor in the manuscript supplements remaining to the present time.

In 1635, Mademoiselle de Gournay, in order to gratify the booksellers, published another edition, in which she undertook to modernize the text, which had, in the opinion of the speculators, become old enough to be benefited by this outrageous liberty. She herself appears to have felt that she was doing an outrage to the author whom she loved as a friend, and almost as a father, and in her preface refers her readers who desire the correct reading "to the old and good edition," and forbids all future editors from ever daring to take such liberties with the text as she was herself then engaged in taking. So singular a proceeding shows how great a violence she was forced by circumstances to do against her better sentiments. Her protest is as follows: "It shall never be the duty of any one after me to put hands upon this book with the same intention, since no one can bring to the task either the same reverence or caution, or even the same zeal, or perchance so peculiar a knowledge of the book itself."

In 1635 another edition of the *Essays* was published, dedicated to Cardinal Richelieu, who had that same year found-

ed the French Academy, in which the modernizing process was carried to a still further extent. For an evidence of the variations of the language this edition has a certain value, but as an original text of the *Essays* it is worthy of but slight attention. In 1724, Pierre Cost issued an edition of the *Essays* at London, in which he gave to the world the results of his long studies upon the text of Montaigne: it met with deserved attention, and has been often reprinted. The edition of 1802, issued by Naigeon, and based upon the copy of the edition of 1588 which was annotated by Montaigne, and which had passed from the possession of the Feuillants to the public library of Bordeaux, is inferior to that issued by Mademoiselle de Gournay. Many of the additions, which had been written upon detached leaves, were omitted, having most probably been taken for the use of the other annotated copy, while no traces of other additions are found in it.

In 1844 an edition edited by J. V. Le Clerc reproduced the original text of Montaigne, and is the most esteemed of the modern reproductions of this author. The first English translation was made by Florio, an Italian residing in London. This edition is famous from the copy of it which belonged to Shakespeare, and which, with his autograph upon its title, is now in the British Museum. The next translation was made by Charles Cotton, who is so generally known from his connection with Walton and the part he took in *The Compleat Angler*. The translations since his day have been booksellers' translations, and belong to the large class of worthless books which may be best characterized as books which every gentleman's library should be without. The expurgated editions of Shakespeare are instances of such.

The extracts in this writing are made from Cotton's translation, with some slight revisions, and will serve to show the spirit and vigor of his language. In the history of English his period corresponds so nearly to that which Montaigne's time holds to the French of the present that its antiquity is an advantage,

and makes it a better representation of the original. It is singular that no publisher has thought of issuing a new edition of this translation, subjected to the careful and judicious supervision which would furnish to English readers, whose knowledge of Montaigne is derived from the ordinary hack translations, a new volume, with the flavor and interest of the original.

Within recent times the interest in Montaigne has incited many attempts to gather such memorials of his life as may have still remained in existence. Dr. Payen, a French enthusiast, for years sought diligently to recover relics of every kind which related to him. With the lucky fortune which seems to reward the enthusiastic collector who enters on his labors with a single-hearted devotion to his pursuit, he has recovered several volumes from Montaigne's library, with his autograph and manuscript annotations in them. He has also collected the letters of Montaigne, and in a series of tracts, published in editions small enough to satisfy the most jealous bibliomaniac, he has given to the select world an account of the progress of his discoveries.

In the *Westminster Review* for 1838 is an article upon Montaigne written by John Sterling. In it he describes a visit he made to the château of Montaigne, which he found remaining in a good state of preservation. He says: "The part of Montaigne's house which we first reached was the tower described by him in his essay *On the Three Commerces* as containing his library and study. It is a plain, round structure at the south-eastern corner of the château: a dead wall runs from it on either side at right angles, and rises to about half its height. This is in reality the exterior of the ranges of outbuildings which form two sides of the courtyard. In this wall, close to the tower, and facing us as we approached, was a small gate through which we found entrance. The château itself was now on our left, running along the western side of the quadrangle. It is a high building of gray stone, evidently very ancient, and probably untouched, except

for repairs, since the days of Montaigne's father. There is a considerable number of windows scattered very irregularly over the front. Near the middle, at either side of the small unornamented entrance, are two large and high towers of unlike architecture—the one with deep machicolations, the other without them, and both with conical roofs. If erected, as I presume, by Montaigne's father, the building must be about three hundred years old: the whole place has now an air of sluttish neglect, though not at all of decay. It is now inhabited by an old gentleman, formerly a military man, whose civility we should ill repay by recording any idle accounts of his simple establishment and very agreeable conversation. The house is only one room deep, and behind it runs a long and broad terrace covered with grass, and with trees growing upon it, among others a large horse-chestnut. It is bordered by a stone balustrade which rises on the edge of a steep wooded bank, and has beyond it a very extensive prospect over a flat country, with slight eminences on the horizon, marked toward the north by the village and château of Mont Peyroux, which in Montaigne's day was a sort of dependency on his seigneurie and belonged to his younger brother. Near it, and still higher against the sky, are the ruins of the château of Gurson, destroyed in the Revolution, and which seems to have been a castle in our English sense of the word—that is, a feudal abode constructed for defence. It was probably the residence of the lady to whom Montaigne addressed his essay *On Education*. The whole prospect is woody and cultivated, but without water or any very remarkable outlines, open, airy, quiet and sufficiently prosperous. The old gentleman told us that he was possessed of eleven *métairies* or farms with the château, but that Montaigne had held eighteen. The property had come by marriage to the Ségur family, who had taken the name of Ségur de Montaigne. They sold the estate to the present owner, who in turn was ready to dispose of it if he could find a purchaser. After taking leave of our host we re-

turned to the corner tower, which we examined throughout, and were much interested by the minute agreement of its present state with everything recorded in Montaigne's description. This, too, was evidently not a modern and factitious correspondence, but secured by the abstinence of the successive owners from any changes, however slight. The ground-floor retains the appearance of having been once a small chapel, though now dark and dilapidated. The first floor, which was the sleeping apartment of the Gascon philosopher, does not look as if it had been applied since his day to any other purpose. The third and last story is that so particularly described by its occupant as having contained his library and study. The passage he wrote concerning it in the third essay of his third book would answer in most respects as a description of the spot at this hour, though he who wrote it has been dead two hundred and fifty years. The room still overlooks the entrance to the château, and from three windows in different sides of the circuit commands the gardens, the court, the house and the outhouses. The books indeed are gone, but the many small rafters of the roof are inscribed on their lower faces with mottoes and pithy sentences, which recall as by a living voice the favorite studies and thoughts of Montaigne. Such are these few, hastily transcribed in a notebook:

"1. Solum certum nihil esse certi, et homine nihil miserius aut superbius.

"2. Αλλοισιν αλλον θεων τε κ' ανθρωπων μελει.

"3. Ταρασσει τους ανθρωπους δυτα γραμματα, αλλα τα περι των γραμματων δογματα.

"4. Quid superbis, terra et cinis.

"5. Vae qui sapientes estis in oculis vestris.

"6. Favere juncunde praesentibus. Caetera extra et.

"7. Παντι λογω λογος ισος αντικειται.

"8. Nostra vagatur in tenebris, nec caeca potest mens cernere verum.

"9. Fecit Deus hominem similem umbrae post solis occasum.*

"The chapel still shows the recess where stood the altar, and there are the remains of colors and gilding on the defaced coats-of-arms around the walls. The bed-room floor presents nothing remarkable, but that above, in which are

* These mottoes, Dr. Payen tells us, were burned into the rafters with a red-hot poker, or other similar iron tool.

the inscriptions on its rafters, preserves the exact form described by its ancient occupant. The paces of Montaigne must have been of about a foot and a half, for the diameter of the tower inside is about twenty-four feet. The circle is at one part cut by two straight walls joining in an angle, being the portion which he speaks of as adapted for his seat and table. The three windows, affording a rich and free prospect, are still unchanged. There is a sort of closet opening off the room, with the traces of painted ornaments on the walls, a fireplace, as he mentions, at one end, and a window which entitles it to be spoken of as *très plaisamment percé*, having a pleasant window light, and which, though directly overlooking the courtyard, furnishes a view above the northern line of offices toward Mont Peyroux and Gurson.

"The whole appearance and position of this apartment seems specially characteristic of Montaigne. The cheerfulness, the airiness, the constant though somewhat remote view of natural objects, and of the far-spread and busy occupations of men,—all are suitable to him. The ornamenting of the joists of his chamber-roof with several scores of moral sentences was the work of a speculative idler, and their purport is always, so far as I saw, suitable to his skeptical but humane and indulgent temper. The neglect of all elegance and modern convenience in the house, together with its perfect preservation from decay, add to the interest, and seem to prove that it is maintained in its old completeness and barrenness, not from any notion of use, but out of respect for the memory of its celebrated owner."

EDWARD HOWLAND.

ON THE PROPOSAL TO ERECT A MONUMENT IN ENGLAND TO LORD BYRON.

THE grass of fifty Aprils hath waved green
 Above the spent heart, the Olympian head,
 The hands crost idly, the shut eyes unseen,
 Unseeing, the locked lips whose song hath fled;
 Yet mystic-lived, like some rich, tropic flower,
 His fame puts forth fresh blossoms hour by hour;
 Wide spread the laden branches dropping dew
 On the low, laureled brow misunderstood,
 That bent not, neither bowed, until subdued
 By the last foe who crowned while he o'erthrew.

Fair was the Easter Sabbath morn when first
 Men heard he had not wakened to its light:
 The end had come, and time had done its worst,
 For the black cloud had fallen of endless night.
 Then in the town, as Greek accosted Greek,
 'Twas not the wonted festal words to speak,
 "Christ is arisen," but "Our chief is gone,"
 With such wan aspect and grief-smitten head
 As when the awful cry of "Pan is dead!"
 Filled echoing hill and valley with its moan.

"I am more fit for death than the world deems,"
 So spake he as life's light was growing dim,
 And turned to sleep as unto soothing dreams.
 What terrors could its darkness hold for him,

Familiar with all anguish, but with fear
 Still unacquainted? On his martial bier
 They laid a sword, a helmet and a crown—
 Meed of the warrior, but not these among
 His voiceless lyre, whose silent chords unstrung
 Shall wait—how long?—for touches like his own.

An alien country mourned him as her son,
 And hailed him hero: his sole, fitting tomb
 Were Theseus' temple or the Parthenon,
 Fondly she deemed. His brethren bare him home;
 Their exiled glory, past the guarded gate
 Where England's Abbey shelters England's great.
 Afar he rests whose very name hath shed
 New lustre on her with the song he sings.
 So Shakespeare rests who scorned to lie with kings,
 Sleeping at peace midst the unhonored dead.

And fifty years suffice to overgrow
 With gentle memories the foul weeds of hate
 That shamed his grave. The world begins to know
 Her loss, and view with other eyes his fate.
 Even as the cunning workman brings to pass
 The sculptor's thought from out the unwieldy mass
 Of shapeless marble, so Time lops away
 The stony crust of falsehood that concealed
 His just proportions, and, at last revealed,
 The statue issues to the light of day,

Most beautiful, most human. Let them fling
 The first stone who are tempted even as he,
 And have not swerved. When did that rare soul sing
 The victim's shame, the tyrant's eulogy,
 The great belittle, or exalt the small,
 Or grudge his gift, his blood, to disenthral
 The slaves of tyranny or ignorance?
 Stung by fierce tongues himself, whose rightful fame
 Hath he reviled? Upon what noble name
 Did the winged arrows of that barbed wit glance?

The years' thick, clinging curtains backward pull,
 And show him as he is, crowned with bright beams,
 "Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful
 As he hath been or might be; Sorrow seems
 Half of his immortality."* He needs
 No monument whose name and song and deeds
 Are graven in all foreign hearts; but she
 His mother, England, slow and last to wake,
 Needs raise the votive shaft for her fame's sake:
 Hers is the shame if such forgotten be!

EMMA LAZARUS.

May, 1875.

* *Cain*, Act I., Scene 1.

AN ARTIST'S LOVE.

TWO PARTS.—I.

THE twilight and firelight were blended in a dreamy mixture in the garret-room which Ernest Keith occupied as a studio, and he had thrown himself on a lounge before the open fire, pipe in mouth, to enjoy the solitary luxury of his daily life. That half hour which sometimes grows into an hour was the artist's dreaming-time. All day long he worked hard, and often under discordant conditions; all day long he grappled with life's practical difficulties, and was often worsted by them; but he looked forward to his solitary smoke in the gloaming, when he was tired in body and depressed in mind, as something of which he could not be bereft, and which offered him a certain escape from all that was sordid or bitter or harsh; for was he not alone then, with no consciousness of distasteful work to be done pressing upon him—alone with his thoughts and dreams and aspirations? Then, as he lay back on his shabby old cushions and watched the smoke curl over his head in a thousand fantastic shapes and melt away into the darker shadows of the room, he became monarch of a realm which was as real to him as if it had been tangible and palpable, and not the creation of his busy fancy. For that little while his ambition soared with unclipped wings, and he pursued his ideal with the same ardor that he threw into his daily labor; but now his feet trod on flowers, not, as then, on sharp pebbles.

This habit of Keith's dated from his first starting in his career, and at first he had not smoked his pipe and built his castles alone. Until three years before his dearest friend, his chosen companion and brother in art, Frank Clifford, had shared his studio; and they had by common consent shut out the material world and let loose their imprisoned imaginations together in the little garret. But Frank had gone abroad to study, and instead of pursuing art had been led astray by

the bright eyes of a woman, had married her, and now they were coming back to live in the great city where Ernest was struggling upward. Only that very night, so the letter said that hung between Keith's listless fingers, they would reach home, and the next evening he must dine with them. The letter was full of warm, eager delight at the prospect of their meeting, and as Keith smoked slowly and meditatively his mind was full of speculations and wonderings about his old friend. Perhaps we had better let his broken, disjointed thoughts find words:

"How strange it seems!—more than three years now since we have met! I wonder if he's much changed—as much as I am? How he'll chuckle when I tell him that I've come round to his notions about pre-Raphaelitism! and how pleased he'll be with that bit of color in the corner! By Jove!"—and here the soliloquizer roused himself with a jerk that brought him into a sitting posture, and looked about him through the enveloping clouds of smoke with which he had filled his studio—"I must get Graham to let me keep it for Frank to see. I couldn't send it off without his criticism, or, better still, his praise, for I'm sure he'll think I've done well. I wonder what he's been doing? Not much, I fear, with his wife to absorb his time and thoughts. But he'll get over all that, for he says she likes pictures, cares for his talent, is ambitious for him. How nice it will be to have the old fellow back again! Let me see: yes, his easel can stand just there—that's rather the best light, I think—and I can easily move mine to the other side. Shabby old place it is, but he never minded that;" and the dreamer laughed aloud, a happy laugh evoked by a pleasant memory. "No, no, dear old Frank! he has the soul of an artist. How I've missed him! And yet these three years look so short in retrospect! They've done me good in some

ways: they've taught me the value of sympathy. I never knew how I should miss his answering cloud rising out of the corner yonder till I lay here and smoked alone. Well, I've had enough of solitary dreams for a while, anyhow, and I fairly long to talk, talk, talk."

Here Keith smoked vigorously for some time, and then broke out again: "I wonder what his wife's like? And now I remember he's got a baby, a boy. Old Frank a husband and father! it must have knocked some of the Bohemianism out of him. That don't matter, though, if only he's still a painter, heart and soul;" and with this conclusion Ernest's musings came to an end. In five minutes more his lamp was lighted, Fancy was locked securely in her closet, and he was hard at work, resolutely shutting out all thoughts that might distract him from it.

No one could see and speak with Ernest Keith for even a few minutes and not have an indefinable sense of having come in contact with a human being not of an ordinary type. People described this effect differently according to their different individualities. Some said, "He must be a genius;" some, "He is like a disembodied spirit;" others felt as if it was his nature and character that were unusual, rather than his powers, and styled him an "*âme d'élite*;" while others, again, would say, "He is certainly not like other people, he seems so impractical, so shadowy, so undefined in his personality; but no doubt he has talent." He was beyond question possessed of the soul of an artist, filled with an ambition so lofty that all baser elements seemed eliminated from it—with a noble scorn of success as balanced against achievement; with a keen, delicate, strong, sensuous nature, thirsty for beauty to enter at every door; with a very unusual power of work and persistence; quite capable of scorning delights and living laborious days. But had he genius? Had his pencil power to execute what his soul conceived? All who knew him felt sure that could he but express himself he were indeed a painter, and many were so impressed by his artist soul and nature that they were enthusi-

astically confident that he must wield the brush of a great artist.

But so far in his life he had realized nothing of these anticipations. He was indeed still very young, and his progress was ever made slow and labored through poverty: that he might some day be an artist he was forced to be first a craftsman to earn the means of study. The poorest living, the highest thinking, could not save him from being forced to devote several hours a day to work for bread—precious hours that he longed to give to the pursuit of his beloved profession. A mediocre success, involving a very fair support and a good deal of commonplace and uncultivated admiration from the public, had been within his grasp for several years, but he had turned his back contemptuously upon it, and sought to scale the heights above in which the unfading laurels bloom. Perhaps, too, he lacked somewhat of that fierce practical energy which might have made him strain forward toward some one point to be gained. However it was, he was still working to learn, to acquire, to perfect himself, and thought hardly at all of success. Indeed, the collision of his immense conscientiousness in work and the unsoiled whiteness of his aims with most of the results he saw about him in his profession made him shrink from results at all. So he would work for weeks, and then put the all but finished picture aside, face against the wall, call it a study, and then say, "It was not what I meant to make it." Some of his practical friends, who were united to him rather by affection than comprehension or sympathy, called him "a dreamer," "an idealist," and prophesied that "he would never succeed without trying for success." He would smile with a slight curl of scorn about his well-chiseled lips and say, "I aim at perfection, not at success."

These three years past he had worked alone, and been often lonely, for Frank Clifford alone of all his comrades had been one with him in aim and purpose. One by one their fellow-students had foregone the weary ascent and turned aside into beaten tracks, offering their talents to the market and painting very

successful pictures, making good livings, and no longer disturbed by the flutter of the Muse's wings over head causing them to stand gazing into the sky. To Clifford only had Keith laid bare his soul with all its enthusiasm and wild imaginings, and since Clifford had gone he had pent within himself all his aspirations and longings. For three years he had been like a devout votary of a religion unrecognized and unrevered in the land where he dwells, and forced to content himself with heart-worship in solitude and silence. Now he could utter his adoration once more, and to a true believer.

That night he worked late and hard, with a great sense of joy and support, and when he at last lay down to sleep a smile of happiness rested on his face and his rest was dreamless and tranquil. Perhaps the power that a nature with a dominant conviction and purpose, a nature of enthusiasm and energy, possesses over any other nature gifted with no counteracting force, can fairly be called boundless; and this was the influence that Ernest Keith had exerted over Frank Clifford's bent of mind while they had lived and worked together. Clifford, who was young, warm-hearted, generous-tempered and talented, was carried along on the tide of Keith's ardent enthusiasm, and sincerely believed himself to be swimming when in fact he was but floating. Then, too, with both of them nothing challenged or tested crucially the reality and solidity of their views and feelings. They were both poor, and for both at first "the path of duty was the way to glory." During the two years they had passed together their loftiest aims had chimed with the exigencies of their life, and Frank had felt no strong tempting to a different view from that imposed upon him by Keith's intensity of conviction. It was very consonant with youth, unworldliness and a warm imagination—and all these Frank possessed—to adore Art as his only mistress, and to think the world well lost for her; and though he sometimes wasted an hour in the society of some woman whose pretty face had charmed him, yet the practical

problem of gaining bread and butter afforded very material aid to the power of Keith's indignant protest against "sporting with Amaryllis in the shade." But what to Keith was the essence of his being and its truest expression was in Clifford merely the effect of a stronger nature upon his own. For the time he was held by an overwhelming sway, but it was only when he was removed from it, and subjected to the mere ordinary influences, that he fulfilled himself. Many of his sincerest and warmest feelings had had no more to do with himself than an inanimate block has to do with generating the warmth and color thrown upon it by the sun. Take away the sun and it soon grows cold and colorless. So, as letters are not a real presence, and seldom act as one, Frank grew to think of Ernest's ideas and feelings as memories of his youth, and had a tender indulgent feeling toward them, as one has for the follies of that period.

When Frank had gone to Rome, indeed, he believed himself to be a whole-souled votary of art, but it had only required the magnet of a very pretty face and graceful figure to distract him from his studies, and his admiration had grown into love, wherein he was fortunately at one with the object of his feeling; so, just as other people do, they married. Alice Crawford had money, of which Frank thought not at all before their marriage, except with a half-annoyed sense of its having been a theory of his not to marry a rich woman; consequently, being extremely poor, he should have faced the logical consequence of an indefinite postponement of marriage, as indeed, in talks with Keith, he had uniformly done. But he loved, and was truly loved in return, and it soon seemed to him that no higher exercise of his artistic powers could have been found than making studies of Alice's head (which was certainly very pretty and well set on her shoulders), and sketching all the spots which had become associated to them both with their courtship. When his wife said to him, "Isn't it delightful, dearest, that you can paint and know all about art, we can have such an artistic-

looking drawing-room, and it will be so nice to have a studio in one's own house?" he assented enthusiastically to this direction of his talents toward successful upholstery, and never gave a regretful thought to the old garret in which he and Keith had worked for two years, and which was redolent of "cloud-capped" castles built by him and his friend together. Yet he was not shallow-hearted or selfish, only much in love, and reacting possibly from the unnaturally elevated frame of mind in which Keith had maintained him.

Ever since his marriage he had been conscious of a slight feeling of separation and constraint when he wrote to Keith, and he strove hard to fill his letters with art-gossip, stories about artists and anecdotes about pictures; but, somehow, he could not give to his letters the atmosphere that had pervaded them when his profession was indeed his central thought. Ernest instinctively felt it, and drew back into himself, so that of late their letters had been very affectionate and friendly, but with little of the freedom and abandon of earlier ones.

As Frank wrote his letter announcing his approaching arrival to Ernest, old feelings and memories which had slumbered, rushed over him, and he lost for the moment the uneasy consciousness of separation which had of late possessed him, and wrote with unfettered, heartfelt impulse. The letter inspired Ernest with the same feeling, and all his half-formed misgivings hid their heads, and the old sense of sympathy and unity of feeling came back. He had no doubt, no sense of loss or change, mingled with anticipations of the morrow's meeting, and he looked forward to it eagerly and hopefully.

Dinner was over, and Alice had gone to the drawing-room, whilst Frank and Ernest drew their arm-chairs toward the fire and lit their cigars, disposing themselves in the after-dinner fashion of men, with a sense of luxurious enjoyment pervading them throughout. The meeting between the two friends had been all that either of them had looked forward

to, and no sense of alienation had blurred the warm, hearty greeting that each gave the other. Alice's sweet gracious nature and womanly faculty of harmonizing superfluities had helped, too, to make her first meeting with her husband's dearest friend a delightful one, and Ernest secretly owned himself won by her beauty and charm before dinner was half over. Then the dinner, too, had been all that it should be, and contributed its share toward the general sense of *bien-être* that stole over both men now that they were crowning its effect with a cigar.

The long-expected and desired talk was begun by Frank, who after a few preliminary puffs gave a sigh of pleasure and said, "Now, Ernest, my boy, tell me all about it."

"About the last three years? I'd better begin with the last three months, and after a while I shall bridge it all over, though, to be sure, my life is always to be told in a few sentences. I really don't think it has had a break in its monotony since you left. I've had the usual number of fits of disgust with myself and my work, the usual amount of encouragement, and of course the inevitable reaction, and always my little half hour in Dreamland every evening. I don't think I could live without that."

"You don't mean to say that you've spent that half hour building castles alone, just as we used to together? Why, in the name of all that's sensible, didn't you spend it in society with some pretty girl?"

"I have dedicated it to my mistress, and she, being a divine creature, does more for me than any piece of mere flesh and blood, however charming," replied Ernest laughing. "But truly, Frank, I have nothing to chronicle in the way of events: all that changes in me is myself. My daily life is now, and has been for these three years, just what it was when you left me. I mark my days by ideas, feelings, aspirations, and sometimes, I think, by a step onward. Oh, by the way," he continued, rousing himself and leaning forward eagerly, "I have a picture, just sold, I want to show

you, and I have kept it that you might see it, though the purchaser wanted it sent to Chicago yesterday."

"What is it, old fellow? I must see it to-morrow."

"I call it 'The Pine and the Palm': it is taken from that short verse of Heine's called 'The Pine Tree!' Don't you remember? It begins—

There stands a pine tree lonely
Far in the Northern night.

I have made it in two compartments. One, a man wrapped in his cloak leaning against a pine tree in all the sternness and clear coldness of a starlit northern night: above rise the hills dark and high. He is gazing up into the heavens with an intensity that drives the dreamer out of one's mind: one feels that his thoughts have an end, his longings an object. The other is the desert—heat, sand and glare; a group of palm trees; a girl crouched under them gazing across the level expanse of burning waste. But I can't describe it: I hope you will like it. I think I've hit the two atmospheres, and I'm sure you'll think me improved."

"What did you do with that pair of pictures you painted on Browning's 'Meeting at Night and Parting in the Morning'?"

"I never finished them."

"Why not? They were just the things to sell."

"Very likely, but I was dissatisfied with my own conception of the situations. It was literally a catchpenny one."

"Well, Ernest, you want pennies." This was said jestingly, but with a tinge of seriousness.

"True, but not enough to paint for them. But tell me about yourself: you have been so happy, it must have inspired you to do some good work."

"I am afraid," said Frank, half embarrassed, "I have nothing to show. I am a lazy fellow, you know, and that climate of Italy is enough to enervate any one; and then you don't know how one wastes one's time when one's in love. I used to sketch a little, and I've got some lovely studies of Alice."

"I don't wonder you wanted to paint your wife, but haven't you any studies

of the types one gets there in such perfection?"

"Well, I did begin one thing, and I think I should have worked at it and made something of it, but, to tell you the truth, the model that inspired me was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and I happened to descant on it one day, and Alice was put out, and fretted about the time I spent on it; so I gave it up."

"Good Heavens! you don't mean to say that you permitted your wife to rest with such a vulgarizing conception of the effect of beauty on an artist?" exclaimed Ernest impatiently.

"Oh, that's all very well, my dear fellow. Women can't understand that a woman is not a woman, but a series of outlines, a study of color, a type of expression, to an artist; and I might have talked till I was tired, it would not have made my wife feel differently. And then, too, it took so much time when I once began. You know how it takes hold of you, and I declare I could have handled a brush all day long without a sense of fatigue. One day I had an engagement with Alice, and I got so absorbed I painted long after the hour, and when I got back I found her in tears."

"But, man, it's your work—the work of your life. You *must* give time to it. Don't let your wife feel as if you were a dilettante."

"Honestly, Ernest," said his friend coloring, "I fear I am but little better than one, after all. You were cut out for an artist, my boy, and with your superb disdain of money and comfort, and your insatiable ambition to excel, can resist all these temptations that I confess are too much for my strength."

"What are you going to do, now that you are at home again?" said Ernest abruptly.

"Well, I hardly know. I am finishing a design for some decorations in my studio: Alice wants me to have one here in the house."

"Then I need not make room for you in garret No. 24?"

"Well, no. You see, Alice likes to come in now and then and look at me; and besides, I confess to being a bit of

a Sybarite, and it was an uncomfortable sort of place."

"Good Heavens, Frank! are you going to turn out a Philistine on my hands?" said Ernest, laughing in spite of himself. "Uncomfortable! Why, the next thing you will say that it's not 'respectable.'"

"I think it quite possible Alice would say that if she were taken there," said Frank. "But, by the way, it's time for us to join her; and first, old fellow, I *must* show you something prettier than any painting."

He led the way up stairs, and Ernest followed him, half uncertain of what he was to see. Frank softly opened the door leading into a half-darkened room, softly carpeted and with that indescribable expression of a sanctuary about it which some women's bed-rooms have by night. Gently putting aside a curtain, he whispered, "Come here and look at my son."

The softened light fell on a beautiful baby boy lying in the dreamless sleep of infancy. The delicate rose-color that comes with a baby's sleeping hours was on his cheek, and his sturdy little limbs lay relaxed and in an attitude of perfect repose.

"A masterpiece!" whispered Ernest mischievously. "Ah, Frank, you are like the man of genius in De Balzac's story: do you remember?—'En deux ans et demi Steinbock fit une statue et un enfant. L'enfant était sublime de beauté, la statue fut détestable.'"

Frank put his hand on his mouth and dragged him from the room, saying, "Hush, don't laugh: you'll wake him. His name is Ernest."

The sense of real feeling that had dictated the choice of the child's name penetrated to Ernest's heart, and his eyes moistened as he grasped Frank's hand and said, "Thank you: that is a real pleasure."

The two friends sought Alice in the drawing-room, where they found her looking disconsolate in spite of her resolution to seem amused and occupied, but at their entrance she regained her smiles, and Ernest found himself listening to her prattle about pictures and

pretty things (for she classed them all together) with a sense of equanimity that nothing but the goodness of his dinner and the real charm of her manner accounted for. He was too wise to protest against the prostitution of Frank's talents which he now felt to be inevitable, and he had been softened in his mood of irritation by the sight of the child. Conscientious as he was, *au fond*, that logically the argument was worthless, yet the absolute and uniform beauty and fitness of a child when it enters as a fact into any one's life came home to him as never before. He had a pleasant hour with his host and hostess. Frank, who felt as if he had by stratagem fought a successful battle and gained a victory, was radiant, and far more at his ease than he had been in the early part of the evening. Almost everything that was said of their life abroad revealed to Ernest how entire was the change in Frank's views and aims in life, and the very completeness of this metamorphosis rendered it more tolerable to him; for the absence of any vestige of the old leaven showed how foreign to his friend's real nature the artist's atmosphere had been. Had he seemed to have a longing left, Ernest would have ached over his apostasy: as it was, he could not but feel that he had mistaken his vocation; and his happiness was so unalloyed in his wife and child, his satisfaction in his mode of life so great, that, as Ernest walked rapidly homeward, musing over the evening, he said to himself, "Yes, it is well he has found it out before it was too late."

He mounted the long flight of stairs to his garret. The fire had almost burnt out, the light burned dimly. He looked about on his shabby, scanty furniture and bare walls, and the sense of the contrast between the setting of his life and that of his friend rolled over him like a wave. On one side softness, perfume, warmth, light, and, more than all, luxury and love—on the other, hardness, barrenness, grim necessity and a stern standing alone and working for an ideal. The painter fell on his knees—all men fall on their knees at times—and

clasping his hands above his head, he cried with all the agonized fervor of an ardent soul assailed by inward conflict and a prey to the terrible doubt of our own strength, "O Thou from whom comest every good and perfect gift! stand by me in my fight; help me to be true to my ideal; let me work, live and die for my art. Let no woman's eyes lead me aside, let no woman's voice lure me, let no woman's arms hold me back from the pursuit of my divine mistress. Keep pleasure and the lust of the world from tempting me to sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. Let me live and die alone, childless and poor, but let me live and die an artist. O God! grant my prayer!"

His head bent forward and the tears burst hot from his eyes—such tears as are not often shed, which are christening drops to consecrate a soul to a single service. That evening he had felt dimly and seen darkly what there was sweet and dear in his life that he too could share by purchase, but his soul turned away with a bound, and soared far above all but self-fulfillment. He would subordinate everything to his art. He would run no risks of being fettered by circumstances. "No man can serve two mistresses: I will cleave to my divine and beloved art," he cried.

Two days before Frank's return Ernest would have said that should he find his friend recreant to the pursuit of art and fallen short of his ideal, the strongest bond between them would be broken, and that they could no longer be as before. But it was not so, and he was conscious it was not. The disappointment was indeed great and bitter, the sense of loneliness that followed it sweeping and absolute for the time; but Ernest was astonished to find that there was much left out of the ruins of his temple. The very completeness of the severance made the disappointment more endurable. Frank meant and wished not only not to lead the life that Ernest chose, but he distinctly preferred something else; and Ernest felt that he was wise in his choice; and he said also to himself, "Why should it reflect in any way on

my friend? All men are not born to be artists, nor even are all men who have the gift to become artists, artists in their souls. I swept Frank away with my enthusiasm, and for the time over-persuaded him: it was well that we parted and that he regained his balance, and could judge fairly for himself what rôle he could best play. And he is honest and true and generous-hearted, and can understand and sympathize with, though he may not share, my aims. Let us not make life harder than it must needs be. When one has once accepted any disappointment or cross, the worst is over, for struggle ceases, and so long as one does not struggle the pricks are hardly felt."

There was a true friendship between these two men, and the impulse that prompted Clifford to call his boy after his friend was one of those trifles that cement a feeling most strongly.

It was some little time before Ernest could be brought to come frequently and without ceremony to Clifford's house, but Alice's gentle, sweet persistent urgings, the child's eager welcoming cry and Frank's evident pleasure in his society told upon him, and he grew to make an exception as regarded them and his intercourse with them, and learned how much true affection can do to bind human beings together, even when a thorough comprehension of one another may be wanting. When Ernest was weary in spirit and tired in body he sought Alice's fireside, and even while he knew she could not understand the feverish longing of his spirit, the burning flame of ambition which consumed him, still, her sweet sympathetic voice, her tone of gentle interest, soothed and comforted him. She did not quench his thirst—that she could not do—but she made him forget that he was thirsty. And then, too, he learned that even as they could not comprehend him, they in turn possessed feelings that he could not grasp or realize the power of—their love for one another and for their child, even though he knew, or thought he knew, that were he to love wife or child it would be with at least equal strength and depth; yet, being possessed of neither, he felt that he was

poorer and more ignorant than they who had both.

Indeed, Ernest knew nothing of possession, of fruition, of completion in any way. It is good for every man to love, to feel, to *have* in some way *once* completely. Of this he knew nothing. His dreams were always far away from any indistinct shadowing forth of them in his real daily life, and he was for ever aspiring, reaching, longing—never grasping. In one thing only did he remove himself from his two friends. He would not be brought to know the women whom one after another Alice sought to make him meet. "No," he would say, "I don't want to be distracted. I might—Heaven only knows—fall in love."

"And if you did?" said Alice laughing, yet desirous of probing him.

"I must not—I do not desire it. I have a mistress—Art is my mistress," he said gravely.

"But, Ernest, surely you do not mean to be a bachelor all your days for the sake of art?"

"I may marry some day. I do not mean that I never will, but I do mean that I will never risk anything forcing me to forswear my allegiance. Now I am poor, alone, I never think of it: it does not matter, and so money is a matter of absolute indifference to me. I can pursue my ends independently of it. I need not let it weigh with me—not one particle. Should I love a woman and marry her, I become the slave of money, I work for money, I throw money into the scales, and it weighs down my convictions, my ambition, my ideal. No, no, no. I am an artist, and will live for my art."

He spoke with passion, prompted by the memories his own words evoked, and Alice looked at him wonderingly, and almost with awe; then, nestling close to her husband, she said, "Ah, Frank, its well for me you did not feel so: you would never have come back that rainy day in Rome when all the others had gone."

"I never was like Ernest, dearest: he is a painter to the last drop of his blood—one of the real, original Cinquecento

kind. Look at him as he stands there, the very embodiment of the soul of Michael Angelo."

Ernest looked up from his reverie, and said with a smile, "Don't make me ridiculous in the eyes of your wife.—But, Alice," taking her hand and raising it to his lips, "believe me if you make me fall in love against my will, it will be a bad day for me."

"I renounce my matchmaking tendencies on the spot," said Alice gayly, and yet moved by his manner, "but I cannot promise you will not meet a woman here."

"I don't ask that," he replied. "You know I am no believer in love at first sight, and I think I can face any woman once with impunity."

So the conversation closed: it was the first and last time Ernest ever spoke seriously on the subject, but neither Frank nor Alice ever forgot what he had said, little as it was.

A year went by—smoothly and uneventfully for Clifford and his wife. How for Ernest? In outward ways he had done well. The few pictures that his fastidious self-criticism permitted to pass from his studio were sold and well spoken of. He was sought out without being himself a seeker, and he was conscious that had he any desire for notoriety or popularity he might readily achieve both. This consciousness was not without sweetness to him: it protected him from any sense of slight, which he had always looked for as a possible result of his course. He still studied, still worked with no abatement of enthusiasm: the only difference in him was a strange sense of sadness and desperate loneliness that sometimes overcame him. No one knew of this: it was not perceptible in his outward manner, and he never could have brought himself to speak of it. It was a new feeling, and he had never had it in the old days. Sometimes he fancied when it swept over him that if his mother, who had died when he was a boy, were still alive, he could put his head in her lap and cry for very weariness and longing. She would understand it, he thought. "At least, she would ask and

desire no explanation: she would be sorry for me because she was my mother and I her son, before she knew what had hurt me, and without even needing to know it. Oh, mother! mother!"

But at last Ernest hit upon a way of treating himself in these moods—for he regarded them as a sort of mental or psychical sickness—which consisted in putting down his brush or book whenever he felt them coming on and repairing to Clifford's, where he would remain until he got in a different state. Sometimes the sight of Alice or a romp with his namesake would disperse the gathering cloud at once: sometimes he had to pass through it, but it was better than alone. He had hard work at first to reconcile himself to this indulgence of a weakness, but little by little he formed the habit; and all habits are made of stronger stuff than are their makers.

And so it came that one afternoon the fit came upon him, and he threw down his brush and started for Clifford's house. He was shown into a room full of joyous voices and merry laughter, and found Alice and Frank with three young ladies. Frank seized him immediately upon his introduction to the guests and hustled him off "to dress for dinner," he said—in reality, for a masculine powwow in the pretty little studio, wherein many pictures were talked of, none painted, and many cigars smoked.

"You don't mind those three women being here?" said Frank apologetically.

"No, my dear fellow, if I am not expected to entertain them: besides, there's safety in numbers."

"Well, you'll have to lend a hand to the entertaining, but the burden will fall on Stockton, Alice's cousin; and as they are all handsome he won't mind it, I dare say."

"I'd rather talk to your wife."

"Oh, I dare say: you are a woman-hater, we all know. Well, there is one of them that won't bother you against your will: that's Miss Chichester. She's as fair as an unfallen angel, and as proud as a fallen one."

"Why, Frank, that's very epigrammatic."

"I'm practicing for the ladies. But here comes little Ernest: I hear his steps.—Come in," in answer to the tap, and in rushed the boy to his namesake's arms, who always longed for the child's embrace and greeting—in his black moods more than ever.

An effectual end was put to any further conversation, and they were separated by a summons to dinner, which sent Frank to his dressing-room and Ernest to the nursery with the baby. When they met in the drawing-room the ladies were all there, and Ernest found himself placed at table between Alice and a Miss Thorndike, a pretty girl with a jolly laugh and a handsome set of teeth. On the opposite side sat Miss Chichester and Stockton.

Ernest's first look at the heroine of Frank's epigram showed him that there had been no exaggeration in saying that she was fair. A woman of great beauty, he thought, and his artist's eye rested with delight on the pure free outline of her head and features: he did not add the usual modification that was generally heard uttered concerning her, "What a pity she has not more expression!" To him there was a greater charm in the repose and serenity, the absence of emotion, in her face. His taste was too educated to crave violent effects or the emotion of discords and contrasts: the uniformity and harmony of her almost perfect features transcended all so-called expression in his eyes, and he looked at her with a sense of pure enjoyment.

All young men, as a rule, approach women whom they do not know with a vague sense of a possible result that this woman may turn out to be the woman of their hearts. About every unknown creature of the opposite sex there is an atmosphere of charm which is born of hope and imagination. Somewhere in the world lives, he knows, an embodiment of the *Ewige weibliche* for him, and who knows when the hour may come in which she will cross his path? So it is with women to an even greater degree, as their thoughts and hopes are, more than men's, concentrated on life as made of love. For them

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All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,—
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Any man whom they meet may hold in his hands the key of their destiny, and is invested with a strange sort of interest as one who may be, as well as another, the one for whom they look. A maiden's life is one long expectation. She never looks into a new man's face without an unconscious searching for the sign that will enable her to read the cipher in which all lives are written. Her heart is a labyrinth: she thinks he may have the clew.

But Ernest had destroyed, or at least deadened in himself, all this charming, vague stir of heart, and when he met women they suggested nothing of the sort to him; consequently, he did not to them. He thought to himself, "I will talk to her after dinner," and meanwhile looked across at intervals, talking conscientiously to his neighbor, and ate his dinner.

The talk was general and easy and superficial. Miss Chichester seemed to be fairly interested—a little dreamy perhaps, but not so much so as to make her appear indifferent. Before the dinner was over Ernest had painted her in half a dozen attitudes, and only wanted one thing more, he thought, of her face—that she should look into his eyes and smile or look interested. That she had not done yet.

"I will make her do it after dinner," thought Ernest as he sipped his claret. "But she is very indifferent, as Frank said."

Somehow, her face haunted him—her face like Maud's

Passionless, pale cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound—

and Frank's chat seemed wearisome and the minutes went slowly by. He wondered what they were doing in the drawing-room, and fell into reveries out of which his friend ruthlessly dragged him by questions endless and meaningless. At last, however, the moment came when Frank tossed the end of his cigar into the fire, and said with a stretch and yawn,

"Come, old fellow, let's join the women and have some music."

When they entered the drawing-room she was sitting on a little sofa in a corner of it. Alice was playing a "Song without Words," and the two girls were chatting in a corner, the music furnishing, to their minds, an agreeable accompaniment to conversation. When Ernest came toward her he stood looking down: she raised her eyes inquiringly. He said, "May I sit here?" indicating the place beside her. She moved slightly in acquiescence, and he took his seat.

"You look as if you were enjoying yourself," he said.

"I am doing more," she replied in the same undertone which he used, as if fearful of jarring with the music—"I am almost happy."

"Why not absolutely so?" he replied.

"Positive happiness is realization, is it not?" she said, still not looking at him, and with the listening look still on her face; "and I was only dreaming."

"That music has passed into you: you really look like a 'Song without Words.'"

She colored a little, and said at last, lifting her eyes to his, "I don't think you know me well enough to tell me what I look like."

"I beg you will pardon me," said Ernest, coloring a deep red in his turn. "My only excuse is, that my life teaches me to see and study what everything looks like, and, above all, what—" He stopped, for it rushed on him that he was about to displease more deeply by his apology than by the original offence.

"Well?" she said, with a shade of imperiousness in her tone. "Go on."

"I dare not," he said laughing, and then she did look—not at him, but into him, as he afterward expressed it—and, spite of himself, she read his meaning in his eyes.

"You are an artist," she said after a moment's silence. "See, I will give you plenary absolution for what you have said, and what you have not said, if you will tell me something I want to know."

"I accept the terms if I know it myself."

"Yes, you do—I am sure you do: you look as if you did."

"I think our account is balanced now," said Ernest quickly: "you have no more right to comment on my looks than I on yours."

"Then tell me this thing I want to know, as a pure grace, a gift."

"Ask me."

"Tell me," she said, her face changing suddenly from its calm, almost expressionless repose into an illuminated shrine of living beauty—"tell me what an artist feels, thinks; tell me what his dreams are, his aspirations—how he looks at life, what he wants from it. Talk to me of art, not as a teacher, not as a book would do, but as a priest would have talked of his religion in the days when compromises were unknown, and people were fanatical and one-ideal in what they believed. You worship art, do you not? Then tell me what it does for you."

"Do you know what you are asking me?" he exclaimed, moved and excited by her quick, passionate, imperative words. "You are asking for the history of my soul—that I should tear off its veil and lay it bare before you; for I have never cared for, never lived for, never adored anything but my art since I had a life. It is impossible. I am no dilettante, no amateur, to be eloquent about a sense of beauty and the objects of it: I cannot coin my heart's blood into words." He stopped abruptly.

"Tell me your life, then—your outside life: I can guess at its nature."

"Why do you care to hear?" he said.

"It would be long to tell, I suppose, because if I had been a man, a gifted man, I would have given up everything to ambition: being a woman, I must content myself with dreams and contemplation of what others do."

"I will tell you my life some day: I could not to-night. Don't be vexed with me," he said almost pleadingly as the light died out of her face and the impassible expression began to settle upon it. "To-night I am not myself, and I am too unaccustomed to having any—any sense of sympathy about such things to bear it with calmness." He looked, indeed, as

a man who has taken into his veins some unwonted draught, which has sent his blood coursing along with tripled force and made his eyes glitter with vitality.

"Do you mean that you are alone, all alone?" she said.

"I do. You are the first woman, the first creature save one, who ever came so near me."

"I know how I came: it is because you have just what I long for."

"Have I?" he said with a burst of sudden, strange, passionate eagerness. "Then it shall go hard with me if I do not give it to you."

The words might mean so much, were so full of force and earnestness, that even Eleanor Chichester's grand, unscrupulous egotism shrank back from letting them pass unchallenged. She was as unconventional that night as Ernest himself, but not because she was ignorant of the value and power of convention, as he was; only because she chose to dispense with it for the time. She smiled, not an illuminating smile, but a smile that took warmth away and threw a cold light upon them both. "I will not rob you of anything," she said.

He heard the words in a sort of mist. The chill of her smile had thrown him back on himself, and he was grasping for his self-control: with a desperate effort he caught it, and said, "To go back to the 'Song without Words:' I have thought it would be a good name for a pretty picture."

"What would be its conception?"

"The old story of a man and a woman together in one of the innumerable tell-tale ways that betray love without speech—in a boat, I think, or by the waterside. I am not sure I could make anything of it. I am always so dissatisfied with my own work."

"Ah, you work toward perfection—that is why," she said.

"If you would give me a study, perhaps I might make a picture to fit the name."

"I shall be happy to be immortalized," she said with a gracious bend of her head; and then Frank broke in, and the whole party came together, and Ernest had no more of Miss Chichester in the

way of a *tête-à-tête* that evening. But she had raised his spirits. She was something indefinable. He was himself, and more than himself: he was brilliant, gay and versatile, and the evening went off delightfully, much to Alice's relief, who had feared that Ernest would shrink into his shell.

"You will not forget your promise?" he said to Eleanor as he bade good-night.

"I will not: nor you yours?" she rejoined.

"Mine shall be redeemed at your second sitting."

"Very well."

And then came the parting, which was conventional enough: one always falls into a groove at the proper time, especially if one is a woman like Eleanor Chichester.

"She had passed a delicious evening," she said to herself that night. Between the music of her dreams and that man's unconscious instrumentality, it was almost perfect; but the best thing would be to be a man one's self—to work out one's own ambition, scale one's own heights, live one's own life—not taste fame and glory at second hand. "Ah," she thought, "when will women live for and by themselves? It is hard never to

fight—only to send one's lover to battle; hard never to devote one's self to art, but only stimulate some man to the consecration. If I could only change places with that man! And he?—I suppose he will be fool enough to love some woman, perhaps better even than his art, and marry her. Well, if I must have an instrument, he might be a good one: we shall see." And with a slight scornful smile she finished her soliloquy.

Ernest sought his garret a changed man from the moody, gloomy creature who had fled from it in the morning. He did not seek to find the reason of the change: he was too happy in feeling that he was more like himself than he had been for months. He trod on air. "Ah," thought he, "when one does not persecute one's self with the eternal, ever-recurring idea of marriage, how much a woman like that does for an artist!—her beauty, her soul, her enthusiasm. Instead of making love to her, one draws an inspiration from her: another offering on the altar of one's true mistress, Art. I believe that girl could understand me if I told her what I care for and live for. How her eyes gleamed when she spoke of art! I wonder when I can paint her?" FRANCIS ASHETON.

A NIGHT IN A SWISS PENSION.

THE geographical position of the small canton of Appenzell is such that it can hardly be approached, save by the practiced pedestrian over mountain-passes, from any side but the north. The canton is singularly surrounded on all sides by that of St. Gall—a curious indication of the stout determination of the inhabitants of those valleys to be governed by none but themselves at the time when the entire district first succeeded in throwing off the yoke of feudal tyranny. The tyranny which had from the middle of the Dark Ages oppressed

the whole of this region was that of the abbots of St. Gall, who, gradually increasing in wealth, territory and power from the time when St. Gallus, a wandering missionary monk from far Iona, first found a cell and gathered a little community about him, became in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries very great and powerful lords. The Benedictine community of St. Gall, however, was not so entirely an evil to humanity as many another abbot and abbey; for the monastery was a seat of learning celebrated all over Europe in

those dark centuries, and rendered in its day many important services to the cause of modern intellectual culture. But the preservation of classical manuscripts, and the fame of the erudition of the cowed masters who ruled them, failed to reconcile the men of St. Gall and Appenzell to priestly government; and after a series of hardly-contested struggles the *villains* succeeded in freeing themselves from the yoke. Yet the stout-hearted and industrious dalesmen were content with insisting that they would not be ruled by monks or abbots, or lords of any kind, lay or clerical, and allowed the great abbey to remain enormously wealthy till another great social upheaval and the very different spirit of another time and people came, with the teaching that plunder is the surest and purest means of social regeneration. The French Revolution brought ruin to the convent of St. Gall, as to so much else, and it exists but as the merest shadow of its former self. The huge buildings, comparatively recent, as is testified by their extreme ugliness, remain in the centre of the thriving town of St. Gall. But his lordship the abbot was wont to reside there only as at his town residence. He had for the hot summer weather his country-seat in a charming spot among the hills—the *Abbot's Cell*, Abten-zelle, and thence Appenzell. And whatever may have been his mitred lordship's views of government and social science, it cannot be denied that he had a shrewd eye for the advantages of a country residence. A more charming spot than that which he selected among the green knolls and slopes on the banks of the little river Sitter, and shadowed by the towering tops of the southward mountains, can hardly be imagined. And there is now the tiny capital of the free and independent canton of Appenzell.

Appenzell, however, does not rule over all even of the canton bearing its name. For it came to pass that the occupations, habits and ways of thinking of the inhabitants of the more northern and less mountainous part of the country became gradually more and more different from those of the mountaineers who inhabit-

ed the southern and inner valleys. The former became agricultural, and in process of time a largely manufacturing population. They became also—a phenomenon so frequently and so suggestively found in a similar conjunction of circumstances—*Protestant*, while the herdsmen of the inner valleys retained the religion of their forefathers. And the Appenzellers, independent as ever in the cast of their minds and inclinations, became yet farther separated into two different communities and governments, called "Outer" and "Inner Appenzell." While Outer Appenzell is populous, thriving, rich and progressive, Inner Appenzell is thinly inhabited, poor and stagnant. The "Outer" district is bordered all round by the industrious, prosperous manufacturing canton of St. Gall. The little town which marks by its name the spot which the abbot selected for his summer "cell" is the capital of the "Inner" district, and he who penetrates beyond the town of Appenzell to the southward plunges more and more deeply into the recesses of the mountains and the recesses of the population, socially speaking, from which he must return by the same path, unless indeed he extricate himself by paths fitted only for practiced Alpine climbers.

This Appenzell district is very little visited by tourists, owing in part to the fact that the country is a cul-de-sac, and leads to nowhere else, and in part to the circumstance that your tourist regulates his movements very much upon the principle that rules those of a flock of sheep jumping over a hedge: the whole flock follows the first audacious spirit which has found or made a gap, and that and no other is the path for them. In the mean time, before some explorer shall have made a trip in Appenzell the fashion, and before Mr. Cooke shall have "personally conducted" a horde of Cockneys into these fastnesses, any rambler who likes being his own pioneer better than being pioneered for by others, any one who is enamored of elbow-room for his wanderings, could not do better than explore these obscure valleys.

A more idyllic-looking spot than that

referred to in the title I have prefixed to this paper it would be difficult to imagine. It is situated about four miles to the southward of the little town of Appenzell, at the confluence of three little streams, descending from as many mountain-gorges, which together form the little river Sitter. As is often the case in similar positions, a flat meadow of some extent is spread out at the confluence of the valleys, and in this instance its exquisitely green expanse is richly studded with large timber trees, giving a charmingly park-like character to the scene. Around the edges of the flat space are pine woods covering the lower slopes of the mountains, which rise above them into high peaks, guarding the little plain on all sides, and shutting it out from the world, like the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas. We know how sadly deceptive were the hopes inspired by the seclusion which led Rasselas to expect happiness in *his* valley, and the world has learned by other teaching besides that of Dr. Johnson that "primitiveness" does not always ensure that a secluded population shall be also one rich in all the social and domestic virtues. Nevertheless, this little enclosed meadow with its one habitation *did* seem to one coming from the outer world to hold out in a rare degree the promise of an utterly quiet and peaceful séjour for such period as a wanderer might choose to claim its hospitality.

In the midst of the flat green meadows which I have described, and pleasantly shadowed by fine trees, beech and elm, as well as pine, there is a large house standing like a mansion in its own park. This is the establishment of Weissbad. There is certainly no reason why baths should not be found there to any extent, for assuredly water is in abundance. But I know no other special reason why this pretty house should be deemed a bathing-place. It is a "Kur-ort" also, of course—"place of cure." And people drink long glasses of a very nasty-looking yellow liquid which I believe to be goat's whey, thus conscientiously keeping up the assumed character of the place. But I know not what ills or maladies it is deemed the special function

of Weissbad to cure, as they be not weariness of the world's work, and of what Cornwall Lewis considered so much worse—the world's pleasures. The good people I found there—Swiss and Germans almost exclusively—certainly did not appear to need "curing" of any sort, so far as might be judged from their appearance and their performances at the social board. But it is a recognized Swiss fiction that every place of summer resort for holiday idleness should be called and deemed a "place of cure." Perhaps the worthy Swiss and German burghers could not reconcile holiday absence from their counting-houses to their industrious consciences on any other plea.

I have described the appearance of the spot as I saw it subsequently, rather than as it showed itself to me on my first arrival there. *That* was achieved under rather special circumstances. My companion and I had reached Appenzell in a very hard rain, such as would have wetted one exposed to it to the skin in about two minutes, let his garments be of what nature they might. The weather changes very rapidly, however, among these mountains, and we voted that the down-pour with which Appenzell welcomed us was far too violent to last. So we supped and went to bed at our hostelry, "The Pike"—a constantly recurring sign in this part of Switzerland—fixing our little journey to Weissbad for the next morning, and paying but small attention to our hostess's long face and doleful presages of roads sure to be overflowed and bridges certain to be carried away. The next morning the rain had ceased, though the clouds were lying very low on the hillsides, the higher tops hidden from the view as much as if they did not exist, and the heavens seemed ready to begin again the performance of the previous night on the shortest notice. Having determined to go, however, and being of Anglo-Saxon breed, we had out our little *einspänner*, and went amid a chorus of dismal prophecies, and such a shaking of heads as might have justified the theory that all Appenzellers are lineal descendants of Lord Burleigh.

We started, and our obstinacy in do-

ing so was so far justified that we did arrive, men, horse and carriage, in safety. The journey was but four miles, but if I were to attempt to chronicle all the episodes, all the "moving accidents by flood and field," which diversified that short transit, I should weary my readers more than the thing itself wearied us. Fragments of road carried away in places compelled us to seek a practicable way by driving through meadows already turned into swamps. The ruin of bridges of which no trace remained rendered it necessary to find a way across the country in search of the nearest still available means of crossing the raging stream. All the ordinarily peaceful little rills which flow into the Sitter had become furious torrents, and roared and raved and sung their boisterous, triumphant songs as if a sort of water carnival and saturnalia had been proclaimed. It seemed perfectly marvelous that the entire face of the country should be so changed by the results of not more than twenty-four hours' rain. Everywhere the men were out and hard at work, in many cases up to their middle in the turbid water, striving to remedy mischief already done or to prevent the worse to come, which they evidently feared. Pine trees which had been either torn up by their roots from the banks of the streams or hastily felled for the purpose were in many places being secured lengthwise to the banks of the torrents by massive chains, in the hope that by receiving the shock of the current where it set in special strength against the bank, they might avail to prevent the greedy streams from swallowing up further portions of fair and valuable meadow in addition to that which they had already rent away. Others were laboring hard at the dangerous task of securing the masses of timber and trees that were being borne madly down the stream, lest they should destroy other bridges in their headlong course. Others again were striving to render the passage of wheels across their fields more possible, and at the same time less mischievous to the fields themselves, by various temporary contrivances. It was in the words of the Ancient Mariner,

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!"—if one had wanted it—for every little streamlet, instead of its usual crystal rill, was running a semi-liquid of the color of pea-soup. A wonderfully clever and powerful Swiss mare we had in the shafts of our little carriage; and well it was that we had, for assuredly we could not have got through the little journey otherwise. But she would not be beat, let the water run as it would and the wheels sink in swamp as deeply as they might. She stuck to it with a courage *à toute épreuve*; and finally we arrived, driving into the Weissbad park not by the usual entrance or following the road, but making our way in from behind, across the sward as best we might.

The house is capable of accommodating some eighty persons, but we found there only about thirty. It was not raining at the moment, and we saw several of the inmates in groups of twos and threes taking advantage of the cessation of the rain to get a little air and exercise on the gravel-paths around the house. Having taken possession of the rooms to which we were shown by a smiling damsel, who made very light of the bad weather, and confidently predicted sunshine for the morrow, we too went out and peered about to reconnoitre the locality, and especially to examine the amount of the mischief done by the rivers which unite to form the Sitter in the immediate neighborhood of the house. We found this not so great as might have been expected. The bridge, indeed, by which the establishment should have been approached had been carried away, with some portion of the banks of the stream, and we were told of paths in the gorges of the valleys above the house having been rendered impassable. But these evils would doubtless soon be repaired with the promptitude which the Swiss invariably show in such matters, and which is so remarkably contrasted with the doings—or rather no-doings—of their neighbors on the southern side of the Alps; and on the whole we congratulated ourselves on having persisted in penetrating to Weissbad despite all ob-

stacles, and were content to believe that the cheerful predictions of better things for the morrow were founded on the profound weather-wisdom which travelers are apt to attribute to local authorities on the subject. Still, however, the black clouds lay ominously low over all the valley, the mountains in the immediate vicinity were as invisible as Chimborazo, and there was a dead and utter stillness in the moisture-saturated air which did not seem to us reassuring.

Well! we thought to ourselves, if the worst comes to the worst, and we are doomed to a regular wet day to-morrow, it will be a terrible bore certainly, but we are not altogether without resources. There are chessboards and chessmen in the house, there are some volumes of a German illustrated periodical, and recent French literature is represented by a copy of *Corinne*. Besides, could we not find amusement for at least one day in studying the varied specimens of humanity around us?

They were indeed quite sufficiently varied to afford material enough for such observation. The company comprised young and old in tolerably fair proportions, and the sexes were represented, as is usually the case in such places, with some preponderance in favor of that which used to be called the weaker. But though there was thus no lack of female juvenility, there was not a single girl there with the shade of a pretension to good looks. The Germans—and still more notably the Swiss—are unquestionably by no means dowered with "the fatal gift of beauty." They are, to tell the plain truth, a singularly harsh-featured race. Cross the Alpine barrier and you are immediately struck by the contrast which the population around you offers in this respect. Pursue your southward way, and the physical beauty of the type improves at every step till you are struck with admiration at the classical beauty of the forms you meet with in the southern half of Italy. But can it be denied that this southern progress will exhibit to the observer a curiously proportionate deterioration in all the elements of moral and spiritual—I doubt whether one ought

to add intellectual—beauty? And did the coincidence of these facts ever strike the reader as a singular arrangement of the destinies that rule our race? Or does this remarkable disjunction of excellencies which for the perfection of humanity ought to be combined, arise from some subtle error, some latent mistake (to be discovered and rectified doubtless in the fullness of time), in human sanitary, educational, religious and political arrangements? That the facts are as I have stated them—that the squat, thick-made, pale-eyed, flat-nosed, coarse-mouthed, shoulder-of-mutton-fisted and sturdily honest Swiss hind is a nobler specimen of humanity than the Antinous-like denizen of the Roman Campagna, who would cut your throat for five francs if he got the chance of doing so—no one, I think, who has had much opportunity of observing the two peoples can doubt.

But although there was not a single pretty girl in all the company at Weissbad, there were bouncing Swiss maidens whose forms were as latitudinarian as their principles were doubtless the reverse; whose every footfall shook the room as surely as ever Jove's nod shook Olympus; whose dancing produced the effects of an earthquake; whose broad red faces beamed with good-humor and health; who were evidently enjoying their holiday to the utmost; and who were utterly free from any of that strange feeling which, be it what it may, so often makes a Briton, male or female, old or young, ashamed of allowing it to appear that he or she is doing so. And there were young men—probably belonging to the commercial classes, with perhaps a student or two—who for the most part indicated by the tone of their manners that almost indefinable but remarkable superiority in culture which in continental life, and in what may be called the lower half of the middle classes, so clearly distinguishes the masculine moiety of society, and which will have to be—as indeed it is in the way of being—removed before any real and satisfactory advance in genuine social culture can be achieved.

There was (of course) the German professor with spectacles on nose, with wife and daughter, the former looking and speaking as if Greek particles, and the latter as if *wurst* and *mehlspeise*, had occupied their entire minds during a lifetime. Then there were two young Englishmen, who were amusing from their evident desire to conceal their nationality. They spoke together only in inaudible whispers, and to the servants and to their neighbors at table in a tongue which they evidently supposed to be German, but which served no other purpose than that of proving that whatever coast they may have hailed from, they unquestionably were no sons of "Fatherland." The intensity of their preparations for Alpine excursions of the most tremendous extent and severity were also not a little amusing. Then there were three other English—an elderly gentleman with wife and daughter, who were strongly typical of a large class of English travelers in these days. The old gentleman was doubtless a retired tradesman. He had exchanged his wonted black broadcloth for a suit of gray tweed, and very uncomfortable he looked in it. But his shirt-collars, immaculate in their rigid, stand-up stiffness, the set of his bald head on his stooping old shoulders, the smirk on his affable old face, and his whole *manière d'être*, down to the way he held his hands, declared a life which had been passed behind a counter. I was inspired by a strong sentiment of liking for that old gentleman, he was so evidently determined to be "jolly," like Mark Tapley, and to "come out strong" under what were to him very difficult circumstances. He had of course been brought thither wholly at the instance of his wife and daughter, and no doubt found the whole concern, and especially all that was placed before him to eat and drink, barbarous and detestable in no ordinary degree. But there he sat between his womenkind at the table, smirking and smiling, and "no-thank-you-my-dear"-ing the maid, who kept handing him dishes unknown to Bloomsbury, in tones of the purest cockney, and rubbing his hands as if he were enjoying himself to

his heart's content. Poor old victim! I do hope that that wife and daughter of his, whose minds were too wholly devoted to doing the genteel, will let him enjoy his pipe and glass of grog in peace when his turn of enjoyment comes on his return to his snug villa at Clapham.

But the grandest party there was that of a wealthy cotton manufacturer from St. Gall. He occupied the head of the table, on one side of him his portly wife, and on the other two daughters, who behaved with very dignified propriety while under the eyes of their stately papa and ponderous, gold-chained and black-silked mamma, "curling their monstrous heads" with a complacent consciousness, out-chignonning with the huge fabrics of their light-brown hair all the other chignons around the table. But when in the evening I looked into the "Damen-salon," where there was a piano, and where the young folks had gathered themselves together, the two bouncing young cotton heiresses from St. Gall were among the eagerest of the chatterers and the loudest of the laughers. What a noise they were making in that "Damen-salon"! And how merry they were while the rain, which had begun again as if it had not rained a drop for the last six months, was beating and rattling against the window-panes! There was a young man at the piano—not any one of the ladies, as would probably have been the case had the scene been in England or in America. In Switzerland music is almost as much monopolized by the men as it is—or perhaps I should rather say, used to be—by the women among ourselves. A young man sat at the piano, and a bevy around him were singing, or rather trying to sing, bits of songs, and never getting to the end of any one. Each breakdown ended in an uproarious burst of laughter, while a score of voices proposed as many different *morceaux* for another trial. In the background, on some sofas against the wall farthest from the piano, a rather strong amount of flirtation seemed to be going on, unexpressed in the slightest degree by the presence of the noisy crowd in front, which on its part did not appear to trou-

ble the quiet ones by bestowing any attention upon them. The scene was thoroughly Swiss—innocent, boisterously mirthful, coarse, hoydenish, above all outrageously noisy.

Meantime, the elders were in the coffee-room discussing pipes or cigars and tall glasses of beer, or plying the never-idle knitting-needles and learnedly discoursing of the mysteries of "stitches" of recondite sorts; or were gathered in knots about the doorway and under the porticoes, and somewhat gravely watching the unceasing downpour from the skies, and calculating the probabilities of its duration and of the damage likely to be caused by it.

It was a little past ten when we retired to our double-bedded room—a good-sized chamber, with two little bits of carpet by the sides of the two beds, and all the rest of the white-boarded floor entirely bare. It was all specklessly clean, but rather bare of furniture, as the rooms in similar Swiss resorts are wont to be. A washstand, a tiny table and three or four chairs constituted all that had been thought necessary for the accommodation of the inmates. Considering what the winter is in this country, I was surprised to remark the thinness of the walls. They were of single brick, and therefore not above six inches thick. Of course any large surface of such a wall, unsupported by other aid than its own, could not have remained standing a month. But these Swiss houses are constructed with such a framework of timber that not more than some four or five square feet of brickwork unbroken by a beam occurs in any part of them. And I suppose that these very slender walls are found sufficient for rooms intended to be inhabited only in the summer. Our chamber faced to the north, as did the front of the entire building, thus turning its back to the valleys, whence the streams issued from the gorges in the mountains, as well as on the present occasion to the beating of the storm. The worst and most durable bad weather in Switzerland is when the storm-wind comes *down* from the higher mountains. When it blows *up* the valleys fine wea-

ther may be expected shortly. On this occasion the storm came down from the heights of the Sentis behind us, and the growling and menace of it was not much heard in our northward-looking room. We heard doors banging from time to time in distant corridors with a violence which was startling, and once a terrible crash of glass, as of a window which the wind had caught and brought to grief. But as old travelers, who had long since learned to sleep through worse noises than those, we put ourselves to bed after a last look out into the utter darkness of the pitchy night, and a reluctant recognition of the impossibility of pretending to expect a fine day for the morrow, and fell peacefully asleep.

I suppose we may have slept between two and three hours when we were both awakened by a series of unaccountable noises. The first half-awake idea that occurred to one was that some very noisy travelers were about to start on their way at an unconscionably early hour. And old travelers, like the retired half-pay officer who ordered himself to be called every morning at the old time that he might have the pleasure of saying, "Damn the parade!" and turning round to go to sleep again, soon learn to "damn the early diligence," and resume their slumbers. But the noises in question were too continuous, and pervaded apparently all parts of the house too much, to admit of any such explanation. We heard the hurried trampling of feet along the corridors, the constant clapping to of doors, and once or twice distant voices. One of us struck a light. Twenty minutes past one! What in the world could be the meaning of it? We looked out of the window. All was pitchy dark—darker, if possible, than it had been when we looked out before going to bed. But we descried lights moving about at the extremity of the park-like meadow in the neighborhood of the spot where we knew that two out of the three streams which form the Sitter meet. And my companion, whose ears were sharper than mine, said that the roar of the waters of these streams, now changed to raging torrents, was far louder than it had been over

night. We had slept, as is our wont, with our windows open, but so entirely did the force of the storm beat on the house from the other side that the wind was hardly at all felt in the room, nor had any rain come in at the windows.

We were not long in deciding that something of a very unusual kind was happening in the house, and that it might probably be as well to dress ourselves. We did so as quickly as might be, and proceeded to start on an expedition of inquiry. But the instant the door of the chamber was opened the lights were blown out, and the room was invaded by a boisterous roaring wind which snatched the door out of our hands and slammed it to in our faces. Shut the windows, and try again. But again our candles were blown out as soon as we attempted to take them into the passage. A mighty wind was rushing along the corridor, which extends the entire length of the large building, and made it quite impossible to maintain a light there. We gave up the attempt, and steering ourselves in the darkness as best we might, groped our way to the landing-place at the head of the principal staircase. We had been assisted to reach it by the glimmer of a light which we perceived, as we came near to it, to proceed from a horn lantern held in the hand of a man in his shirt-sleeves, whose dripping condition showed him to have been out in the storm. About half a dozen people, some men and some women, were gathered around him, and he was earnestly telling them some tidings of which the very broad local dialect he spoke conveyed the sense to us but very imperfectly. It was clear enough, however, from the white faces and scared looks of his hearers that his information, whatever it was, was deemed by them to be of an alarming nature. The little crowd was increased, as he was speaking, by the arrival of three or four other half-dressed figures. Everybody was asking his neighbor not what the matter was—for everybody save ourselves seemed to know that—but what was the extent of the disaster. A few minutes of course sufficed to make us aware of the state of matters. The rain

had been falling very heavily all the night on the lowlands of the valley around us. But this, though it might have sufficed to swell the streams, and even to cause them to overflow their banks, would of itself have mattered little, at least to us, comfortably housed under shelter. But the torrents from the hills! All the water that had fallen during those hours of violent rain on the widespread flanks and hoary head of the Sentis, reinforced by the snow-water melted in the warm south wind, seemed to be rushing down with concentrated fury on the little oasis of meadow-land on which the house we were in was built. And truly, when one's attention was drawn to the consideration of the matter, it did seem as if the bit of land on which the Weissbad stands was so located as to be specially marked out for a visitation of the sort. I have said that the three little mountain-streams which mainly form the river Sitter flow down from as many gorges in the mountain-sides behind the Weissbad and unite their waters in front of it; so that the park-like meadow which has been described is surrounded by them on all sides, and it would be difficult to imagine a locality better adapted for a catastrophe of the kind which now appeared to be imminent.

Thus much we quickly comprehended, and I hope felt sincerely sorry for the damage and loss which must inevitably ensue to our hostess and to her poorer neighbors. But I am afraid that we contemplated the matter with somewhat of that calmness with which people are wont to consider the misfortunes of strangers in which they themselves are not in any way concerned. It seemed to us, however, that the sympathies of the others of the little group who were gathered on the landing-place around the scared and excited man with the lantern were aroused to a greater degree of liveliness than our own, and our colder philanthropy felt itself somewhat rebuked by the observation.

"I am afraid," said one of us, "that we can none of us be of any service in any way. We might as well have remained in our beds. It is pretty clear

that there will be no stirring from the house for the next twenty-four hours at least."

The little knot of scared people looked at us with a sort of pitying contempt in their faces, and one old lady, whose share in the general misfortune had touched her temper, said, "*Ja! ja!* Better go to bed and sleep till your beds are washed from under you."

Then we began to perceive that, at least in the opinions of those present, our own share in the interests of the hour was a somewhat larger and more personal one than we had hitherto imagined. In a word, the fears were for the house itself. The water was already more than knee-deep all over the meadow, and the Weissbad was standing in the middle of a lake. But this fact, unpleasant though it might be, did not seem necessarily to involve any such danger as our companions of the moment seemed to apprehend. The soil in the immediate vicinity of the house was a trifle higher than the rest of the meadow, and the house might stand safely enough on its little island till such time as the flood should abate and as long as the present state of things should continue. Ay, no doubt as long as things should remain as they were! But how long was that likely to be? Hark! Surely the roar of the torrents at the rear of the house was increasing in volume and violence. The body of water they were pouring down on the devoted little plain must be growing larger with every moment. And who could say to what extent this might yet further increase, or how long it might be before it in any degree abated? Our admiration for the philanthropy of our neighbors began to be diminished, and our interest in the matters around us to be very decidedly heightened.

Just then the mistress of the establishment reached the spot where we were standing, coming with a quick step along the lengthy passage which communicated with the other wing of the house. She also had a lantern in her hand. She was very pale, as if under the oppression of a mortal terror, but she retained, though with an excited manner, a greater degree

of presence of mind than might perhaps have been expected. She had been round the house herself, taking care that all the inmates should be waked and recommended to get up and dress themselves. But before resorting to this measure she had herself gone out to ascertain, as far as any observation could ascertain, the amount of the mischief already done, and to estimate the extent of the peril that threatened us all. It was plain to see that her expedition had not been a pleasant one. She was dripping wet and dragged wellnigh up to her waist, as it seemed; and her report was not an encouraging one. A portion of the meadow, at the spot where the Weissbach, one of the three streams forming the Sitter, unites with its neighbor stream, had been torn away, and an ornamental plantation, comprising some large timber trees, had gone with it. Walking on the gravel-walk which yesterday had led to this plantation and to a little bridge over the stream, she had all at once found her feet sinking into soft mud. Extricating herself by a backward movement, she had watched for some minutes the surface of the water around the trunk of a tree whose roots were being rapidly undermined by it, and had satisfied herself that the flood was still rising. How long and to what extent it might continue to do so, God only knew. As yet there were no fears for the house. The cellars were full of water, but the foundations were good, and the water as yet only just reached the foot of the walls. For my own part, I felt disposed to doubt the goodness of the foundations she spoke of. The observation I had made of the exceeding slightness of the walls seemed to me to warrant a suspicion that the foundation of the building might have been laid with equal haste and insufficiency. I knew that the soil on which the building stood must be alluvial, and that this soil had been subjected to a continuous soaking and saturation for many hours; and, on the whole, it did not appear to me very satisfactorily certain that the house was safe. Probably it was *if* we had already seen the worst of the disaster. But the "*if*" was not a consolatory one. In fact,

every minute was adding to the danger, and the peculiar and special element of terror in such visitations is that the measure of what may be coming is simply incalculable.

While the hostess was telling us the results of her examination of the state of matters without, some others of those whom she had advised to leave their beds joined the group at the stair-head. The two young Englishmen were the first, booted, gaitered, alpenstock in hand and knapsack on back, ready, evidently, for a start, and as evidently considering this night alarm an excellent bit of fun and a very acceptable addition to their traveler's stock of adventures. They were quite prepared to wade, to swim, to save themselves or assist in saving anybody who would accept of their assistance. One of them, doubtless speculating on the delight of bearing so lovely a burden in his arms through the flood, was jocularly addressing some observation to one of the buxom daughters of the rich St. Gall manufacturer, who was the next to arrive at our rendezvous, when her father, irritated by his levity, turned on him angrily and demanded what he saw to laugh at in the prospect of a houseful of people being all drowned like so many rats. By two and threes, most of them in a condition of entire negligée, and bearing marks of consternation in their faces, others of last night's merry party came forth from their rooms, among others the old Englishman, whose determination to make the best of everything I had so much admired, with his wife and daughter. The ladies in their alarm apparently quite forgotten or were indifferent to the possibility that English-understanding ears might be within hearing, and were loudly upbraiding the unfortunate husband, and father with having brought them there. They had known what it would be to come to the horrid place! And how anybody with a grain of sense could have—etc. etc.! Poor man! he bent to the storm of female wrath, more pitiless than that which was raging outside, and still continued silently rubbing his hands, but with an eloquence of action so con-

trasted with that with which he had performed the same action last evening that it taught me that even a ci-devant shop-keeper's rubbing of his hands may have an expression of its own.

There was evidently nothing to be done save wait and watch and expect the issue. It is probable, I suppose, that most of those gathered there formed some idea of what they would do at the last moment when they should feel the house reeling beneath their feet. One stout and stalwart Swiss man expressed his intention of waiting as long as the waters remained sufficiently low to make it possible for him to wade across the meadow to the neighboring hillside, and then to adopt that mode of escape without waiting till it should be no longer possible. My own notion was not favorable to any such plan. The night was pitchy dark. The meadow was intersected by more than one stream now swollen to a furious torrent. It was more than probable, as it seemed to me, that water would not be the worst enemy with which the undertaker of such a wading scheme might have to contend. The torrents were bringing down trees and huge rolling rocks with them, and on the whole such an attempt appeared to me hazardous in the extreme. I believe I had made up my mind to stick by the house, and even by the fragments of it, to the last, as affording the best chances that were open to us.

We could not, however, continue standing at the head of the stairs during the remaining hours of the night. It was difficult to say exactly *where* in all the house it might be best to be at the moment of the crash, if the crash should come. One portion of the building was older than the rest, which had been added when the place was adapted to the purposes of a *pension*. And it seemed to me probable that this older portion might be the more solidly built, and might be very likely to remain standing when the larger and more rickety portions of the fabric might be washed away. My notion, therefore, was to remain in a narrow passage on the ground-floor of this part of the building which ran

between two apparently stout walls, thinking that thus we should have the best chance of being protected from the falling timbers of the roof. But the very natural desire to see what was going on, and to be able to estimate, as far as might be, the progress of the chances for and against us, moved us, as well as the others of the little crowd around us, to go down to a portico in front of the main entrance to the house. We did so, and found there most of the other inmates of the house.

It was very dark, save when an occasional flash of lightning revealed a scene which, in those fitful glimpses of white turbid water, low drifting clouds and swaying, cracking and prostrate trees, was truly terrible. I hoped, from the thunder and lightning and the exceeding violence of the rain, that the downpour was not likely to be of long duration. But the worst of the matter was, that it signified comparatively little what happened in this respect down in the valley. Our danger arose from the torrents descending from the mountains. The mistress of the house was among us under the portico, and though she was as white as a sheet (she is a widow, with half a dozen children dependent upon her), and evidently in a state of high-strung nervous excitement, I admired her presence of mind and readiness of resources as she gave her orders to the men who kept coming and going through the water between the house and the edge of the meadow toward the confluence of the streams, where the bridge and plantation, as I have mentioned, had been carried away. There were many men and many horses at work all that night. What they were mainly doing was to lash the trunks of fallen trees by chains to the banks of

the stream at the points most immediately menaced, in order that by receiving the impetus of the current they might prevent the crumbling away of the soft banks. Stakes had to be firmly driven into the soil at a considerable distance from the bank, and to these trees which had already fallen were attached by huge chains, so as to hang over the bank. And all this had to be done by men up to their middle in water, and in thick darkness and a tempest of wind. It was very dangerous and very hard work, but it was unflinching proceeded with during the livelong night.

Altogether, the scene *under* and as seen *from* that portico during those small hours of the morning was a thing to remember. The house was not washed away. The waters did unmistakably rise a little after we had all descended to the portico, and thus for a while kept the excitement and the alarm *crescendo*. But they did not rise much, and at about three in the morning we were able to convince ourselves that for the last half hour or so they had not risen. Gradually the assembled party, feeling tolerably assured now that the house would remain over their heads till morning, quitted the portico, one after another, and returned to their beds. But for the proprietress of Weissbad there was no more bed that night. At the best, her property was grievously damaged and her losses considerable. We learned afterward that the old timber bridge over the Sitter by which the Weissbad is approached is to be replaced by a new iron one which is to cost fifteen thousand francs, five thousand of which the town of Appenzell will pay, leaving the mistress of Weissbad to find the remaining ten.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

LADY MAUD.

COLD in womanhood's chaste deceit,
 Passionless, pure and singing alone,
 Ere the wild, white summer had reddened the wheat,
 And the musk of the locust-bloom was blown—
 A slim, cold Sibyl, singing of death
 And honor and love and duty,
 Chiding the air with her fragrant breath,
 And making a sin of her beauty.

Though her lips be sweet as flower o' the wine
 When it beads in its crimson sheath of glass,
 If she loves me not, what pleasure is mine?
 It is but a violet under the grass
 To the wanton bee in his gold-lace coat,
 Whose violin wings are tuning
 In many a cooing and amorous note,
 Through the airs of the garden swooning.

She comes like the morning's misty cloud
 That leaves a print in the garden-bed,
 On the Burgundy roses grown more proud,
 And the pink carnations a deeper red:
 She goes, as sweet to the finger-tips,
 In her beauty, stately and chilly,
 But for the geranium-red of her lips,
 As the white of a cold still lily.

O sweet cold victims, withering sweet!
 The pale white flowers her fingers hold,
 Plucked ere the honey was made complete
 In roses and orchids and marigold.
 She sins a sin as her fingers mix,
 The cold of her beauty rebuking,
 The passion-flower and kiss-me-quicks
 That her eyes are overlooking.

Oh sin of being so sweet a thing,
 So passionless pure in her cold content!
 A soft denial of sweetheart spring,
 And, out of her beauty, insolent:
 Like a breath come out of the still serene,
 With the chill of snow-wreath, chiding
 The tender leaves in their pearly green
 Where the violet beds are hiding.

But the wild March wind in the leaf and bud
 Of the stark, cold wood may eddy and grow,
 And the chaste, pure love of a milk-white maid
 Be nursed like violets under the snow

In the gentle gloom of a chaste deceit
That covers a warmth of beauty,
While the chill of the voice rings wild and sweet
Of love and honor and duty.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

MY DAUGHTER'S ADMIRERS.

"FOUR by honors and four by cards! ha! ha! Count it, Emmy dear."

"There is the door-bell," says Emmy with much interest.

"The door-bell? You are mistaken, surely: I didn't hear it.—Deal the cards, Rolf. Eight to your two, my boy: perhaps you would succeed better at dominoes. And your mamma looks quite as crestfallen as you do. I shall not trouble myself very much with regard to your future morals, sir: you will never get on at games of chance."

"I think perhaps a little interview with Cæsar would be of great assistance to Rolf in getting on with Professor Thumbscrews to-morrow," interpolates grandmamma from her knitting.

"It is most ungenerous, grandmamma, to hit a fellow when he's down," objects Rolf reproachfully.—"Now, mamma, look alive, and we'll make a stand yet."

"I was almost sure I heard the bell," says Emmy with a sigh.

"What, Emmy! revoking?" cries Rolf excitedly. "No, no, mademoiselle, you cannot come that sort of game on me. Just take that trump back and follow suit, if you please. I am confident you have a diamond: in fact, I—I—"

"You saw it, Rolf: complete your disclosure," laughs grandmamma.

"Well, grandmamma, she holds her hand so low I cannot help seeing.—Play, Emmy."

"There is a diamond," says Emmy.—"Now, mamma— Ah, I knew I heard the bell," continues she triumphantly as a servant enters and hands her a card.

"This is always the way," say I in a loud voice and full of wrath: "I never sit down to a quiet game of whist but

some monkey of a whippersnapper—Who is it, Emmy?"

She hands me with a superlatively complacent air two cards: inscribed upon one is "Regulus Lyon," and on the other, "John C. Olwell."

"Gracious Goodness, Emmy! I don't understand how you can tolerate the society of such men! It is all very well to acknowledge them as chance acquaintances, to allow them to call occasionally in a formal way, but this sort of thing is out of the question. Upon my word, they are establishing themselves upon the footing of friends of the family: they are here two or three times every week. I wonder at their impudence," say I, swelling with ruffled dignity. "I put my veto upon it at once. I must beg you to excuse yourself: I insist that you do not see them."

"Oh, papa!" says Emmy in a frightened voice.

"My dear!" remonstrates her mamma.

"James," says grandmamma in an authoritative tone to the wide-mouthed, astonished servant, "say to the gentlemen Miss Archer will be in the parlor in a few minutes."

"Oh, here's a go!" enthusiastically exclaims Rolf with all the delight the American small boy feels in conflicts of any description, family combats more especially.

I have no idea of rebelling against my mother's mandate—she has long commanded the forces of the entire connection, and her orders are invariably obeyed—but there is nothing to prevent me from advancing fiercely upon Rolf, who prudently accelerates his exit from the room to resume his neglected studies,

only stopping for an instant at the door to observe his sister obey grandmamma's "Now, dear!" when he likewise departs.

"You are very unwise," says my mother as, much discomfited, I resume my seat by the fire, "to have such a scene in the presence of the servant: we shall be the talk of the town. Emmy is obliged to see people who are well received by every one else. If she goes into society at all, she must do as other young ladies do; and though I myself do not admire the style of these young gentlemen, still, they have an excellent position in the best circles, and therefore cannot be ignored."

"It seems to me all the young men of the present day are vastly inferior to those of my time," I remark with growing discontent.

"The reason they seem so is that you are getting old. But were the inferiority real, and not fancied, you cannot expect a girl of Emmy's age to give up society on that account, settle down to be an old maid, and content herself with playing whist with you and Rolf in the evenings for her only entertainment. By the way, I hope this interruption will have the happy effect of causing Rolf to know his lessons to-morrow, which I am convinced is a rare event in his annals."

"The boy does well enough," I reply pettishly.

My mother and wife retire to their rooms at an early hour, and leave me the sole occupant of the library, reading the evening paper. I look at the quotations, shudder at the fall in stocks and groan aloud over the price of cotton; but amid all my abstruse calculations I interrupt myself with doleful cogitations over my mother's words—an *old maid*.

The evening wears dismally away. The wind blows furiously and it rains in torrents, the sighing and sobbing of the disaffected elements and the gay voices from the parlor are the only sounds that break the dreary monotony, "save the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill."

"An *old maid*!" I repeat with distressful emphasis. The sounds of elemental war are usually conducive to the enjoyment of warm fires and bright lights,

but this evening no advantageous contrasts can rescue my spirits from the powerful grasp of the "blue devils" into whose remorseless clutches they have fallen. Dismal and disconsolate I sit in my easy-chair, toast my slippers before the blazing fire, and refuse to be comforted.

An old maid! It is a dreadful thing, a shocking thing, to be an old maid: no living man or woman can contemplate that anomaly in nature without qualms of distrust and dismay. I certainly do not wish Emmy to be an old maid, but I chuckle inwardly as I remember that in all my vast experience I have never seen—I have heard of such a thing, I admit, but I have found it not—a *rich* old maid. Ha! ha! But who is the girl to marry? Regulus in the parlor there? Regulus is a young man of inherited fortune and handsome exterior—very handsome indeed, it must be acknowledged. Not exactly dissipated, but—well, a little inclined to be wild. "His driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi," and his conversation is like the comments of the newspapers the day following a grand horse-race; in short, he is of the horse horsey, turf turfy, and dog doggy. He boasts himself an excellent shot, but has the grace to absent himself from the shooting-matches so distressingly prevalent. Ugh! the poor little pigeons! They actually shoot at swallows when pigeons are not plentiful. Now, of course I do not object to shooting birds in a sportsmanlike fashion in the open fields, giving them a fair chance for their lives, when the exercise, excitement and companionship mitigate the cruelty of the murderous intent. I remember some very delightful autumnal days of sport when I was younger and lighter. But to smother a hundred or two pacific little swallows in a box—an ornithological Black Hole of Calcutta, in which half of them die from suffocation—turning the residue out so confused and frightened by the noise that they only rise a few feet from the earth, when they are gallantly brought down by a breech-loader of the newest and most expensive style—is an amusement the charms of

which I do not appreciate. However, Lyon's success in field-sports is not always equal to his ability: witness his famous exploit last fall. He set out in a beautiful new hunting wagon, accompanied by half a dozen of his toadies, with all his imported dogs and a sufficient quantity of firearms to equip a regiment, and returned with two ducks. Emmy laughed at him for a week—called him "Bootes."

"Who's he, Miss Emmy?" said the young fellow good-naturedly as he stood before the fire in the library.

"Why, you remember," said Emmy, "a constellation—don't you know?—a mighty hunter, with his dogs Chara and Asterion, chasing the Great Bear around the Pole; and although your ambition is somewhat inferior to his, you warring on ducks and he on the Polar Bear, neither of you come up with your game. Don't you see the application?"

"Oh, that's it, is it? Thanks," graciously acknowledging the instruction. "I am glad you told me, for really I don't remember anything about it: fact is, I believe I never knew. I never read a book through in my life, Miss Emmy, and have no more idea of what is inside of those bindings," pointing to the book-cases, "than your Ponto has. You see, reading would destroy all my originality, wouldn't it?"

"It would indeed," said Emmy gravely.

"Queer names for dogs, though," ponderingly—"Chara and—what?"

As to Jack Orwell, he is merely a hanger-on of Lyon, and if Lyon should lose his money to-morrow would go over instant to the next richest man of his acquaintance. He is not a matrimonial aspirant at all, and only calls on ladies in the capacity of henchman to his chieftain, taking all jokes at his own expense with the utmost good-nature, and applauding his liege lord's wit, or what does duty as wit, with servile enthusiasm.

Emmy showed me a letter the other day from another variety of the genus *beau*. Emmy makes a confidant of me, and is very candid with regard to the aspirants to the honor of her hand and fortune. She and I talk them and their

pretensions over with mutual frankness—with, however, one mental reservation on my part, that I never overrule any objections she makes, whether well grounded or groundless, though I sometimes cannot help chafing when, after all my well-considered reasons have been laid before her, she assents, not reduced by the weight of my forcible arguments, but from the recollection of some little personal defect of no moment or consequence. However, if she objects, I find no fault. Mamma, grandmamma, and even Rolf, view these confidences with great disfavor, particularly grandmamma, who prophesies that by being too fastidious Emmy and I will go through the wood, and surely pick up a crooked stick at last.

"It is a very nice letter, Emmy," said I—"beautiful chirography, well-chosen language, and most pleasing expressions of favor toward you. He does us proud, my dear, for which, no doubt, you are duly grateful. Now, Emmy, this man is superior to young Mr. Lyon in every respect: he is literary in his tastes and habits, a graduate of an excellent university, and a professional man—a lawyer of some years' standing—of graceful and prepossessing appearance and unexceptionable morals. But, Emmy, he has no energy at all—a very weak character. I never see him at his office: he attends to no business, but spends his time idling about, reading light literature, poetry and novels and that sort of thing. I do not believe he makes enough to buy his own gloves: his father must support him entirely. He would not do."

"No," said Emmy pensively: "he *has* a snub nose."

As if *that* was what I was trying to tell her!

Perhaps Emmy's favorite of her many friends is young Sparkle. The chief charms of this gentleman, I am given to understand by my daughter, are his social endowments and accomplishments. I take his agreeable traits on trust, for whenever I have had the pleasure of talking with him, his manner has been so constrained and nervous, and his conversation so unlike Emmy's descrip-

tion, that I am fain to content myself with her representations. I have, however heard him sing, and I must say his very pretty tenor voice sounds to great advantage in German and Scotch ballads, such as "Glühwürmchen, komm und leuchte mir," and "Of all the airts the wind can blow." I am afraid his disposition is scarcely as modest and retiring as he would like me to believe, for once, upon suddenly opening the parlor-door, hearing sounds of great merriment proceeding therefrom, I discovered him in the act of haranguing his audience in the character of the Rev. Mr. Yawn-your-head-off, and truly I have never heard a hymn read in the style he imitated save by the worthy gentleman himself; and I am ashamed to think that upon the next Sabbath, when I took my seat in the sacred edifice, the respected pastor seemed to be ludicrously burlesquing himself. I glanced around to observe the effect upon my youthful acquaintances, compeers of Mr. Sparkle. They were all struggling to suppress their unseemly laughter—even Emmy, who is a pious girl; and Rolf was compelled to leave the house with much more celerity than grace. Mr. Sparkle was gravely contemplating the minister, probably with a view to future successful achievements, and afterward sang with great richness and volume and most exemplary piety,

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Si-ion's hill!

Mr. Sparkle is scarcely so great a favorite with the elder members of the family as with the younger. Rolf's attachment to him amounts almost to a frenzy, and he is indignant if any other gentleman is suggested as a probably successful suitor for Emmy.

Mr. Sparkle has been all over the known world, and recounts in the most delightful manner anecdotes of travel. He has written a book of travels which is generally understood to be nearly ready for the press, and which all his friends are most anxious to see published, but, somehow, it is never finished. Meantime, he pacifies their literary hunger by writing witty little comedies for

private theatricals, which his young acquaintances act under his auspices, and in which he takes part with unrivaled success. He really plays with considerable ability, and Emmy confides to me with sundry blushes that he does the sentimental even better than the humorous; but this rôle is reserved for very private theatricals indeed. He has most beautiful taste in poetry and light literature, and recites graceful verses, such as "Queen and huntress chaste and fair," and "Tears, idle tears," with great effect. He publishes charming little poems and sketches, and when Emmy sees him in all the majesty and grandeur of print, I have the whole ground of my objections to go over again—to show that although he is an estimable and agreeable gentleman of doubtless most unusual accomplishments and abilities, he has no profession, no business—has been everything by turns and nothing long—a dabbler in all and proficient in none; no ambition, no industry; of so restless a disposition that he himself admitted that as soon as he landed at Liverpool he was wild to return to America, and the instant he arrived in New York he was *désolé* that he had not remained in Europe; and Emmy sadly acknowledges "a rolling stone gathers no moss."

Mr. Crichton looks down with great scorn upon Mr. Sparkle's little warblings and histrionic displays; and although he never acts himself, it is understood that if he wished he could compass—well, wonders. He is exceedingly cultivated, reads Greek tragedy in the original—so I hear, and greatly marvel thereat—as a recreation. He speaks half a dozen languages with perfect facility, draws and paints in a highly artistic manner, is a most successful and skillful sportsman, an unrivaled pedestrian, of strikingly handsome personal appearance, and his whiskers are "chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely." His style of singing is of the best; his voice a light tenor of flexible quality and excellent cultivation, and his musical performances exhibit the most refined taste and a laborious perfection of vocalization. Indeed, I know noth-

ing more delightful in the warm summer evenings than to sit in the dimly-lighted parlors before the open windows, the curtains swaying gently back and forth, the scent of the roses and heliotrope in the vases burdening the air, watch the varying shimmer of the moonbeams on the dark trees as the perfumed breeze rustles among their leaves, and hear, grandly rising on the stillness of the soft summer twilight, "Addio per sempre o tenera."

The dress of Mr. Crichton is a thing of beauty, and consequently a joy for ever—of the most fashionable and costly description, but, it must be allowed, a trifle *prononcé*. Sometimes his extreme solicitude with regard to his appearance is the occasion, both to himself and to others, of considerable inconvenience. I remember last summer when we were at the lake. I had really begun to fear for Emmy's susceptibility to Greek tragedy, when his own over-anxiety touching externals rendered my forebodings vain. A plan for a little pedestrian tour was formed—an all-day affair, take-dinner-by-a-flowing-rivulet sort of idea—and I, though, Lord knows, opposed to long tramps, accepted the position of chaperone. As but few of the party boarded at the same hotel, it was necessary to appoint a rendezvous. An old oak tree at the intersection of several roads was chosen, and thither we all repaired very early on a bright, fresh summer morning. The ladies and gentlemen were in the simplest style of dress. Even Regulus Lyon showed himself not utterly lost to good taste, having doffed the superb attire in which it is his wont to bedeck himself, and appearing in a plain linen suit, palmetto hat, buckskin gloves and stout boots—his manners, *à l'ordinaire*, pleasantly boisterous. He was most uproarious to start and leave Mr. Crichton, who had not yet made his appearance. "Confound his impudence! What does he mean by keeping a dozen people awaiting his pleasure?" demanded the impatient youth.

"I wish he would come," said Emmy. "We have been standing here for more than half an hour, and the sun is ever so warm."

Another half hour passed, and still he came not. The time was consumed by the excursionists in fretfully speculating on the probable cause of his detention, in complaining of the heat and impatiently changing their positions to avoid the excessive warmth of the sun, which poured its blistering radiance full upon them. Regulus, like the little busy bee, improved the shining hour by cutting down all the tall slender sticks in the vicinity to serve in the capacity of rustic staves to assist the tottering steps of the youthful company: these were decorated with small pieces of ribbon of various colors cut from the redundant trimmings of the ladies' hats, and were presented in form by the energetic Regulus to each pedestrian, who formally returned thanks in a set speech after the most approved fashion. When these facetious little ceremonies were concluded, Sparkle, consulting his watch, observed to Regulus that we had been waiting an hour and a half.

"It is a perfect shame!" exclaimed Regulus. "We ought to go and leave him. What can the old cove be doing?"

"Probably at his devotions," sneered Sparkle: "perhaps he recites his orisons in Greek, and then has to translate them for the benefit of—whom they may concern."

"Perhaps he is ill," said one of the young ladies.

Regulus broke out injudiciously: "I saw him last night at two o'clock playing—" he hesitated at a signal from Sparkle—"playing casino very cheerfully."

"Perhaps he *is* ill. Rolf, my boy, cannot you run back to the hotel and find out why he does not come?"

Rolf demurred—said it was too hot for him, then interrogated an unsympathetic public as to why he must be always sent on errands. No answer given, he asserted with undeniable logic that it was just as hot for him as for the others, and then sat immovable upon the grass with a countenance expressive of having sustained the deepest injury. Regulus, by way of bringing him to a better frame of mind, offered to go himself, upon which Sparkle and Jack Olwell said with a great show of gallant alacrity they did

not care for the heat—they would go with pleasure; whereupon Rolf relented, laughed a little said he would go himself, and they could "never mind." Having recovered his temper and spirits, he set off in high good-humor, going very slowly at first, but gradually increasing his speed, his hands in his pockets, his figure very stiff and much bent backward, his feet moving in measured jerks, his fat cheeks distended, emitting now and then a "Choo! choo!"—as excellent an imitation of a locomotive as it is possible, taking into account physical conformation, for a boy of eleven years to present. After half an hour's impatient waiting, during which we thought of sending some one after Rolf and proceeding without Crichton, we saw Rolf in the dim perspective advancing very slowly: as he came nearer we observed with surprise that he stopped frequently and occasionally flung both arms wildly into the air, and as he approached still nearer we perceived with dismay that his head was helplessly wobbling from side to side, his hands were tightly pressed to the pit of his stomach, and from some reason or other he could only totter a few steps at a time.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed: "the boy must have had a sunstroke or a fit."

Emmy started up with a little shriek of apprehension from the grass on which she had been sitting attentively watching the curious phenomenon of Rolf's approach, and we all ran hastily to meet him. When the little rascal saw us coming, he sat down on the side of the road and doubled himself up and unrolled himself out in an exceedingly intricate manner, highly creditable to the excellent gymnasium that has the honor of training him and occasionally breaking his youthful limbs. When, breathless from heat, exertion and fear, we came up with him, he raised an almost perfectly purple countenance, down which the tears coursed with a prodigal expenditure of the raw material, considering he had not yet finished the first book of *Cæsar*, and his frequent misdemeanors and the punishment therefore called daily for the appearance of those witnesses of school-boy penitence:

the little rascal was literally laughing himself sick.

"Rolf! Rolf!" said I, emphasizing each mention of his Christian name with a sounding slap on his shoulders: "why, Rolf! what is the matter? Stop laughing immediately. *Why*, Rolf!"

By this time his contagious laughter had infected the entire party, who, albeit rather fearful of his choking, were very anxious to discover the cause of his excessive merriment.

"What is the matter, Rolf?" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

He raised his head, steadied himself for a moment on *Regulus's* supporting arm, gurgled one or two inarticulate murmurs, broke out laughing afresh, and fell down doubled up in the aforesaid complicated manner. By dint of coaxing, threatening, setting him up on his extremely limber legs, off of which he straightway fell, we managed to bring him to a proper frame of mind and body to understand if not answer the question propounded by Mr. Sparkle: "Where is Mr. Crichton?"

Upon this he burst into a roar of laughter, discarding the almost silent chuckles or sniggers in which by long practice he had perfected himself for successful secret indulgences during school hours: finding his voice, he shouted out, rolling over on the grass, "Curling his whiskers with a pair of hot curling-irons—just like yours, Emmy. You ought just to see him do it!" addressing his sister with all the comicality of the small boy, at which we roared, drowning Emmy's indignant remonstrance.

Seeing the object of our laughter hastening toward us upon the dusty road, and realizing the necessity of receiving him with grave and courteous faces, we threatened Rolf with all the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition if he did not immediately suppress all traces of his untimely merriment. We found this unavailing, notwithstanding I cuffed and scolded him heartily, Emmy attempted to shake him a little, *Regulus* tapped him smartly on the head, Jack Olwell set him up and threatened mortal combat if he fell down again, Sparkle shamed

him and declared it was very unhand-some conduct, and all the rest adjured him to "behave" himself. So we told him to run on in advance of the party, and, if he felt the fit coming on again, to take to the woods and remain there until such time as he should be presentable in decent society. As Mr. Crichton, with his whiskers in full curl, approached still nearer, young Lyon became fearful lest he should not support creditably the ordeal of meeting him, and therefore accompanied Rolf in his social exile. We heard the man and boy from time to time shouting like wild Indians in the woods, no doubt at Rolf's detailed account of the morning's adventure; and when they made their appearance at dinner with very red faces and seemingly on excellent terms with each other, Rolf's risibility was by no means under perfect control. Whenever he managed to preserve a modicum of gravity for a few moments, Mr. Crichton by an accidental movement would upset his improved deportment in an instant—caressing his handsome whiskers with one white hand, as was his graceful wont in conversing, or becoming excited and stroking his long silken moustaches, which, no matter how hard he pulled, never came out of curl, and Rolf, knowing the reason why, would become perfectly rigid with suppressed emotion.

Crichton and Sparkle dislike each other extremely, and when they meet in society it is quite exhilarating to hear them spar, as they lose no opportunity of displaying the feelings of mutual contempt and aversion which animate them, except when they combine their forces and make common cause against Mr. Mendax, who is the natural enemy of both. To behold these brethren dwelling together in unity upon any subject or any terms whatever is a beautiful and edifying thing in a Christian point of view.

Now, I suppose people would say my objections to Emmy's admirers are solely on account of an overwrought fancy of what is due to my daughter. However that may be, I certainly think a girl pretty, sprightly and rich deserves better

of matrimonial fate than, for instance, John Doe, intolerable little prig that he is. He who was, as I may say, born and bred in the law—his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, his uncles, his connections to the remotest ramifications, all commonplace practitioners, and with the mental drought, pomposity, ponderous style, and slow articulation of generations of stolid minds condensed in one person—to undertake the rôle of fast man after the manner of gay Lothario! I have as much dislike to him as Emmy has: she avers it sets her wild with vexation merely to hear him talk—his slow, thick, hesitating speech and his absurdly weighty compliments. But his flirting! Emmy declares it is like an elephant dancing on a tight-rope. He devotes himself principally to married ladies: indeed, he is a sad young dog!

Last week, at Mrs. Fantastico's *soirée dansante*, a grievous accident befell our hapless squire of dames which greatly entertained and amused the spectators. He had during the evening paid most devoted attention to the hostess, and as, making a profound bow, he took his seat by her side on a sofa in one corner of the refreshment-room, he awkwardly stepped upon the tightly-booted foot of Mr. Regulus Lyon, who, emitting a short howl and convulsively stamping the offended member, inadvertently dropped the contents of a cup of scalding chocolate upon the closely-fitting inexpressibles of the legal dandy. A heartrending yelp of pain electrified the company.

"Confounded clumsy!" apologized Mr. Lyon to the parboiled Justinian, who sat holding what he could gather of his pantaloon as far as possible from the afflicted portion of his legs, and moaning faintly.

"I beg pardon: I am very sorry. Did it hurt much?" exclaimed Regulus sympathetically.

"Not—much! It—was—not—very—hot," gasped the victim, his eyes full of miserable tears, and—

"What, Emmy! have they gone at last? I thought they never would, my dear."

R. E. DEMBRY.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE RECONSTRUCTED LOUVRE.

THERE is hardly any public institution in Paris that has undergone so many changes as has the great artistic centre of France, the Musée du Louvre. In the palmy days of the Empire there were alterations and embellishments continually in progress. The galleries as they now exist owe much of their admirable arrangement and the beauty of their decorations to the art-cherishing government of Napoleon III. Not content with finishing the work left incomplete by preceding sovereigns, and with linking the Tuileries to the Louvre, and thus making of the two ancient palaces an unbroken and magnificent whole, the interior of the galleries received constant additions and ornamentation. The vast museum of Etruscan antiquities and the Musée des Souverains—which last has been unfortunately broken up and with its treasures redistributed amid provincial churches, armories and libraries—were both created during the Empire. Imperial, too, was the power that bade walls and ceilings glow with frescoed visions and golden fretwork, that lined the *Galérie d'Apollon* with the portraits of the architects and artists of the Louvre, and that gave to its galleries its wellnigh peerless Murillo. It looks at once strange and sad to see in that magnificent hall (the *Galérie d'Apollon*) the portrait of the completer of the Louvre wholly obliterated, a blank space of darkness filling the frame where the keen face of Louis Napoleon was wont to look down upon the throng of gazers that daily crowd that sumptuous apartment to gaze at the art-marvels it contains. But be consoled, O sympathizer with the dead-and-gone Empire! No ruthless brush, no defacing cloud of paint, was employed to conceal from view the countenance of the dethroned sovereign. A smooth, tightly-stretched square of black cambric alone intervenes between the pictured face and the outer air, and the partisans of Bonapartism

may hope some day to see the veil removed and the portrait restored to their admiring glances, none the worse, but probably all the better, for its temporary seclusion from the light of day.

One change which the Republic has made in the affairs of the Louvre—one which is not wholly for the best—is the delay in the hour of opening for students and copyists. Formerly, the galleries used to be thrown open to artists at nine o'clock, and the public was not admitted till eleven; besides which, after the Musée was closed to visitors at four o'clock, it was left open till five for the benefit of the art-students and copyists. But the republican government, with evident lack of judgment, suppressed the extra hours granted to the studying portion of the community, throwing open the doors of the Louvre to everybody at ten o'clock instead. Thus, the art-students lose two precious hours, the most favorable in the day for labor on account of the quiet and comparative solitude which then prevailed throughout the long galleries, so thronged and bustling during the hours of public exhibition. Nor do the ordinary visitors appear to profit by the extra time accorded to them. The hours in Paris are far later than with us, ten o'clock corresponding to eight in America for all the purposes of business or sight-seeing, and scarcely any persons, whether foreigners or Parisians, are ever present when the doors are opened, or indeed for an hour or two thereafter. In winter some few of the miserable race of decent vagabonds, specimens of which abound in Paris, come at that early hour, not in search of art-enjoyment, but to cluster around the furnace-mouths that give out a feeble and insufficient warmth. For the great halls of the Louvre, like most picture-galleries in the civilized world, are extremely cold: a damp penetrating chill pervades them, and creeps insidiously and surely through wraps and furs and flannels. The ground-floor

apartments devoted to sculpture are even freezingly cold, and are as delicious in summer as they are uncomfortable and dangerous in winter. Of course, it stands to reason that it must be simply a physical impossibility to impart much warmth by artificial means to such an interminable series of rooms, mostly without doors, of vast height, and opening one into another.

From ten o'clock till one the easels of the Louvre are mainly tenanted by serious artists, mostly of the masculine gender. The few women who arrive early are studious, quiet and absorbed in their work. Later comes another set, noisy, showy-looking creatures, got up in eccentric toilettes, who make a great bustle with easels and seats and palettes, and whose pictures are invariably frightful daubs, at which they make a pretext of working while looking around for admirers. They usually pack up and depart after an hour or two of fidgeting and pretended toil. Occasionally, a lady of the highest social standing may be seen completing her artistic education by copying some noted picture, and distinguished by her quietude, her application to her work, and, above all, by her isolation. The women-copyists are remarkable for their self-confidence: they generally select as their subject the great *chefs d'œuvre* of the gallery, and attack without the slightest misgivings those pictures which criticism has pronounced uncopyable. "La Belle Jardinière," "Le Mariage Mystique" and the "Immaculate Conception" are among their favorites. It is impossible to imagine more grotesque caricatures than are some of these copies: they are enough to summon the ghosts of Raphael and Murillo from their long repose, and to turn their paradise into purgatory by the sight. The exquisite "Cruche Cassée" of Greuze is also another favorite, and the delicate pouting beauty of the young girl's face becomes transformed under the brush of the copyist into something ludicrous or vulgar, either exaggerated into a sulk or toned down into blank *niaiserie*. In the Salon Carré the accumulation of easels and artists is an actual nuisance to the visitor:

it is often impossible to approach nearly to any one of the great works which are to be found there, so surrounded are they by daubers who try to reproduce the un-reproducible, and to unravel the mysteries of that one secret hidden from all the world—the method by which genius creates. Some few of these copyists are artists of real talent, and reproduce with singular fidelity the original to which they have devoted themselves, giving in some instances their whole attention for years to the task of multiplying copies of a single *chef d'œuvre*. About twelve o'clock the busy swarm disperse to partake of a frugal luncheon on the staircase or in the neighboring restaurants, the consumption of food in the galleries being strictly prohibited.

Among the workers of the Louvre is to be found an old man who has devoted himself for years to painting views of the Salle d'Apollon. These pictures are remarkable for their extreme finish and for the fidelity of their detail, and have quite a celebrity in the artistic world of Paris. They command a high price, and specimens of them are occasionally to be met with in American galleries.

The Long Gallery, which has only this season been thrown open to the public, is a prolongation of the hall opening at right angles from the Galerie d'Apollon, and has been in course of construction for some years past. Its completion enables the visitor to make a tour of the entire Musée without retracing his steps. Fault has been found with the decoration of the ceilings. They blaze with gilding, and are said to injure by their splendor the effect of the time-dimmed paintings which hang below. The pictures have all been rearranged, so that the art-student can pass in review all periods of art as represented by the specimens belonging to the Louvre. At the extreme end of the new addition are hung the paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The vast pictures by Rubens, removed from the Luxembourg, and representing the history of Marie de' Medici, have been placed together and arranged in their due order. Other changes of minor importance have been

made, the least satisfactory of which is the exhumation of the hideous and vulgar specimens of early art from the Compagna collection—exhumed from side-rooms where they mouldered in obscurity, and now brought into competition with the works of Fra Angelico, Bellini and Mantegna.

The Musée des Souverains presents a dismal spectacle of empty shelves and dismantled walls. Here and there some stray relic of royalty may be seen, reposing in dusty seclusion behind the glass doors, but all the attractions of the collection—the historic cocked hat and gray overcoat, the gold laurel crown and velvet coronation robes of the First Napoleon; the shoes and gloves that showed of what feminine daintiness of mould were the hands and feet of him who clutched at sceptres and trod on the necks of prostrate nations; the handkerchief that touched his dying lips; the camp-bed and desk that he habitually used—have all been swept away. Among the few articles which remain may be seen a small silk slipper that once covered the foot of Marie Antoinette: this trivial and fragile relic had no terrors for stern republicanism apparently. The centre of this room is now occupied by showcases in which is arranged the superb and costly collection of snuff-boxes bequeathed to the nation by M. and Mme. Lenoir. This wealthy and art-loving pair amassed a large fortune by keeping the Café Foy, well known to all frequenters of the Boulevard des Italiens, and once celebrated for its coffee, which was said to be the best in Paris. To this splendid bequest was attached a very odd condition—namely, that the life-sized equestrian statue of M. Lenoir should be erected in the middle of the apartment in which the collection was to be arranged. But not even for the sake of these peerless snuff-boxes could the sage directors of the Louvre consent to have the shouts of laughter wherewith the ridicule-loving Parisians would have greeted the effigy of a quiet *commerçant* caracoling on a spirited steed in right chivalrous fashion, but certainly in a style in which he never indulged during the whole term

of his natural life. They managed to get around or over the condition in some way or other, evidently, for there the collection is, and there the equestrian statue is not. And very, *very* beautiful are these dainty jeweled toys, blazing with gems, or adorned with miniatures, brilliant with enamel, or rich with the dull lustre of yellow gold. Among the miniatures, portraits of Napoleon I. and of Marie Antoinette predominate, but the heavy plebeian countenance of Louis XVI. and the dull visage of Louis XVIII. are not lacking, while the odd pear-shaped head and kindly face of Louis Philippe are visible on more than one of the jeweled caskets.

The recent removal of the works of all French artists who have been dead for ten years (according to the laws of the Musées) from the Luxembourg to the Louvre has created a new and attractive addition to the vast picture-galleries of the last-named palace. The approach to the apartment wherein these treasures of modern French art have been placed is up a miserable little winding staircase, steep as a ladder, a veritable *escalier de service*, which leads out of the Marine Museum. The new guests are, however, worthily lodged. The hall is spacious and well lighted, and the pictures show to even greater advantage than they did in the Luxembourg. There we find the noble and celebrated Delaroches, the "Death of Elizabeth" and the "Children of Edward IV.," the "Angelica" of Ingres, the "Larmoyeur" of Ary Scheffer, the "Death of Cæsar" by Court, the "Birth of Henri Quatre" by Deveria, the "Tepidarium" by Chasériau, the "Judith and Holofernes" of Horace Vernet, and other renowned works, familiar for years to all visitors to the Luxembourg. This is as it should be. The Luxembourg is the home of youth and of aspiration—the Louvre is the final resting-place of acknowledged greatness and achieved immortality. Therefore it is well for Delaroche and Delacroix, for Ingres and for Vernet, to withdraw to these Olympian heights, and to consort, themselves immortal, only with the immortals. L. H. H.

KEATS'S TOMB.

AMERICA and England have had a meeting in a spot of all others in Rome the most sacred to both of them, of a nature involving so singular and so pleasing a coincidence that it would be worth recording on its own account, even if the subject-matter which led to it were not highly interesting, as it is, to the sympathies of both nations.

It may be safely assumed that not an Englishman or an American leaves the Eternal City without carrying with him a remembrance of that green and beautifully peaceful corner, within the circuit of the ancient walls, but very far away from the bustle and the noise of the inhabited part of the city, where the graves of the strangers of their race are clustered round that other monument—their predecessor by some two thousand years—the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Many of them have left a portion of their heart there. But of those to whom the place is bound by no such sad memories, who can ever have strolled among those cypresses or looked down on the crowded gathering of tombs from the little terrace walk under the ivy-grown wall that bounds at once the cemetery and the city, and forget the spot which appeals to so many sympathies and touches so many chords of feeling? There they lie, γαίη ἐν ἀλλοδαπή—those heretics of our blood thrust into a far and obscure corner in this land of priestly intolerance. But not all the thousands of tons of costly marbles that cover all the dust of pontiffs and prelates in all Rome appeal to the human hearts that are beating this day with a tithe of the power of these small memorials, that seem so pitifully little in the shade of that huge pagan pyramid.

Among these memorials there are some which are special objects of the visits of pilgrims—thousands annually—from both the great English-speaking nations. There is about halfway up the hill which slopes from the city wall at the back of the cemetery, and a little to the left of the centre of the ground, the large white marble tomb, on the left side of which an inscription in English records the sad

and strange story of a father and daughter bearing one of England's noblest names—Bathurst. Rosa Bathurst, a lovely girl of eighteen, the pet and universal favorite of the English society at Rome, was riding with a party on the bank of the Tiber, a little below the Ponte Molle. Suddenly her horse, a spirited animal, shied, and in the next instant, almost before her companions could look round, both horse and rider were in the river. In a word, despite the frantic efforts of those beneath whose eyes the accident occurred—among whom was Walter Savage Landor, who has made his moan over the tragedy in more than one tear-spotted page of verse—Rosa Bathurst was drowned in the Tiber, and her remains lie under the cypresses in the angle of the old Roman wall. But the inscription on the tomb records also another and stranger if no sadder story—a story that was somewhat more than a nine days' wonder throughout the civilized world at the time when it happened. It was when the First Napoleon was watching with suspicious anxiety the diplomatic relations between England and Austria. At that important time the father of the hapless Rosa Bathurst was sent from Vienna with despatches to London. While changing horses at a solitary posthouse, at which he purposed to remain only while fresh horses could be put to his carriage, he strayed a few steps from the door of the house—just far enough, as it should seem, to be out of sight of the door, and was never more seen or heard of from that day to this! Of course there can be little doubt as to his fate, or as to the motive which led to it, or as to the author of the crime which must have been committed. And this story too is briefly recorded on the tomb, which so many pilgrims from the northern side of the Alps seek out among the pale marble crowd in that cemetery.

But there are two monuments which still attract the interest and the sympathies of a yet larger number of visitors—that of Shelley, with its well-known inscription, "*Cor cordium!*" and that of Keats, with a scarcely less celebrated legend. The former of these is in the

more recent and more crowded of the two enclosures, which is still the only place in Rome for Protestant burial; the latter in the older graveyard, which for many years past has not been used. It is with reference to this latter tombstone that the singular coincidence has occurred by which America and England have joined hands, as I have said, in this remote spot, sacred to so many hearts in both nations.

A little pamphlet has just been printed in Rome by Sir Vincent Eyre, the profits from the sale of which are to go toward providing a sculptured memorial of the youthful poet, and which tells the story of the coincidence I speak of in words which I cannot better. After speaking of the desirability of such a bust or medallion as may be decided on, Sir Vincent continues thus: "Meanwhile, it has befallen the present writer to receive, within these last few days, from a young lady in England, nearly related to that most honored statesman, Sir Bartle Frere, a modest sum of money, the joint contribution of herself and a few personal friends, which she wished to be expended in putting the tomb of Keats into better condition. About the very same time, by one of those strange coincidences which seem almost to indicate the existence of certain mysterious magnetic sympathies between minds of corresponding order, 'akin in spirit though remote in space,' an American lady, resident in Rome, has received a similar mandate from a countrywoman and relative of the poet across the Atlantic. We have therefore cordially joined hands and united forces to carry out the wishes of our fair correspondents by placing the old time-honored tombstone on a better foundation, and reviving by a permanent process the original inscription, which had become almost illegible. A new bed of violets and daisies will also be planted [this has already been done, as well as the new foundation and other protection for the stone] and carefully tended, to perpetuate the traditions of the spot, and a young stone-pine tree will be planted in the rear by the particular desire of Miss Frere."

But the gravestone which has been thus restored under the united auspices of the two peoples who speak the tongue in which Keats wrote has, mainly from the strangely plaintive sadness of the inscription on it, become an object of such widespread interest that I shall, I think, gratify the American admirers of the poet by quoting another passage from Sir Vincent Eyre's pamphlet: "Among the *Old Stones of Rome* [which is the title Sir Vincent has given to his pamphlet] may perhaps, by poetical license, be included, without any startling anachronism, one peculiarly dear to English and American visitors, although its antiquity carries the mind back in the vista of Time no further than half a century. It is the nameless and solitary tombstone of the youthful English poet Keats, with its modest and painfully touching epitaph, whereof the concluding words were dictated by himself, as recorded by his attached and faithful friend Severn, in the following paragraph of a letter written only nine days before the fatal event it anticipated: 'Among the many things he requested of me to-night this is the principal—that on his gravestone shall be this inscription: HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.'

"He died," continues Sir Vincent, "in the Piazza di Spagna on the 21st of February, 1821, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, while lodging in the first house on the right hand as you ascend the steps of the Trinità de' Monti; and was buried in the old Protestant cemetery (now abandoned, though still carefully protected) near the pyramid of Caius Cestius—a spot described by his noble biographer, Lord Houghton, as 'one of the most beautiful on which the eye and heart of man can rest.' His lordship adds the following pathetic particulars: 'In some of those mental voyages into the past which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers; and another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, he said, "*I feel the flowers growing over me.*" And there they grow, even all the winter long—

violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place!" Ten weeks after the close of his holy work of friendship and charity Mr. Severn wrote, 'Poor Keats has now his wish, his humble wish. He is at peace in his quiet grave: I walked over there a few days ago and found the daisies had grown all over it. It is in one of the most lovely and retired spots in Rome; and now that he lies at rest with the flowers he so desired above him, with no sound in the air but the tinkling of a few sheep and goats, I feel indeed grateful that he is here, and remember how earnestly he prayed that his suffering might end, and that he might be removed from a world where no one grain of comfort remained for him.' The foregoing particulars," continues Sir Vincent Eyre, "regarding the lamented young poet have long been familiar to the British and American public; and the sole object of the present writer in thus resuscitating them is to excite some public interest in what seems a very desirable work, which with a moderate amount of pecuniary aid might be very easily accomplished. It has been ascertained that Mr. Severn, who still happily survives, and whose memory will always be affectionately linked in the minds of the reading public with that of the poet to whom he proved so devoted a friend, has in his possession here at Rome an admirable mask of Keats, taken in England when in the full bloom of youth and health, but which has never, so far as I am aware, been publicly utilized as a means of commemorating the features of one whose fame has been rescued by the present generation from the unmerited oblivion to which the ungenerous attacks of some influential contemporary critics would have ruthlessly consigned it." Then, after giving the account quoted above of what has been done toward carrying out the wishes of both the English and American contributors for the renovation of the tomb, Sir Vincent continues: "Still, it seems to us" (that is, to himself and the American lady

who was co-operating with him), "after consultation with competent persons in Rome, that in addition to all this a marble medallion of the poet's face would now form an appropriate and welcome ornament to the tomb, and might be executed at very moderate cost, whilst preserving religiously intact the original inscription, which has now become so familiar to English and American visitors. Meanwhile, it is right that the public should be acquainted with what is in contemplation, in order that all who may be willing to contribute to both bust and medallion may have an opportunity of doing so."

Sir Vincent Eyre concludes his little pamphlet with an acrostic suggested to his mind, he says, by the present most plaintive epitaph; which is so neat and well turned that I cannot forbear from transcribing it:

Keats! if thy cherished name be *writ in water*,
Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek—
A sacred tribute; such as heroes seek,
Though oft in vain, for dazzling deeds of slaughter.
Sleep on! not honored less for epitaph so meek.

T. A. T.

A WONDERFUL HAIR-DYE.

SOME years ago I was transferred from the British embassy at Constantinople to the British legation in Persia; and Persia at that time was so little known to Europeans that some of the most experienced persons in the Foreign Office were unable to tell me how I could get to my post. Indeed, the difficulty of the business was considerably increased by the fact that a war had been going on between England and Persia respecting an old woman who has become in a manner historical, and the communications between the two countries were so irregular that no information could be obtained as to whether this war was still raging or not. Lord Clarendon, therefore, who was British Foreign Secretary, advised me good-naturedly, when I met him one evening at dinner, to make a leisurely tour of Europe; and he could do so with a clear conscience, because I traveled at my own expense, and the British taxpayer, who had begun to cry out uneasily under his burdens, was in no sense con-

cerned with my journey. "Perhaps," said his lordship, "I may learn something about Persia in a few months, and if I do you shall hear from me." On this understanding we parted, and after having spent a long summer in a delightful ramble over the Tyrol, the kingdom of Naples and the Roman states, which were then independent, I found myself toward the close of autumn on a visit to the late Sir Charles Alison, who was British chargé d'affaires at the Sublime Porte. He knew no more of Persia than Lord Clarendon had known six months before, so we roamed about together to the Sweet Waters, and rowed by moonlight on the Bosphorus, leaving Persia to take care of herself. Sir Charles had even some notion of asking me to go to Egypt on special service for a year till Persia should give some signs of existence. We were discussing this subject over watermelons and chicken-salad, seasoned by that drowsy, mystic Eastern talk which Sir Charles made so pleasant, when one of his attachés announced that a messenger had at last arrived from Teheran; and presently he was brought in to us. The messenger was an extraordinarily handsome man, with large, dark eyes, peculiarly soft in their expression, and the handsomest beard I ever saw. His long hair fell in curls down his back, and he seemed to be at most about thirty years of age. He was dressed in a shawl-pattern tunic, of which the colors were exquisitely blended together, but the predominant tint was that of the peach-blossom. His boots, made of very soft leather, were of the blue of the turquoise, and he wore a high sugar-loaf hat of black lambskin. Altogether, he was like a personage who had stepped into life out of a fairy-tale. He bowed sideways, in a manner indicating absolute submission, when he entered the room, and then delivered his despatches, which contained the news that preliminaries of peace had been arranged about six weeks before between England and Persia at Bagdad. It turned out, also, that he was a *gholaum*, or one of the official messengers in the service of the British legation, and that he had been

instructed to accompany me to the Persian capital as my guide or courier. A few days afterward we set out in company, and went by sea to Trebizond, where we bought tents and hired about fifty horses for the journey; after which we went upon a ramble which I shall always remember with pleasure. The *gholaum* was an excellent courier, brisk, obliging, handy, and he knew all the secrets of the road. We struck our tents at daybreak and sent them on, the *gholaum* and I merely keeping a couple of saddle-horses behind. Then we shot sand-grouse and hares in the open country till we were tired of the sport, and afterward galloped up to our tents, where breakfast was awaiting us. As soon as coffee was served the tents were struck again and sent on to be pitched somewhere in a good shooting-district which had been selected as our quarters for the night. This cheerful journey lasted about two months, and the sport, especially in the neighborhood of Erzeroum, was excellent.

But what amazed me extremely was that my friend Mehemet Ali seemed every day to grow older in so remarkable a manner that his progress to the verge of the utmost limits of human life could hardly be accounted for by the lapse of time. It was about three weeks after we left Trebizond that I first noticed this extraordinary change of appearance in him. His beard, which had been of a lustrous black and soft as the finest silk, his flowing ringlets and his handsome eyebrows, began slowly to look like rusty iron wires. Soon afterward the roots of his beard turned quite white, and before long he presented a most wonderful aspect. He was a particolored, or rather a skewbald, man, and I lost all pride in him as a representative of British majesty in the East. In this state he arrived at Tabreez or Tauris, which is the ancient Ecbatana mentioned in connection with Tobit and his dog in the Apocrypha. We put up at the consulate-general, and were received with all the kindness and hospitality which fellow-countrymen are so eager to show each other when far from home. Immediate-

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ly after our arrival the gholaum asked me for permission to go to the public baths; and I expressed a desire to go with him, but the consul-general, who had resided long in the country, assured me that the fanaticism of the Persians was so violent that they would consider their baths defiled if a Christian washed in them. So Mehemet Ali went alone. The next morning his youth and good looks had been miraculously restored to him. He had the same luxuriant beard and flowing love-locks which had attracted my attention and excited my admiration at Constantinople a month before. I then recollected that I had never seen an old man in Persia, and I observed that the consul-general, who was certainly past fifty years of age, had not a gray hair in his head, though ordinary men begin to turn gray soon after thirty years of age, and there seemed to be no reason why official men should be exempted from the common lot. It is, however, rather a delicate question to broach in private life, and after having examined the consul-general's hair and Mehemet Ali's hair by turns in a bewildered way, I left Tabreez for Teheran more puzzled than ever. Sir Charles Murray, the British minister there, was also more than half a century old, but every hair in his head was of a rich auburn, and every one about the legation appeared, like all the rest of the inhabitants of the country, to be endowed with perpetual youth. I had been several weeks in the Persian capital before I found out the secret of their comeliness; and then it was of course through a lady, or rather through the rivalry of two ladies who were very hostile to each other, being the only representatives of European womanhood in the place. One of them was the young widow of a deceased interpreter of the British legation; the other was the wife of a French soldier of fortune who had come out to instruct the Persian troops in military science. The French lady, who was credited by report with at least sixty summers, had golden hair of great beauty and in much abundance. The young widow was nearly bald, but what hair she had was the color of the ra-

ven's wing, though her complexion was very fair. The golden locks of her rival were a continual subject of irritation to her, and she lost no time in assuring me that they were dyed. "That creature," said the widow in tones made shrill by indignation, "is at least a hundred years old; and when she came here not long ago her pate was as white as a snowball." As I ventured to express some doubt touching the accuracy of this statement, in order to elicit more complete information on a matter of such moment to elderly people in all countries who wish to rejuvenate themselves, the widow hotly pressed her advantage over her rival, and finally offered to introduce me to the king's bath-man, who, she averred, would color my hair in any manner I pleased to select. In due time I had a confidential interview with this functionary, and he gave me to understand that if I would present him with a token of my esteem in *tomauns*, which are the current gold coin of the country, he would give me a recipe for the wonderful hair-dye which seems known to all bath-men in Persia, and to nobody else, though, if used with due attention, it would make the fortune of all the hair-dressers in the world. Directly the tenor of his discourse was made clear to me I closed with the bargain proposed to me by the king's bath-man, and the next day he brought me the recipe beautifully inscribed in Persian characters, which, being translated, may be read as follows:

Recipe for Persian Hair-dye.—Wash the head well with soap and water, so that not a particle of dirt or grease may remain in it. Then wash it well with water alone, so that no soap may remain in it—the water to be used as hot as the patient can bear it. If a person has light hair or white hair, or has not used the dye before or not recently, let him or her take of good henna, finely powdered, a sufficient quantity. Make this into a manageable paste, and rub it into the roots of the hair in the same manner as ordinary pomatum. Then cover the whole of the hair entirely with the same paste: leave the henna on the hair for

about half an hour, and then wash it off with clean warm water, without soap. If you do this yourself, use gloves to avoid staining the fingers. Having applied the henna, you must now part your hair in the usual manner and take of reng, or wild-indigo leaf, finely powdered, a sufficient quantity, mix in the same manner as the henna, and apply it in the same way. It should remain on the hair one hour, after first carefully rubbing it into the roots of the hair, and plastering over till every hair is entirely covered. The hair should be dyed, if possible, in a vapor-bath, perspiration aiding the process materially. If the dye is used in an ordinary room, however, the hair should be covered with brown paper to keep the paste moist, for when dry the dye will not color. The henna should be washed off with hot water, without soap, and the reng with tepid water, without soap. Soap should not be applied to the hair at all after it is dyed.

To give a gloss and to soften the hair you must now again resort to the henna-paste. Plaster the hair over with it, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Then wash it off immediately, for if allowed to remain longer it will spoil the color. The object of this last application, as well as that of mixing henna at all with reng, is to take off the bluish hue which the reng would otherwise impart to the hair. It is the henna also which gives it a soft and silky appearance. The last application of henna must be washed off with warm water rapidly and very carefully.

Finally, take a wet flannel smeared with soap to clean the skin of the face, ears and forehead. In applying the reng especial care must be taken to part the hair, so that the roots where most exposed shall be most carefully covered. It will not injure the skin. The hair may be washed any number of times with warm or cold water after applying the dye, but it must not be soaped.

The above process will dye hair of a beautiful *black color*, soft and glossy. To dye hair a *dark auburn* take one-half reng and one-half henna. The reng gives the dark color, and the more

reng you put the darker the hair will become. To dye hair a *light auburn* or golden color, take two-thirds henna and one-third reng. Increase the quantity of henna if you want it still lighter.

To color eyebrows and eyelashes the reng should be used alone, but a final coating of henna, left on for not more than one minute, will improve the effect. The reng should be left upon eyebrows for about one hour. In dyeing eyebrows and eyelashes care must be taken not to color the skin. Reng is easily washed off the skin, but henna will stain it for some days unless carefully used. Both articles may be obtained from any of the Smyrna or Indian merchants.

When the hair has been well dyed it should be carefully dried, and, if possible, exposed for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to the rays of the sun. The dye then takes better and lasts longer. Grease and pomatum are needless, and had better be avoided, but they may be used after the first day if thought necessary. Rose-water, however, will supply their place. When the hair has been once dyed the first application of henna may be omitted. But if the preparatory application of henna is omitted on the first occasion, the reng does not take so well. The dandies in Persia conclude by washing their hair in cream, but this is not necessary. This dye will last about six weeks unaltered.

E. C. G. M.

FRENCH ROGUES AND AMERICAN DUPES.

THE Americans who go to Europe are generally so free-handed with their money, and so much inclined to enjoy themselves without trouble, that they become peculiar objects of interest to every sort and description of foreign swindlers; and lately, in Paris, a regularly organized system of plundering Americans has come into astonishing activity.

There is a large class of people whose business is to watch for their arrival, and no sooner are they installed at any hotel or boarding-house than brisk inquiries are set on foot to find out who and what they are, their precise status in society, the amount of their letters of credit and

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the extent to which they are to be trusted. These people are in correspondence with commercial agencies and detectives in New York, so that their information is nearly always trustworthy. When they have hunted up a respectable American family, they send round an agent, commonly an old woman, who presents a card of introduction from some friend of theirs, and offers laces, shawls and jewelry to catch the ladies at the establishment. These American cards have become articles of trade, and are bought of discharged servants at the rate of three francs a dozen. The old woman especially lays herself out to dupe widow ladies or ladies who are unattended by their husbands or guardians. It often happens that when a female cheat of this sort is apparently recommended to a party of American ladies just arrived in Paris by a personal friend of their own, they consider that they are in safe hands, and are induced to purchase worthless things at outrageous prices. It is therefore well to warn them that they should buy nothing except of established shopkeepers, who will not find it worth while to impose upon them.

They should be also very careful in their choice of shops, for the organized system of robbery to which we have alluded has many ramifications. Thus, if an American lady trusts herself to go unrecommended to milliners and dress-makers, they will leave goods at her house which have either not been ordered at all or which have been made contrary to order, and just as she is going to leave Paris she will find herself deluged with bills for which she is unprepared. These bills, moreover, will be presented to her in a very unpleasant manner, for the dishonest tradespeople go in the first instance to a *juge de paix* and make declaration before him that their debtor is about to fly the country. Upon this statement they obtain the services of a couple of policemen to collect their claims, and, thus attended, they frighten American ladies half out of their wits. The sum claimed is seldom large, never exceeding a few hundred francs, and therefore it is not worth while to go

to law about it. Perhaps, too, the American lady who is to be swindled has taken her passage home, and cannot await the result of legal proceedings without considerable loss and inconvenience. Nine times out of ten she cannot even speak French, and has no friend at hand whom she can consult; she cannot, therefore, make herself understood, and her rude visitors will not leave her lodgings till their demand is satisfied. So, to end the matter, she pays the money which she does not owe. A few weeks ago, however, an American lady had courage enough to resist an attempt at imposition upon her, and the last I heard of the case was that the swindlers had begun to sing small. Nevertheless, Americans should clearly bear in mind that they have practically no redress in the French law-courts. I do not like to say that the tribunals here are corrupt or unjust: I would rather put the truth in the milder form in which it was stated to me yesterday by an American statesman. "French judges," said he, "do not take the American view of a case; and the moral influence of magistrates throughout France is against foreigners. The only safe way of dealing with French people, therefore, is by written contracts in black and white."

It may be said without exaggeration that from the moment an inexperienced American family arrives in Paris until they leave it they are constantly obliged to suffer from petty thefts. The cabman who takes them from the station to their hotel receives a commission on them which is indirectly charged in the bill; the innkeeper or boarding-house keeper who lodges them receives a commission on all goods sent to the house; and even their washerwoman pays a commission every time she brings home their clean linen. They can only protect themselves in some degree from these filchings by making as many purchases as possible with an experienced friend at shops where they are not known, paying for them in ready money and taking the goods away with them. The attendance of any person connected with their hotel or boarding-house will add twenty-five per cent. to everything they buy.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Notes on Paris. By H. Taine. Translated by John Austin Stevens. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Brilliant people are not always the most agreeable. The truism is equally applicable to books. The works of M. Taine are among the most striking examples of it, and these *Notes on Paris* may be cited as the strongest instance. They exhibit the personality of the writer more saliently than his other books, and this personality, while it excites a certain admiration, lacks charm. M. Taine has several distinct talents, and never fails to use them effectively. He has great powers of description, which he applies with almost equal skill to a landscape, to a work of art and to certain types of character. He has a philosophical faculty, can analyze acutely and generalize ingeniously. He has learning, wit and logic at command, and he is master of a style that delivers his thought with all the clearness and force of which it is susceptible. What is wanting is a quality which, blending with each and all of these, should neutralize opposing harshnesses and give an aroma to the compound. We are at a loss whether to call this a moral or an intellectual defect. When, for instance, M. Taine stands before Shakespeare in the attitude of a botanist examining some marvelous and gigantic plant, why are his laudations more offensive to us than all the purblind censures of his eighteenth-century predecessors? One is inclined to regret that M. Taine had not joined the great army of modern scientists, whose ideas and methods he has imported into criticism. It is not his theories, his judgments, his elucidations that revolt us: it is the frame of mind in which the investigation is pursued. He attacks his problem in regular form, making his approaches by zigzag and parallel, and marching in triumph to the citadel. The feat is magnificent, but is it a real or a delusive victory? When we have learned all about the "medium," the "conditions," the "situation," are we a whit nearer to the comprehension of the essence, the spirit and the source of what is beautiful and wonderful in literature, in art or in life?

Such questions, however, do not much concern the present book, which is a satire, and

aims not at placing the subject in a broad light and examining its structure and proportions, but at reducing it to its elements and weighing it by handfuls. "The Young Girls," "The Young Men," "Artists," "Conversation," "Morals," these and the like topics give their titles to successive chapters, in which Paris is crumbled into fragments and powdered with epigram and persiflage. The little girls who are to be seen in the gardens of the Tuileries, with "shining braids, no single hair of which is not smoothly laid, little casaques tight to the figure, elegantly puffed out, fine closely-fitting silk stockings, and pretty fresh gloves to play hoop with," are not children, but miniature fine ladies, already versed in the arts and adorned with the graces that render their mothers and their elder sisters so attractive. One has "the deliberately thoughtless air of a coquette of ten years' experience; an utter want of sincerity: she makes use of her impressions, she exaggerates them, she assumes them. She is acting a part, affectionate or angry. She is always on the stage: all at once she turns to the *bonne* and coaxes her with little ways, only because it is pretty and becoming to be affectionate. Another has the short, bold manners and style of a horsewoman. A third rolls her eyes already dreamily, as if in a waltz. They chatter and chirp, spread out their dresses, bend their figures, arrange their curls, just as they will twenty years hence. They have nothing more to learn; they know their trade already: the great trouble for their mothers will now be to hold them in until they are married." And the conclusion is, "After all, they follow the law of their nature, and have amused me for an hour. They ask nothing more, nor I either." Other classes are as neatly pictured and depicted, and the life to which they belong, of which they form the component parts, shows not only its hectic flushes, but its diseased anatomy.

Who will venture to assert that the picture is overdrawn, that M. Taine is not an accurate observer, that the French social system is not the utterly hollow thing he represents it to be? It is not for foreigners, at least, to take any exception on this score. At the most they may demur to the spirit in which

the denunciation is delivered, to the undertone which in all satire, whether stern and vehement like Juvenal's and Swift's, or gentle and indulgent like Horace's and Fielding's, serves to indicate the feeling and purpose of the writer and to reconcile us more or less to his office and task. M. Taine himself has written, "It is sad to exhibit human folly—it is sadder to exhibit human perversity;" and this reflection, with which he concludes his analysis of *Gulliver's Travels*, might have been expected to present itself still more vividly when with his own hand he was exhibiting the peculiar folly and perversity of that section of human nature which had the first claim to his sympathy. A moribund society may be a fitting object of scorn, but not of hilarity. Vivisection is legitimate for the purposes of science, not of sport. If, however, M. Taine was actuated by any deep feeling or any high motive in penning these *Notes*, he has not allowed the reader to perceive it. "When I observe the Parisians," he writes, "on the boulevards, at the Bourse, at the café or theatre, I always seem to see a pêle-mêle of busy and maddened ants, on whom pepper has been sprinkled." Accordingly, his interest in their doings goes no deeper than that of an indifferent spectator, or, at the best, an entomologist. He watches and laughs at their absurdities, not perhaps ill-naturedly, but without the least betrayal of any fellow-feeling or any stronger emotion than curiosity and amusement.

This levity is made the more jarring by its discordance with the serious, elevated and rhetorically fervent tone of M. Taine's other writings. It was no doubt the sense of this incongruity which led to the disguise, or semblance of disguise, assumed for the occasion. The author writes, not in his own character, but in that of M. Frédéric-Thomas Graindorge, a Parisian by birth, a graduate with the degree of Ph. D. of a German university, and later a dealer in "oils and salt pork at Cincinnati, U. S. A." Thus, while the persiflage is an inherited trait, the somewhat heavy touch is to be accounted for as the result of a German education, and the freedom from illusion as that of a long familiarity with American humbuggery. The device is as ineffectual as it is clumsy. Far from being confused as to the writer's identity, we seem to recognize it more clearly than ever before. Here, if we are not mistaken, is the real Taine. It is when he puts on the pro-

fessor's gown and labors to exalt our conceptions and kindle our enthusiasm that he is playing a part, or at least merely discharging the function for which he has trained and qualified himself, and which gives him a position. If this be so, the present book is to be preferred to all his others. It is like an aside that interrupts a piece of pompous declamation and lets us into the secret of the speaker's true sentiments. It gives us keen analysis and sharp antithesis without toppling theories or strained rhapsodies. Barring the cynicism, the artistic arrangement and the occasional ponderosity of style, it might deserve to be ranked with the best of those light and witty productions which M. Taine compares to the *Articles-Paris*, and with which he too modestly disclaims any intentional rivalry. To make it, however, a good representative of the class to which it belongs, it would be necessary to strike out the chapter on Beethoven's sonatas. This is evidently a stray sheet from some intended work in M. Taine's professional vein—an exposition perhaps of classical music as a natural product of the Teutonic digestive apparatus. It is an admirable piece of claptrap, but out of place in a sincere book like these *Notes on Paris*.

An Idyl of Work. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It will be with a feeling of regret that the reader will notice that Miss Larcom's *Idyl of Work* is written in blank verse, and yet it cannot be denied that very good authority may be brought forward to defend its use in a poem of the character of this one. It is not many years since the frequent reading of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, now undeservedly neglected by the younger generation, was a leading element of education, and at the present day Tennyson's *Idyls of a King* and Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* by no means lack a multitude of admirers; and the last-named book has doubtless had considerable influence in determining the form of the present one, although, fortunately, Miss Larcom has avoided Mrs. Browning's annoying habit of putting nearly everything she had to say into a form of sobbing effusiveness. Indeed, many passages are examples of discreet following of Tennyson's more compressed manner. In spite of the array of names that can be brought forward, many readers will have a prejudice against the formality of blank verse which narrates the actual events of real

life with a degree of solemnity which is apt to grow wearisome. In this *Idyl of Work* there is perpetual clashing between the dryness of the incidents and the monotonous lack of liveliness on the one hand, and the pompous expression on the other. The author does not give us a satisfactory picture of life, nor yet an elevating, poetical treatment of her subject, but rather a tale of mediocre interest dressed up in the paraphernalia belonging to higher themes.

As may be imagined, certain peculiarities—or what are supposed to be such—of the New England character are only exaggerated by the over-solemn mode of expression put in the mouths of the metaphysical mill-hands. For example:

Even now

I dimly see why disappointment came—
To lead me upward to some grander height
Of hope and labor. Still, the grinding wheels
Crush on, the red drops ooze. The Juggernaut,
Experience, never heeds its victim's cry.

These lines are a fair example of a good part of the book, and when the reader compares this solemn mannerism with the ease and naturalness of Miss Larcom's *Hannah Binding Shoes*, he cannot fail to feel as if the change were not one for the better.

Musical Composers and their Works. For the Use of Schools and Students in Music. By Sarah Tytler. Boston: Roberts Bros.

We cannot see what special benefit "students in music" can be expected to derive from this work. It gives no information and contains no criticisms which can facilitate their progress either in the theoretical or the practical knowledge of the art. Nor can there be anything suggestive or stimulative in a record which enters into none of the details that carry with them the lesson how study is to be pursued, difficulties vanquished and clear ideas attained. The life of any single great composer, written by a person thoroughly qualified to trace his development, explain his method and estimate his productions, would be full of such instruction, and it is to be regretted that we have so few examples of the kind. Composers have fared worse in this respect than poets, artists or men of science. Their lives have generally been made the subjects only of gossiping biographies, in which external and accidental incidents have formed the staple, suggesting the notion of an eccentric character, a wayward fate, a more or less successful career, with some

vague idea of genius and skill employed for the public entertainment. Miss Tytler's book belongs to this class, or rather it is a compilation from such of them as were most accessible, eked out by the facts to be gathered from biographical dictionaries. There are many indications in it that she has little or no acquaintance with music beyond that of any ordinary frequenter of the opera and concerts. She expresses no personal judgments, shows no appreciation of any particular school or style, and makes blunders even when she imagines herself to be repeating commonplaces. We are forced, therefore, to conclude that she selected her subject merely in view of its popular interest, and with no higher aim than that of making a salable book. Like most anecdotal books, it is readable enough in its way, but we are doubtful whether the author has not to a great extent frustrated her own object by drawing so largely on works, like the *Diaries and Correspondence of Moscheles*, which have obtained too recent a circulation to be levied upon in this way with advantage.

Books Received.

Graded School Series: First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Reader. By T. W. Harvey, A. M. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner. Selected and translated by E. L. Burlingame. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Home Sketches in France, and other Papers. By the late Mrs. Henry M. Field. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Sexes throughout Nature. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The History and Philosophy of Marriage. By a Christian Philanthropist. Boston: James Cambell.

Our First Hundred Years. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: United States Publishing Co.

Metaphysics; or, The Science of Perception. By John Miller. New York: Dodd & Mead.

Otto's Introductory German Reader. By E. S. Joyns. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Smith: A Part of his Life. By L. B. Walford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

We and Our Neighbors. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

Book on Birds. By Charles F. Holden. New York Bird-store, Publishers.

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